

Random Knowledge 5



The Earth as seen from Apollo 17, NASA

Preface

An Annotated Bibliography of the Apollo Program

Roger D. Launius and J. D. Hunley

When future generations review the history of the twentieth century they will judge humanity's movement into space, with both machines and people, as one of its most important developments. Even at this juncture the compelling nature of space flight, and the activity that it has engendered on the part of many peoples and governments, makes the U.S. civil space program a significant area of investigation. People from all avenues of experience and levels of education share an interest in, if not always an attraction to, the drama of space flight. No doubt the lunar landing of Apollo 11 in the summer of 1969 is the high point of this continuing drama.

Although President John F. Kennedy had made a public commitment in 1961 to land an American on the Moon by the end of the decade, before this time Apollo had been all promise, and now the realization was about to begin. Its success was an enormously significant accomplishment coming at a time when American society was in crisis; if only for a few moments the world united as one to focus

on the historic occasion.

Apollo 11 lifted off on July 16, 1969, and after confirmation that the hardware was working well began the three day trip to the Moon. Then, at 4:18 p.m. EST on 20 July 1969 the Lunar Module-- with astronauts Neil A. Armstrong and Edwin E. Aldrin--landed on the lunar surface while Michael Collins orbited overhead in the Apollo command module. After checkout, Armstrong set foot on the surface, telling millions who saw and heard him on Earth that it was "one small step for man--one giant leap for mankind." Aldrin soon followed him out and the two plodded around the landing site in the 1/6 lunar gravity, planted an American flag but omitted claiming the land for the U.S. as had been routinely done during European exploration of the Americas, collected soil and rock samples, and set up scientific experiments. The next day they launched back to the Apollo capsule orbiting overhead and began the return trip to Earth, "splashing down" in the Pacific on July 24.

This flight rekindled the excitement felt in the early 1960s during the first Mercury space flights, and set the stage for later Apollo landing missions. An ecstatic reaction circled the globe, as everyone shared in the success of the mission. Ticker tape parades, speaking engagements, public relations events, and a world tour by the astronauts served to create good will both in the U.S. and abroad. Five more landing missions followed through December 1972, three of them using a lunar rover vehicle to travel in the vicinity of the landing site, but none of them equalled the excitement of Apollo 11.

During and since the completion of the Apollo 11 landing twenty-five years ago numerous books, studies, reports, and articles have been written about the project. This selective, annotated bibliography discusses primarily those works judged to be most essential for researchers seeking to learn more about the Apollo program's varied history. It should be noted that the word "selective" is judiciously chosen here; the works listed below do not begin to exhaust the list of those that could have been included. A complete bibliography of books and articles on lunar science alone would at least double the size of the present bibliography. It should also be noted that many of the works included below are not recommended to researchers but are included here to give them a sense of some relevant titles that they may not wish to consult. A thematic arrangement of material concerning the project will, it is hoped, bring clarity and simplicity to such a complex subject. Any such division is necessarily somewhat arbitrary, but subjects include Apollo and its precursors, the race with the Soviets, the Apollo decision, Apollo technology, operations (including coverage of specific missions and reference works dealing with lunar photography, for want of a better place to put the latter), popular culture and promotion of spaceflight, science, the astronauts, and the management of the Apollo program, with a section on juvenile literature at the end. Along with a summary of the contents of each item, judgments have been made on the quality, originality, or importance of some of these publications. An index concludes this work.

Many people assisted in producing this compilation. Lee D. Saegesser, ably assisted by William S. Skerrett and Jennifer M. Hopkins, was instrumental in obtaining many of the documents listed below, and the three of them selected the photos that appear in the bibliography and on its cover; J.D. Hunley compiled roughly half of the entries, then edited and critiqued the text; Patricia Shephard typed portions of the manuscript; the staffs of the NASA Headquarters Library and the Scientific and Technical Information Program provided expert assistance in locating bibliographical materials; Martin Manning of the United States Information Agency provided a copy of a USIA report; and the NASA Headquarters Printing and Design Center developed the layout and handled printing. Special thanks go to Dr. Joseph N. Tatarewicz who provided a great deal of information for the entries in Chapter 7 on Science.

This is the second publication in a new series of special studies prepared by the NASA History Office. The Monographs in Aerospace History series is designed to provide a wide variety of studies relative to the history of aeronautics and space. This series' publications are intended to be tightly focused in terms of subject, relatively short in length, and reproduced in an inexpensive format to allow timely and broad dissemination to researchers in aerospace history. Suggestions for additional publications in the series are welcome.

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APOLLO 17

An Annotated Bibliography of the Apollo Program

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Operations

Anderton, David A. Apollo 17 at Taurus Littrow. Washington, DC: NASA EP- 102, 1973. A reasonably detailed description of the overall mission together with numerous captioned photographs.

Apollo 17, the Most Productive Lunar Expedition. Washington, DC: NASA Mission Report MR-12, 1977. This 8-page pamphlet summarizes the mission in photos and narrative.

Baker, David. "The Last Apollo-1." Spaceflight. 15 (February 1973): 42-47. Following the precedent of the previous series of articles, this one begins coverage of Apollo 17, carrying the story through the boost into trans-lunar trajectory.

_____. "The Last Apollo-2." Spaceflight. 15 (March 1973): 87-91. This follow-on article carries the mission from trans-lunar injection through the third excursion in the lunar roving vehicle.

_____. "The Last Apollo-3." Spaceflight. 15 (April 1973): 145-48. The concluding article in the series covers the Apollo 17 astronauts' return to lunar orbit and the trip home to Earth.

Cameron, Winifred Sawtell, et al., Apollo 17 Lunar Photography. Greenbelt, MD: National Space Science Data Center, Goddard Space Flight Center, 1974. Still another book of lunar photographs, similar to volumes for previous missions.

Cameron, Winifred Sawtell, et al., Apollo 17 Lunar Photography; Data Users' Note. Greenbelt, MD: National Space Science Data Center, Goddard Space Flight Center, 1974. Companion reference notes to the preceding volume.

Defense Mapping Agency Aerospace Center. Apollo 17 Index: Mapping Camera and Panoramic Camera Photographs. Houston, TX: Johnson Space Center, 1973. An index of supplemental data for all photographs taken from the scientific instrument module on the service module of the Apollo 17 spacecraft.

Larson, K.B., et al. Preliminary Catalog of Pictures Taken on the Lunar Surface during the Apollo 17 Mission. Washington, DC: U.S. Geological Survey, 1973. A catalog for the volume of Apollo 17 lunar photographs.

Old Aunt Mary's (1899)

by James Whitcomb Riley

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
 Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
 And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
 And we went visiting, "me and you,"
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

"Me and you"—and the morning fair,
With the dewdrops twinkling everywhere;
 The scent of the cherry-blossoms blown
 After us, in the roadway lone,
 Our capering shadows onward thrown—
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

It all comes back so clear to-day!
 Though I am as bald as you are gray,—
 Out by the barn-lot and down the lane,
 We patter along in the dust again,
 As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's

The last few houses of the town;
Then on, up the high creek bluffs and down;
 Past the squat toll-gate with its well-sweep poll;
 The bridge, "the old 'baptizin'-hole',"
 Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal,
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
 Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
 And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky
 And lolled and circled as we went by
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,
Or the glitter of the song that the bluebird sings,
 All hushed we feign to strike strange trails,
 As the "big braves" do in the Indian tales,
 Till again our real quest lags and fails—

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the woodland echoes with yells of mirth
That make old war-whoops of minor worth!...

Where such heroes of war as we?—
With bows and arrows of fantasy,
Chasing each other from tree to tree
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

For only, now, at the road's next bend
To the right we could make out the gable-end
Of the fine old Huston homestead—not
Not half a mile from the sacred spot
Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

The jelly, the jam, and the marmalade,
And the cherry and quince "preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em and all things rare!—
And the more we ate was the more to spare
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

Ah, was there, ever, so kind a face
And gentle as hers, and such a grace
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake
Or the juicy pies she joyed to make
Just for the visiting children's sake—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

The honey, too, in its amber comb
One only finds in an old farm-home;
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and ho!
So hot that we gloried to drink it so,
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know—

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!—
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,
 With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
 Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
 Or the dim haymow, with its fragrances—
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Far fields, bottom-lands, creek-banks— all
We ranged at will.— Where the waterfall
 Laughed all day as it slowly poured
 Over the dam by the old mill-ford,
 While the tail-race writhed, and the mill-wheel roared—
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

But home, with Aunty in nearer call,
That was the best place, after all!—
 The talks on the back porch, in the low
 Slanting sun and the evening glow,
 With the voice of counsel that touched us so,
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then, in the garden—near the side
Where the beehives were and the path was wide,—
 The apple-house—like a fairy cell—
 With the little square door we knew so well,
 And the wealth inside but our tongues could tell—
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the old spring-house, the cool green gloom
Of the willow trees,—and the cooler room
 Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept,
 Where the cream in a golden languor slept,
 While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept—
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And as many a time as you and I—
Barefoot boys in the days gone by—
 Knelt in the tremulous ecstasies
 Dipped our lips into sweets like these,—
 Memory now is on her knees
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

For, O my brother so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits to-day
 To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell
 Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
 The boys to come."...And all is well

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

This work was published before January 1, 1924, and is in the public domain worldwide because the author died at least 100 years ago.

A STATISTICAL STUDY OF EMINENT WOMEN

By CORA SUTTON CASTLE, A.B., M.L.

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THE word eminent as used in this study covers the range of meaning designated by the Century Dictionary which defines the term as "high in rank, office, worth or public estimation; conspicuous, highly distinguished." According to the same authority, the word is rarely used in a bad sense. Dr. Francis Galton,[1] who made the first statistical study of distinguished men, defined his use of eminent thus:

When I speak of an eminent man, I mean one who has achieved a position that is attained by only 250 persons in each million of men, or by one person in each 4,000.

While my selection is closer, mathematically, than Galton's, among the 868 women whom I have designated as eminent, some are included because of circumstances over which they had no control, such as great beauty, or congenital misfortune. Many were born to their positions; to others is due but little credit for the fact that they married men sufficiently eminent to accord them a place in history. Some led spectacular lives and were notorious rather than meritorious. Many of them were women of unusual intellectual ability and were eminent in the ordinary connotation of the term. More or less biographical data are at command concerning these 868 women, and to the extent that reputation may be considered a just index of ability, they are entitled to a place in a catalogue of the distinguished of earth.

In selecting the group I have followed precisely the objective method devised by Professor J. McKeen Cattell[2] in his "Statistical Study of Eminent Men." My method, in detail, was as follows: I went through the Lippincott Biographical Dictionary, the Americana, Nouveau La Rousse, Brockhaus's Konversations-Lexikon, Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon and the Encyclopædia Britannica and noted the name of every woman mentioned in each. I retained for my list the name of every woman noted in any three out of the six encyclopedias or dictionaries. My original intention was to eliminate from the lower end of the group until I had 1,000, a convenient and sufficiently large number with which to work. But when the twenty-three Biblical characters were excluded, the entire number was only 868. It is a sad commentary on the sex that from the dawn of history to the present day less than one thousand women have accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while. One can not evade the question, is woman innately so inferior to man, or has the attitude of civilization been to close the avenues of eminence against her?

When the list of names was completed, the amount of space accorded the women by the different encyclopedias was reduced to a common standard, and the names arranged in order of merit.

According to our standard of measurement Mary Stuart is the most eminent woman of history. She has

no close competitor. Queen Victoria is the most recent of the preeminently gifted women, and therefore has a large probable error of position. George Sand is the most distinguished literary woman, and we may say that the chances are even that her position as fifth in the order of merit is correctly determined. The most eminent woman of American birth is Mrs. Stowe, who ranks twentieth. Had additional or different encyclopedias been used in compiling the list, the chances are one to one that her position would be between 17 and 21.

It must be borne in mind that had other sources been used in selecting the eminent women, the position of certain ones might have shifted more or less. However, we must concede that the women who are ranked in this list as the most eminent are the ones most familiar to us in literature and history, and they unquestionably deserve their position. The twenty preeminently gifted women of history are Mary Stuart, Jeanne d'Arc, Victoria of England, Elizabeth of England, George Sand, Madame de Staël, Catherine II. of Russia, Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette, Anne of England, Madame de Sévigné, Mary I. of England, George Eliot, Christina of Sweden, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Madame de Maintenon, Josephine of France, Catherine de Medici, Cleopatra and Harriet Beecher Stowe.[3]

A list of this sort makes possible comparisons which are not ordinarily evident and could not otherwise be made, and the known probable error makes it possible to determine within what limits the comparisons are true. Charlotte Brontë and Charlotte Corday seemingly have nothing in common, yet their respective numbers in order of merit are 21 and 22. Marie Brinvilliers, whose mania for poisoning makes it impossible to classify her as anything but a criminal, just precedes Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. Joanna Baillie, the poet; Mrs. Siddons, the actress, and Beatrice Cenci, whose beauty and tragic fate have been preserved for us in the colors of Guido Reni and in the lines of Shelley, are numbered 89, 90 and 91, respectively.

The range of eminence covered by these 868 women is wide. Mary Stuart, with 607.67 lines, is more than one hundred and eighty-eight times as eminent as Constance Bonaparte with 3.23 lines. There are forty-nine women who are given one hundred or more lines in the encyclopedias, and there are twenty-seven that are given less than ten lines. The average amount of space accorded is 43.2 lines.

This group of eminent women is spread over a long period of time. From the seventh century before Christ to the nineteenth century after Christ, inclusive, the light of feminine genius has never been extinguished, though sometimes it has burned but dimly. Beginning with three cases in the seventh century before Christ, we observe that the Golden Age of Greece records a rise in the curve. Who knows but that her women were potentially as great as her men, and if Plato's theory regarding the education of women had been universally applied, the curve might not have risen higher? In the second century before Christ, Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, is the sole representative. The period of Roman supremacy is clearly depicted, as is also that of the religious persecutions in the third century, eleven of the fourteen representatives of that century being martyrs. Through the Dark Ages, the level of the curve remains almost stationary. There is a little rise in the twelfth century, but a subsequent fall in the thirteenth. This, however, is insignificant because of the few cases. The curve rises considerably in the fourteenth century, almost doubles its height in the fifteenth, and does not drop again. The eighteenth century produces 213 cases, or 24.5 per cent., of the eminent women of history. We must bear in mind the fact that the records for the nineteenth century are neither complete nor accurate. The youngest woman on my list was born in 1880, therefore one fifth of the century is not represented, and one half of it but partially. Ability in woman is more readily and willingly recognized at the present time than formerly, so names of women whose reputation for eminence may not prove enduring may be included in the nineteenth-century group. On the other hand, the eminence of a large group of women is now in the process of making, and subsequent biographers may accord them a more important place

than their contemporaries. While the figures for this last century are in no respect accurate, they are in many respects interesting. The century furnished 335 cases, or 38.5 per cent., of the total number of eminent women. Sixty-three per cent, of the eminent women of history were born in the last two centuries. If we were able to compare the number of cases in each century with the population of that period, as Professor Cattell pointed out in his study, the curve would, in some respects, be different from this one. For a partial comparison we have used a modified form of the table of growth of population given by Mulhall[4] and have found that while the number of eminent women produced by England, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Germany and the United States increased from 28 in the fifteenth century to 187 in the eighteenth century, the ratio of eminent women per ten million of population also increased from 6.1 to 15.3 in the same period. Those who refuse to lose faith in woman's ability may find encouragement in the fact that the gain of the rate per ten million of population of the sixteenth century over the fifteenth was 19.6 per cent.; of the seventeenth over the sixteenth, 27.3 per cent.; of the eighteenth over the seventeenth, 64.5. An interesting conjecture is whether the complete record for the nineteenth century will give a gain per cent, over that of the eighteenth correlative with the increased social and educational advantages which women have attained.

PSM V82 D600 Distribution of eminent men and women by half century periods.png

Curve I. Distribution of Eminent Men and Eminent Women in Periods of Half Centuries.

Curve I. shows the distribution of distinguished women and distinguished men in periods of half centuries, the figures for the men being taken from the previously quoted article by Professor Cattell. In comparing the distribution of eminent men and eminent women through the centuries, three facts must be borne in mind. (1) One thousand eminent men were studied, and only eight hundred and sixty-eight women, so the male curve might be expected at all points to rise higher than the female. (2) The eminent men represent a much higher degree of selection than the women. (3) The study of eminent men was made in 1903 and no living persons were included. These facts do not, however, make it impossible for us to note certain similarities and dissimilarities.

The curves are similar during the period of Greek supremacy. The male curve for the Roman period is much more regular than the female. The last half century of the pre-Christian era which produced more eminent Roman men than any other, produced but one eminent Eoman woman. The lines cross for the first time in the second half of the third century after Christ. From the sixth to the eleventh century the number of women equals or exceeds the number of men. With few exceptions, the eminent women of these centuries are sovereigns, abbesses and saints, or belong to the groups "Marriage" and "Birth." If the eminent women were selected as rigidly as the eminent men, the position of the curves through these centuries would undoubtedly be reversed. Of the later period, Professor Cattell writes,

In our curve there are three noticeable breaks. . . . Thus, in the fourteenth century there was a pause followed by a gradual improvement and an extraordinary fruition at the end of the fifteenth century. . . . There was then a pause in progress until a century later England and France took the lead. . . . The latter part of the seventeenth century was a sterile period, followed by a revival culminating in the French Revolution.

If we except the first half of the sixteenth century, when the male curve fell and the female rose, the identical words might have been written of the eminent women. Whatever the factors in these centuries that cooperated to produce genius, they were effective in both sexes, though to a lesser degree in the one than in the other.

The 868 eminent women are natives of forty-two different nations. England has furnished eight more distinguished women than France. Germany ranks third with 114; America, only two centuries old, is fourth. Italy produced 60, Rome 41, Austria 24, and Spain 23, eminent women. Russia claims 20, Sweden 16, Greece 15 and Scotland 14. Twelve of the eminent women belong to the Byzantine Empire, 11 to Holland, and 9 to Ireland. Twenty-seven nations each produced fewer than ten eminent women.

The relative number of women of ability produced by England, France, Germany, America and Italy, at different periods, is shown in Curve II. In the fifteenth century, France and Italy were leading in the number of eminent women. By the beginning of the sixteenth century France was declining and England had surpassed them both. But England had a subsequent fall, and France a rapid rise, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Later in the century, France declined again; England gained; the German curve rose rapidly; and the Italian remained very low. Of the five modern nations which have contributed the largest number of eminent women, France is the only one for whom the incomplete records of the nineteenth century show a decline in the number of eminent women over the eighteenth century. We quote as peculiarly applicable what Professor Cattell said regarding the eminent men:
PSM V82 D602 Numbers of eminent men and women of different nationalities.png

Curve II. The Numbers of Eminent Women of Different Nationalities.

The French Revolution brought into prominence many men not truly great, and the position then attained by France is not held in the nineteenth century.

The figures for the last century reveal a third period of Italian activity, chiefly in music and literature. In so far as the data for the nineteenth century are reliable, America gives greater promise for the immediate future than any other nation.

PSM V82 D603 Number of eminent women of various nationalities by population.png

Curve III. The Number of Eminent Women of Different Nationalities on the Basis of Population.

Curve III., which shows the record of these same five nations through the same centuries on the basis of population, is, in one sense, more significant. From the point of view of the number of eminent women per ten million of population, France is not the only nation whose nineteenth century ratio fails to equal that of the eighteenth. Germany, and especially England, have failed signally in this respect. Italy is the only one of the five modern nations which at present shows a gain in ratio of eminent women according to population, in the last century over the previous one. She seems to be rising out of the trough of a curve, the crest of which was reached in her sixteenth century Renaissance. These figures emphasize the promising situation in America, In another half century, it will undoubtedly be seen that while our population increased from 3,930,000 in 1790 to 50,155,783 in 1880, there was a corresponding increase in the number of American women of ability per ten million of population. No more vital problem in connection with the social and educational life of woman could be propounded than the one revealed by these curves. Is the racial difference an important factor, or must one look to the social conditions and educational opportunities of the time for an explanation? Why is it that England, starting in the fifteenth century with the same ratio as Italy (8 eminent women per ten million of population) should rise in the eighteenth century to 73, while Italy fell to 5? Or, why has the English curve, which started lower than the French, and equal with the Italian, towered, since the sixteenth century, so far above the remaining four? How explain the fact that while France was so prominent in the eyes of the world in the eighteenth century, and her women had unusual opportunity to come into public notice, the number of eminent women on the basis of population being produced by Germany, and especially by England, was far in advance of the number being produced by France? In America,

the youngest of the five nations, what is there to explain our present position above Italy, Germany and France, and second only to England? Or, to be more insistent, what would a comparison of modern English and American conditions reveal that would determine that the latter should be second, instead of first, in the ratio of eminent women per ten million of population?

Accustomed as we are to thinking of the sphere of woman as a limited one, it is interesting to note that the 868 women became eminent in twenty-nine lines of activity, if some of the following classifications can be so designated. The distribution is as follows: Literature 337; Marriage 87; Religion 64; Sovereign 59; Actress 56; Music 49; Birth 39; Mistress 29; Scholar 20; Political Influence or Ability 19; Artist 17; Philanthropy 12; Tragic Fate 11; Heroine 10; Motherhood 10; Reformer 9; Dancer 6; Immortalized in Literature 6; Patron of Learning 6; Beauty 6; Educator 3; Revolutionist 2; Misfortune 2; Traveler 2; Adventuress 2; Physician 2; Fortune Teller 1; Conjugal Devotion 1; Criminal 1.

Of the entire group of women 38.8 per cent, won their eminence by the use of the pen. It is probable that woman has had more opportunity in literature than in any other line of work. Her actions have been restricted in various degrees at different times, and in different localities, and, to a certain extent, her thought has been regulated. It is, undoubtedly, her innate right to reign supreme over her feelings. An analysis of the group of 337 writers shows a large per cent, of feminine literature to be of an emotional or imaginative nature. If, to the group of writers we add the women classed under "Religion," the actresses and the musicians, we note that we have 506, or 58.2 per cent., of the entire group of eminent women before we reach the small group of scholars who have exercised the power of reason. Add to this the artists and dancers as further illustrations of emotional activity, and we still see that the common concept of a woman as a creature of feeling rather than a creature of reason may not be without foundation. If this conception is just, our classification tends to show that when woman has attained eminence, it has not been in spite of her femininity, but rather because of it.

As remote as the seventh century before Christ women became eminent in literature. This early work is poetry and undoubtedly represents the outburst of genius rather than the result of training. In the early centuries, a woman might be born to eminence, and in a few instances she was allowed to govern, but a large percentage of the names that have come down to us as late as the sixteenth century are those of women who were wives of men more distinguished than themselves. The Christian religion made a strong appeal to womanhood, and no century has been without its representative in this field. In the group of 64 eminent women classed under "Religion" in our study, five were founders of sects known respectively as Christian Science, the Buchanites, the Southcottians, the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, and the Shakers. In addition, Saint Clara founded the Franciscan Order of Nuns; Saint Theresa, the Barefooted Carmelites; Angela Merici, the Hrsuline Order; and Jeanne Chantal, the Order of Visitation. Sixteen, or one fourth of the group, suffered martyrdom. Motherhood, heroism and beauty occur-occasionally without reference to time or nationality. Actresses date only from the seventeenth century, and musicians from the eighteenth. The reformers, dancers, educators, revolutionists, travelers and physicians are products of the last two centuries. For those who are interested in the problem of the modern woman the record for the nineteenth century ought to be of interest. Of the 335 women of the century, 184 are writers. The stage has been the stepping stone to eminence for more than eight times as many women as became noted because of their religion. If, however, we allow a broad interpretation of religion to include social service, and thus combine the groups "Reformers" and "Philanthropists" with the group "Religion," the ratio is 33 to 19. Forty-three of the eminent women of the century are musicians; eight are artists. There are five scholars. Of the seven women born to eminence in the last century, five are near relatives of Napoleon I., the most eminent man of history.

Of the 337 writers, 108 were English, 58 German, 56 French and 41 American. Rome furnished 10 of

the Christian martyrs. Aside from Rome, England, France and Italy have produced most of the saints of history. Seven of the great queens were Spanish, and 7 Russian. Twenty-one of the 56 actresses were French, and 13 English. It has been in France more than in any other country that women have been born to greatness. Only seven nations are represented in the group "Mistresses," France producing 16 of the 29. England, Germany and Italy each claim 3 scholars; America has one, the astronomer, Maria Mitchell. French women have become eminent through politics more than the women of any other nation. The artists are scattered, France and Italy leading with 3 each. Germany and Italy have led in musicians with 9 each. England has led in philanthropy as the work of woman. The social reformers comprise the largest group, which belongs entirely to one nation. These 9 women were Americans.

Although 38.8 per cent, of the entire group of women became eminent in literature, it does not follow that in this line of work they attained the highest degree of eminence. The following table shows the average number of lives given to the different groups. The averages may be considered as indices of merit for the various occupations. The number of cases on which the average is based is indicated in each instance. The results show very clearly that it has been as sovereigns that women have become the most eminent. Second in rank, but reduced to almost one half the degree of distinction attained by the sovereigns is the group of politicians. Motherhood, based on fewer cases than either of the two previous groups, ranks third. This group of mothers does not include women, who, besides having eminent sons or daughters, were themselves distinguished in some line of activity. Such women fall in the several groups in which they achieved fame. This group is comprised of those women whose only claim to eminence is their motherhood. Undoubtedly, they were very capable women. Typical illustrations are Saint Monica, the mother of Saint Augustine, and Lætitia Bonaparte, the mother of the first emperor. The mistresses—which group includes the early Greek courtesans—rank high, and justly so. Our standards have changed, and while our moral sense may be offended at seeing twenty-nine women so classified, we are led to believe that, in many instances, these women, whatever their morals, were intellectually among the most capable of their sex. Restricted by the social customs of their times, they found in this relation an opportunity to meet and associate with men of their own intellectual power. Were it not so, it scarcely seems probable that mere beauty or pleasing personality which, fascinated some weak-minded king could have been sufficient reason for the high degree of merit which history has accorded them.

The artists rank comparatively low in merit. However, if we consider the groups of activity in which women have actually done things—attained their eminence by genuine labor—of the groups sufficiently large in size to expect accuracy in results, we note that the artists rank higher than the actresses, writers or musicians. A possible explanation of the very low degree of merit accorded the musicians is the fact that 43 of the 49 belong to the nineteenth century, and of these 43, 20 are living at the present time, so their merit is not yet accurately determined.

The merit of George Sand, Madame de Staël, Madame de Sévigné, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Stowe and Charlotte Brontë is not sufficient, when grouped with so many writers of less ability, to bring the average for the group "Literature" to more than 29.74.

Index of Merit for Occupations

Average No. of Lines	No. Cases on which Average is Based	
Sovereign	112.10	59
Political influence	62.13	19

Motherhood	46.14	10
Mistress	46.09	29
Beauty	44.62	6
Religion	43.58	64
Tragic fate	42.83	11
Marriage	38.09	87
Patron of learning	37.60	6
Heroine	35.46	10
Scholar	35.35	20
Artist	34.54	17
Reformer	32.29	9
Actress	32.02	56
Literature	29.74	337
Immortalized in literature	29.30	6
Music	27.46	49
Birth	27.45	39

Considerable interest always attaches to the wives of eminent men, and to the husbands of eminent women. Personally, we do not believe that, with rational people, love is blind, hence it seems that a study of the marriage relations of this group of eminent women ought to reveal information, not only interesting, but valuable in throwing light on certain social and psychological problems. We must remember in this connection, however, that one current definition of genius does not always grant the rationality of the individual. Only lawful marriages are considered in this study; liaisons are not recognized. Four morganatic unions are included. Owing to lack of information, ninety-three eminent women are unclassified as either married or unmarried.

One hundred and forty-two, or 16.3 per cent., of the entire number of women of ability, have not married. Of this group, 72.5 per cent, were born in the last two centuries, and 49.2 per cent, of the unmarried eminent women of history belong to the nineteenth century. There is, of course, the possibility that some of our contemporary women of distinction may yet marry, and thus reduce this ratio. England and America have produced 59.8 per cent, of the unmarried women of ability. The former country has twenty-one more unmarried eminent women than the latter, but the figures for America are the more significant, since in terms of per cent, they mean, that of the total number of distinguished women produced by England, 29.7 per cent, of them have not married; whereas, in America, the ratio is 42.6 per cent. It is a pertinent question whether our women realize that in attaining eminence nearly one half the number sacrifice their own homes and families. Our figures do not show that any one line of activity has appealed particularly to the unmarried group. Neither were they, in their freedom from the duties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, able to attain a higher degree of eminence than the married women; nor was their average length of life found to be longer.

Two hundred and fifty-nine of the distinguished women married men sufficiently eminent to be recorded in three or more of the six encyclopedias used in collecting the list of women. The number of lines accorded these husbands was counted and submitted to the same system of standardization as that used for the women. Napoleon I., Peter the Great, Henry Ist of France, Philip II. of Spain, Mark Antony, Nero, Philip II. of France, Claudius, Louis XII. of France, Ptolemy I. and Chilperic I. were each married to two of the eminent women. Five of the wives of Henry VIII. of England are included in our list of distinguished women. On the other hand, twenty-two of the women married more than one husband sufficiently eminent to fall within our classification.

Our knowledge of the relative eminence of the husbands and wives makes possible some interesting

comparisons. Eight of the husbands, namely, Napoleon I., Mohammed, Julius Cæsar, Martin Luther, Alexander the Great, Frederick the Great, Socrates and Napoleon III. are more eminent than Mary Stuart, the most eminent woman of history. Jeanne d'Arc and Queen Victoria are less eminent than the poet Shelley, but more eminent than the first Roman emperor, Augustus Cæsar. Mary I. of England is of equal eminence with Philip IV. of France. Rosa Bonheur and Antoninus Pius are accorded the same number of lines. Thirteen eminent women are less distinguished than King Hakon of Norway, the least eminent of the husbands. We have here an exact means for telling whether Robert Browning is more or less eminent than his gifted wife, and how much; whether the joint sovereigns of England, William and Mary, are equally distinguished; whether Cornelia, the mother, and Tiberius Sempronius, the father, of the Gracchi are equally famous; and whether Otto Goldschmidt is more or less distinguished than Jenny Lind.

The two hundred and fifty-nine eminent women who married men of sufficient distinction to come within our criterion of eminence were natives of thirty-one different nations, but France, England, Germany and Rome produced the larger number of them. Julia Ward Howe, Julia Marlowe and Elizabeth Drew Stoddard are the only noteworthy American women who married husbands sufficiently eminent to be included in our list.

The average age at which eminent women have married (based on 459 cases) is 23.4 years. This means, in each instance, the age when married for the first time. Three of the women were married under ten years; thirty were married before they were fifteen; five married later than fifty. The youngest bride was Joan of Naples, who at the age of six was married to Andrew, Prince of Hungary. The oldest bride was Angela Burdette-Coutts, who at sixty-seven married Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett.

The following table shows a fairly regular tendency through the centuries to postpone marriage from 16.2 years in the twelfth century to 26.2 years in the nineteenth. The range of age of brides has also varied, particularly in the maximum limit. Through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries no eminent woman was married later than thirty. In the last four centuries the maximum limit has varied from forty-three to sixty-seven. In other words, we may say that the maximum age of marriage during the last four centuries (nineteenth, eighteenth, seventeenth, sixteenth) averaged 53.3 years; for the preceding four centuries (fifteenth, fourteenth, thirteenth, twelfth) it averaged 25.8 years.

Age at Marriage in Different Centuries

Century	Average Age at		
Marriage	No. of Cases on which		
Average is Based	Range of Age of Brides,		
Years			
19	26.2	189	15-67
18	23.1	127	13-53
17	20.0	50	13-43
16	21.7	28	12-50
15	17.6	20	13-26
14	13.8	11	6-18
13	16.6	5	12-29
12	16.2	5	8-30

There is considerable variation in the average age at which women of ability have married in different nations. Considering only those countries for which we have record of nine or more cases, it has been found that the average age at which American women of ability marry is 27.7 years, which is 9.3 years

later than the average age at which Russian women of eminence marry. Distinguished women of English birth marry three years younger than American women, but 1.8 years later than German, and 3.5 years later than French women of ability. The average age at marriage of Italian and French eminent women is practically the same (21.3 and 21.2 years, respectively).

The average age at which eminent women engaged in thirteen different activities married is shown in the following table. Though we have record of only five reformers we feel fairly confident that the group is justly placed. Only a few American women of the nineteenth century have achieved eminence as social reformers; but American women of ability marry later than those of any other nation, and the average age at marriage in the nineteenth century is later than in any other period of history. The fact that musicians marry 3.1 years later than actresses, and 4.4 years later than artists, seems to indicate that, in many instances, marriage was postponed until a musical reputation had been won. The women who inherited or wedded their right to eminence, that is, the members of the groups "Marriage," "Sovereign" and "Birth" married earlier; where the cases are sufficiently numerous to justify a conclusion it seems that the women who have won by personal effort their right to distinction—the actresses, writers, musicians and reformers—married several years later.

Age at Marriage by Occupation

	Average Age at Marriage		No. Cases on which Average is Based
Reformer	27.4	5	
Music	26.7	35	
Mistress	26.4	7	
Literature	25.7	180	
Actress	23.6	32	
Religion	22.4	14	
Artist	22.3	6	
Scholar	21.3	8	
Political influence	19.5	14	
Mother	19.3	6	
Birth	19.3	24	
Sovereign	18.9	40	
Marriage	18.8	62	

Of the eminent women, 520 are known to have married once, 89 married twice, 21 married three times, and Catherine Parr, Joan I. of Naples, Jacqueline of Holland, Lola Montez and Zoe II. were each married four times. Though the numbers are small, it is of interest to note that 42 per cent, of the group of women who became eminent because of political influence or ability were married more than once. Of the total group of musicians, 30.6 per cent, had more than one husband.

Eminent women have not, on the whole, made particularly successful wives, since 11.6 per cent, of the 781 unions of which we have record have ended in separation or divorce. 36 of the 91 cases of dissolution occurred in families where both husband and wife were famous.

Divorces have been most frequent among distinguished women of German birth. It is barely possible that we have found these results, not because of actual conditions, but because the German encyclopedias are more inclined to give details of domestic life than are those of other nations. The German divorce rate, however, is known to be high. Though much is said about the alarming increase of the rate of divorce in America, it does not hold in the case of eminent women (3 cases).

I have tried to discover whether divorce has been more or less frequent when the husband and wife have been engaged in the same occupation than when their interests were more or less diverse. I hoped to learn whether a singer has been more apt to run into matrimonial shipwreck if she married a composer than if she chose a lawyer for a husband. Has it been safer for a literary woman to marry a scholar or a banker? My figures are not very conclusive, owing to the small number of cases in each occupation, but where a conclusion is warranted, our table tends to show that artists and musicians are safer matrimonially when married to men whose interests are in fields different from their own. In other words, it is better when the husband and wife are not both engaged in an activity which is controlled by temperament and inspiration rather than by reason. In the case of actresses, the percentage of divorce is just the same when the husband is an actor as when he is engaged in some other occupation. With writers, the divorce rate is slightly smaller when the husband is a literary man.

Royal divorces are recorded as remote as the fourth century before Christ. Eminent women not of aristocratic birth have obtained divorces only in the last three centuries.

It has been impossible to discover at what age these women became eminent, but in 670 cases I have been able to ascertain the age at death. Curve IV. represents the age distribution graphically. Both ends of the curve are interesting. Nine women died before they were twenty; nineteen lived to be over ninety. The average length of life is 60.8 years. The slight rise in the curve for eminent women in the twenties, and again in the forties, tends to confirm Galton's conclusion that "among the gifted men there is a small class who have weak and excitable constitutions, who are destined to early death, but that the remainder consists of men likely to enjoy a vigorous old age." [5] Our cases are so few that we can not lay stress on these periods as being particularly precarious in the case of eminent women.

PSM V82 D612 Distribution of ages of eminent women at death.png

Curve IV. Distribution of Ages of Eminent Women at Death.

In spite of the fact that in a number of instances the data are too meager to be reliable, it seemed worth while to compute the average age of the eminent women for the different centuries. For the first two centuries after Christ I have only three cases each, but these tend to show that in this remote period, eminent women died early. The martyr's block has left its record in the third century, the average, based on seven cases, being only 28.2 years. Saint Helena escaped a violent death and lived to be 77. If her case were excluded, the average age for the century would be 20.1 years. During the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries the average length of life seems to have been longer. For the remainder of the Middle Ages the figures are so meager as to render them valueless, but from the fourteenth century the numbers are sufficiently large to at least represent a tendency. The average age at death in the case of eminent women of the fourteenth century was 48.7 years; in the fifteenth century, 49.3 years; in the sixteenth century, 49.8 years; in the seventeenth century the average was increased to 60.6 years; in the eighteenth century it was 64.1 years; in the nineteenth century, 62.7 years. This, however, is not a final figure for those of this century who are to be the longest lived and who will tend to increase this average arc yet living. It is probable that these ages have no special relation to eminent women, but they seem to show that the advancement of civilization with the increased knowledge of hygiene and the art of living, together with the modern development of medicine and surgery, have cooperated to make it more probable that the days of woman will be prolonged to three score years and ten.

It is of interest to note that the women who have been engaged in social service, the reformers and philanthropists, were the longest lived. The average age of the artists is 66.7 years, and of the actresses 64.5 years. In addition to these, the writers, scholars, politicians and mothers all lived to an average age

exceeding that for the entire group. The musicians average 58.4 years; those famous by birth, as sovereigns, mistresses, in religion and by marriage all average less than the group average.

American women of ability are noticeably longer lived than those of any other nation. While this average results in part from the fact that we are a young nation and hence our figures are not affected by early deaths in remoter centuries, it also speaks well for the physical vigor of American women, for our respect for sanitation, and for the skill of American physicians and surgeons. In addition to the American women of eminence, those of Scotland, Germany, Austria and England have lived to more than 60.8 years, the average for the entire group. The women of the Byzantine Empire, of France, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Ireland, Spain, Russia and Borne have failed to attain this average.

Sixty-two, or 7 per cent., of the eminent women of history are known to have suffered violent or unnatural deaths. This bloody chapter began with the tragic death of the Roman girl, Lucretia, in the sixth century before Christ and nineteen centuries are represented in the record. Nineteen of these sixty-two women were Romans; France contributed eight, leading the modern nations in this respect. Sovereigns, or the wives of sovereigns, have been the most frequent victims.

Seventy-two, or 33.1 per cent., of the 217 fathers of the eminent women regarding whom we have been able to collect information, belonged to the so-called learned professions—medicine, teaching, law and the ministry. Our figures tend to show that an eminent daughter has been more apt than not to become distinguished in a line of work similar to that of her father. For example, in the case of sixteen fathers who were musicians, nine of their daughters who achieved fame were also musicians, and two were in the closely related field of acting. Of fifteen fathers who were literary men, fourteen of their eminent daughters were also writers. In considering the similarity of occupation between eminent daughter and father, women of aristocratic extraction have been excluded.

Regarding the cases of relationship that were found to exist between the eminent women not of noble birth, eighteen of the thirty-eight instances are in the first generation between sister and sister. Fifteen cases occur in the second generation, eight between mother and daughter, and seven between aunt and niece. In the third generation, there are four cases, and in the fifth generation, one case. The figures show a marked tendency for the woman in the younger generation to become eminent in the same, or closely allied line of activity as that in which her eminent relative won distinction.

An interesting and suggestive group for consideration is that of the contemporary eminent women. Of these there are 107. The first item of interest is that this group is so large. 12.3 per cent, of the eminent women of history are living at the time this study is made. It required over twenty-five hundred years to produce the remaining 87.7 per cent. This group represents nineteen nationalities, and twelve lines of activity. England, with twenty-two cases, leads in the number of distinguished women of the present generation; Germany and America each claim eighteen; France has twelve, and Italy seven. Austria has six; Sweden, four; Holland, Spain and Hungary, three each; Russia and Poland, two each; and Denmark, Canada, Venezuela, Belgium, Roumania, Scotland and Norway, one each. Canada and Venezuela are represented for the first time in history in the present generation.

In the Old World it is probable that woman will always be able to acquire fame with the wedding ring, and to reign as a sovereign, thus being assured a place in history. If we eliminate those two groups, the fields in which contemporary women are acquiring eminence are, in spite of greater social and educational advantages, and freedom from restriction in many lines, practically limited to three. Fifty-five are writers, twenty are musicians and fourteen are actresses. We wish that we might not have found Jane Addams working alone in the great field of social reform, and that Madame Curie might not have

been the only scientist of her generation. In America, where women enjoy greater freedom than in any other part of the globe, there is little evidence of any special results of these advantages. The nation and generation are proud of the achievements of Helen Keller, but one expects that our great educational institutions would produce feminine scholars and teachers of great ability. Possibly, they are in our midst, but like the prophets of old, are without honor in their own generation as well as in their own country.

In order to do justice to this group of eminent women a number of lines of inquiry not yet touched upon deserve to be investigated. Perhaps the most important of these is a study of their children. A knowledge of the number of children born to or reared to maturity by these 634 wives will determine whether in attaining eminence they sacrificed the function universally accepted as the noblest. It may, perhaps, be shown that whatever they did to perpetuate themselves in history was not at the expense of, but rather in addition to the duties of motherhood. Some correlation, either positive or negative, may be revealed between the size of family and the degree of eminence attained. The number of children who became famous is also of great importance from the standpoint of heredity, and it will at least be interesting to know whether more of them were sons or daughters, and how their fields of life activity agreed with or differed from that of their mothers. A study of the state of health and cause of death may reveal much needed information as to whether female genius differs physically or physiologically from others of her sex. The relative variability of the sexes is a matter of prime importance in a study of female ability, as is also the question of psychical sex differences. Thorough examination of the social and educational environment of this group of eminent women is not only desirable, but essential in understanding them as the historical representatives of their time. The relative productivity of the aristocracy, and a careful social classification ought to be made. Women have not always had the advantages they now enjoy. It is not probable that the female voice has varied in sweetness through the ages, yet it was not until the eighteenth century that we have record of a noted songstress. Have we any reason to believe that when women have gained all the rights and privileges for which they now clamor that any significant results will follow? Is there a biological limitation which says to the female, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"? While we may never be able to settle these questions definitely, a just and thorough consideration of all the points of approach will, we trust, enable us to answer with some degree of certainty the question which we propounded at the beginning of our study, and which has haunted us throughout the research, namely, has innate inferiority been the reason for the small number of eminent women, or has civilization never yet allowed them an opportunity to develop their innate powers and possibilities?

"Hereditary Genius," p. 10, 1869.

"A Statistical Study of Eminent Men," *Pop. Sci. Mo.*, Vol. 62, p. 359, 1903.

The complete list of the 868 eminent women together with detailed and technical discussion of the data will be found in a thesis accepted for the degree of doctor of philosophy by the department of psychology, Columbia University, to be published in *Archives of Psychology* (The Science Press, New York).

"*Dictionary of Statistics*," 4th edition, 1898, p. 441.

"Hereditary Genius," p. 332, 1869.

The Dutch in Java

by David Wedderburn

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The magnificent archipelago which Holland claims as her Indian empire, and which a Dutch author has described as "a girdle of emeralds strung along the equator," deserves to attract greater attention than it has hitherto done in Europe, more especially in England. It is indeed difficult to obtain books treating of Netherlands India in any language except Dutch, and although Sir Stamford Raffles's work on Java is now somewhat out of date, it is still by far the best available source of information for Englishmen desirous of knowing something about this island, the brightest "emerald of the equator." The work entitled "How to Manage a Colony," by Mr. Money, contains much that is interesting and important about the system of government in Netherlands India, but considerable changes have taken place since Mr. Money visited Java, and his description of the Dutch colonial system is rather that of an advocate than of an impartial critic. He contrasts Dutch rule in Java with British rule in Hindostan, and appears determined to prove that in all essential respects the latter should take an example from the former. On the other hand, such stories as "Felix Batel, ou la Hollande en Java," and "Max Havelaar," which has been translated into English, are (in the form of a novel or a biography) severe indictments against the entire political system of the Hollanders in the East. How far the publication of such books may have assisted in bringing about the reforms recently introduced into Dutch colonial policy it is not easy to say; it is probable that "Max Havelaar," which attracted great attention in the Netherlands, produced considerable benefit in opening the eyes of the public to the evils liable to be fostered under a system of monopoly and secrecy. The story has a distinct appearance of truth and reality, but it is evidently written by one smarting under a sense of personal injury, and little disposed to do justice to those authorities by whom he conceives himself to have been very unjustly treated. The Comte de Beauvoir's account of his travels in Java was the subject of review in a leading Dutch newspaper while I was in that country, and was somewhat severely criticised as exaggerated and misleading. When allowance has been made for youthful enthusiasm in the author, and for his inexperience as a traveller, it seems to me that M. de Beauvoir's descriptions of Java, its scenery and its people, are remarkably graphic and true to nature, although the language may be sometimes a little highflown. Besides Mr. A. R. Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," one or two treatises on the antiquities of Java, and a few colonial bluebooks of the Dutch States-General, no other literary sources of information are available to a foreigner in Batavia. On the other hand, nothing can exceed the friendly courtesy with which information upon any subject is communicated to an inquiring stranger by the Dutch officials and other European residents. Nearly all these gentlemen speak English or French, or both languages, with perfect facility, so that a knowledge of Dutch is almost unnecessary to a visitor, except in order to read the journals. The dialects of Netherlands India are numerous, those spoken in the west, centre, and east of the island of Java being respectively Sundanese, Javanese, and Madurese; but the common mode of communication between Europeans and natives is the Malay language, which plays here the same part as Hindustani throughout the British empire in continental India. Java and Hindostan present many striking contrasts in scenery, in institutions, in manners and customs, these contrasts being due mainly to the great difference in their physical conditions. The glorious fertility of Sunda, with its forest-clad volcanoes, its rushing rivers, and broad green valleys, could certainly not be produced on the arid plains of the famine-stricken Deccan by any amount of energy and wisdom on the part of the government. In order

to make a fair comparison between British and Dutch rule in Asia we must pass over from continental India to the island of Ceylon, which in climate, scenery, and products is merely Java on a smaller scale. Java lies a few degrees south of the equator, Ceylon about as far to the north; in neither island does the temperature vary much throughout the year; in both the rainfall is very copious, especially on the western coasts; but the seasons are reversed, the rains terminating in one island just when they commence in the other. Java and Ceylon were both taken by the British from the Dutch; Java was restored, while Ceylon was retained; both islands are financially prosperous, and both owe their prosperity in a great measure to coffee; but Java has progressed far more rapidly than Ceylon has done under similar natural conditions, and it seems fair to give some credit for this to political administration. The superficial area of Ceylon is just three-quarters of that of Ireland, and nearly one-half that of Java, but the population of Java was in 1871 just seven times that of Ceylon, having increased with steady rapidity since 1816, when it had nearly the same density of population as Ceylon has at present. In Ceylon great tracts of fertile land have relapsed into jungle, tanks constructed under former dynasties have fallen into ruins, large imports of rice are necessary to feed the scanty population, many of whom are not permanent residents, but emigrants from the mainland, working as coolies on the coffee plantations. Java, although three or four times as densely peopled, is able to export rice, the staple food of the inhabitants, as well as the coffee, sugar, indigo, and tobacco from which its European masters derive their wealth. In estimating the merits and demerits of the so-called "culture system" of Java, this comparison with Ceylon is not without significance, nor is it to the disadvantage of the former island.

Englishmen are disposed to believe that no other race except their own understands the management of colonies or the administration of a subject country, and in support of this belief they contrast their own colossal empire with the fragments now alone remaining to those nations who were once their rivals in maritime and colonial enterprise. The truth appears to be that our colonial success is due mainly to our maritime supremacy, which has gradually given us possession of all the most desirable territory, either by conquest or colonization, while other nations are obliged to content themselves with what has been left. In the Eastern seas the flags of France, Spain, and Portugal are still kept flying over possessions, the intrinsic value of which to the mother country is comparatively small, and which attract little attention or interest in the outside world. But the possessions of the Dutch in these seas are on a very different scale. Twice in their short history that indomitable people have established a colonial empire: the first was due to their maritime power, and passed into the hands of the English, their successful maritime rivals; while the existing Netherlands India has been created within the last sixty years, almost unnoticed by the great powers of Europe, among which Holland once held so proud a place. By far the most important and valuable part of Netherlands India is Java (of which the small adjacent island of Madura, incorporated with it for all administrative purposes, may be regarded as a portion), slightly exceeding in superficial area England without Wales, and containing at the last census a population of nearly eighteen millions, four times as great as it had in 1816, when it was restored by the British to the Netherlands. Many persons regard the surrender of this magnificent island as a piece of reckless folly or quixotic generosity, but it was truly nothing more than an act of simple justice, and one which Englishmen may remember with unmixed satisfaction. We then restored to Holland, our ally at Waterloo, a colony which had formerly been hers, and which we had recovered from the common foe. While the French armies overran the Netherlands, the British fleets took possession of the Dutch colonies in Asia, Africa, and America, until it could be said that the Dutch flag remained flying nowhere on the globe, save over the factory of Desima in Japan. But the restoration of Java provided the nucleus of a new colonial empire, which has since spread gradually over the whole Malay archipelago, and although the outlying possessions are now governed as mere dependencies of Java, and are still comparatively unproductive, their vast extent and great mineral resources must eventually give them a very high value and importance.

The term "Dutch," used in England to denote Hollanders and in America to denote Germans, is not applied by the Hollanders to themselves, their proper designation being "Netherlanders." Isolated in Europe by the fact that their language is spoken by a few millions only, and is little known beyond their own limits, the Netherlanders carry political modesty to excess, and are only too ready to efface themselves, and to take rank as a small nation, almost apologetic for their great Oriental empire. But the modern Batavians possess certain imperial characteristics in common with the two chief nations of conquerors and administrators, the Romans and English; in particular they practice towards the religion of their subjects a policy of complete toleration, thereby obviating what is perhaps the most serious difficulty in governing alien races. Wherever the Portuguese landed in the East they at once proceeded to build a church; when the Dutch came they established a factory. The Portuguese churches are now picturesque ruins overgrown with tropical vegetation; but the Dutch factories, like those of our own East India Company, have developed into an empire. When the Hollanders wrested from the Portuguese the command of the Eastern seas, they substituted for the Holy Inquisition and Jesuit propaganda a system of complete religious impartiality, from which they have reaped no small advantage — originally as mere traders, subsequently as rulers of a powerful State. It is true that a hard and fast line is drawn between Europeans (and persons assimilated with them) on one side and Asiatics on the other. It may be said generally that the profession of Christianity is sufficient to acquire for any one European privileges (with exemption from native jurisdiction), which are thus enjoyed even by persons of African blood.

At first sight this may appear inconsistent with the principles of religious liberty and equality, for which Netherlanders, in the course of their history, have done and suffered so much. It is, however, a necessary result of carrying those principles into practice where law and religion are so completely intertwined as they are in the East, especially in Mussulman communities. In Java a vast majority of the inhabitants are subject to Mahometan law, of which the priest is the chief interpreter, founded as it is upon the Koran. If a Christian is to enjoy religious equality, it is clear that he must be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Mahometan tribunals, and this, accordingly, has been done. No privileged religion is recognized in Netherlands India; but so far as possible the free exercise of peculiar laws and customs is vindicated on behalf of every religious sect. The population is therefore divided into two classes, very unequal in numbers: (1) Europeans, including other Christians, and numbering only a few thousands these are subject to European jurisdiction only; (2) inlanders or natives, including all Mussulmans and heathens, such as Buddhists or Hindoos, and numbering more than twenty-four millions. This division of the population into two classes is enacted in the code specifying the constitution of Netherlands India it cannot, therefore, be altered except by the legislative authority of the king and States-General of the Netherlands.

In Dutch India the principle of governing with the aid of native co-operation is carried out with respect to all the Asiatic races; and in this matter the British Indian authorities might learn a useful lesson. As regards the Mussulman people of Java proper, the conquerors have been able to utilize the machinery of government which they found in operation on taking possession. All the other Asiatic races who are found chiefly in the cities of the seacoast, are subordinated to their own recognized chiefs, and these are responsible to government for the maintenance of order. The Chinese officers bear the titles of major, captain, or lieutenant; they are usually men of wealth and position, exercising personal influence over their countrymen, and are treated with marked consideration by the European authorities. The Arabs also have their captains and lieutenants, and there are official chiefs of the Malays, the Buginese, the Bengalis, and the Moormen, these last being Mussulmans from continental India.

Vaccination appears to work successfully in Java, as persons marked with small-pox are rarely seen,

and nearly a million are annually vaccinated or re-vaccinated in the island. Now it is precisely in carrying out schemes conducive to the health and comfort of the people, but contrary to their prejudices, such as vaccination, that valuable assistance may be expected from men who understand the people, and combine social influence with official prestige, as do these native chiefs.

Besides all those named, a new race is gradually arising — the offspring of Chinese fathers and Javanese mothers; these half-castes are superior in appearance to either parent, and bear a certain resemblance to the people of Japan.

In the minds of the Hollanders the name of "India" does not denote Hindostan especially, but includes also the whole of the great Malay archipelago; and they are always careful to use the terms "British" or "Continental" India when they wish to distinguish our dominions from their own insular empire, to which has been given the appropriate name of "Insulinde" (Island India). When comparisons are drawn between the modes of administration in British and Netherlands India, there is displayed on either side a certain disposition to believe that things are better managed beyond seas; but the knowledge possessed by individuals of the administrative systems in both countries is seldom sufficient for the formation of a correct judgment upon their relative merits and defects. If the government of British India were to follow the example of the Dutch, and to send a few selected civilians to study minutely on the spot the working of the rival systems, as regards the collection of the revenues, the employment of natives in the public service, the construction of public works, etc., it would be found that we have quite as much to learn as to teach in the management of a great Asiatic dependency.

There are in the world only two States which are constitutional at home and imperial abroad; and those two are Great Britain and the Netherlands. The spectacle of a free European nation ruling with beneficent despotism over a subject Asiatic population, nearly seven times as numerous, is exhibited in the first place by England, and is repeated exactly by Holland upon a smaller scale. It is a remarkable fact that the most important British statistics have only to be divided by ten, in order to be made applicable to the Dutch with approximate accuracy in every detail. Thus, at the last census the population of the United Kingdom was returned at 31,513,442, that of the United Provinces at 3,579,529. The average annual revenue received at the British Exchequer during the last sixteen years has slightly exceeded £70,000,000; that of the Netherlands (exclusive of the Indian contribution) appears to have been as nearly as possible £7,000,000. In 1874 the national debt of Great Britain was £727,993,605; at the same date that of the Netherlands was £77,276,673. When we turn from Europe to Asia the proportions remain substantially unaltered, except in one important particular. The total population of British India, including the feudatory states, was, according to the census of 1872, close upon two hundred and forty millions; while that of the Dutch East Indies was at the same date a little over twenty-four millions. As regards the so-called European troops of the Netherlands colonial army their numbers may seem disproportionately strong, being returned at twelve thousand three hundred and ten, when we had less than seventy thousand European soldiers, all told, throughout our Indian empire. But the disproportion is apparent rather than real, for while our Europeans are all British soldiers, the Dutch "European" companies ought rather to be styled "Christian" companies, including, as they do, men of every race and color who profess Christianity. In fact, less than two-thirds of the rank and file are genuine Netherlands, so that the usual proportion is here approximately maintained, and there are about ten British soldiers in Hindostan for each Dutch soldier in Netherlands India.

But now we come to a matter in which a great divergence appears from the proportion hitherto maintained between the two empires. During the seven years ending in 1874 the average annual revenue of British India amounted almost exactly to £50,000,000, while the revenue of Java and Madura, which may be called the "regulation provinces" of Netherlands India, has for a similar period

averaged 120,000,000 guilders, or £10,000,000 annually. The revenue of Java is thus equal to one-fifth of that of all British India, although its population is barely one-tenth, being as eighteen millions to one hundred and ninety millions. Moreover, we find that in British India the expenditure has for many years (with the exception of 1866, 1871, and 1872) largely exceeded the revenue, while there has been invariably in Java an annual surplus, amounting in 1864 to 35,000,000 guilders. The surplus has indeed dwindled considerably of late, but this diminution is due, not to any failure in the revenues of Java, which are larger than they were ten years ago, but to the increased cost of governing and protecting an empire which has grown in area with rapidity too great for the due development of its resources. The dependencies of Java in the East Indies have twelve times her area, and only one-third of her population. Java is now the queen of the archipelago, but she has not a monopoly of fertile soil, nor of mineral wealth, in which last particular she is far surpassed by other islands. When the resources of the vast islands of Borneo, Sumatra, and New Guinea have been developed even partially, Java may lose her exalted pre-eminence, but she will also be relieved from her present burden of paying for the administration of poorer neighbors.

Thus in every detail except Indian finance, the parallel holds good between the two nations, English and Dutch, so closely related in blood and language, so long the allied champions of civil and religious liberty, so long also maritime and commercial rivals, and now the only European States ruling over great empires within the tropics. The United Kingdom has far outstripped the United Provinces in population and power, and the two countries have long ago ceased to be rivals; but Holland continues to play her part bravely on the world's stage, and in proportion to her natural resources administers possessions and bears burdens fully equal to those of England. The ease with which she does both (two-thirds of her debt are held at the rate of 2.5 per cent.) shows still superabundant energy and credit, and leaves little sting in the taunt sometimes directed against England, that she is tending to become a second Holland. The Dutch have succeeded after an arduous struggle in establishing their complete supremacy in the island of Sumatra, larger than the United Kingdom or Italy, where Atjeh (Acheen) was the last remaining native state of importance. This is not an occasion, however, for raising the much-abused cry of "British interests in danger." Great Britain can feel neither alarm nor jealousy at the successful progress of the Netherlands, a smaller epitome of herself. We have dealt hard measure to the Dutch upon a good many occasions in history, and even the recent annexation of the Transvaal republic has been to them a somewhat distasteful transaction, as placing a community of Dutch origin under a foreign flag. But the independence of the Netherlands is to Great Britain a matter of the deepest interest, and prosperous as the Belgian kingdom undoubtedly is, its establishment as a separate State may be regretted on the ground that it has rendered more difficult the future maintenance of that independence. If the great manufacturing and coal-producing provinces of Belgium were now able to share the benefits and the burdens of colonial empire with their northern neighbors, a great additional security against foreign aggression would be enjoyed by all, and the United Netherlands would be a power capable of making its independence respected and its alliance desired.

It is naturally the wish of Englishmen that the constitutional states of Europe should not be swallowed up by the great military powers, and it is clearly to their interest that the splendid maritime resources of the Scandinavian countries or of the Netherlands should not pass into the hands of any nation likely to become a maritime rival. Upon this point Englishmen are sensitive to a degree, which is justified by the fact that the security of the British islands and the maintenance of our colonial empire alike depend upon our maritime supremacy, and would not long survive its decay. The nation which for the time being appears to menace this supremacy is certain to be regarded as our "natural enemy," whether it be Spain, Holland, France, or Russia, and the time may not be far distant when even Germany will be so regarded. Certainly a Pan-Teutonic empire extending from the Little Belt to the Adriatic, and possessing the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea from Dantzic to Antwerp, is a more formidable

vision of the future, and one more capable of realization, than any conjured up by those whose nightmare is Panslavism. The German provinces of Austria gravitate willingly towards the united fatherland; but the same cannot be said of the Teutonic Netherlands, proud of their distinctive dialect and independent traditions. Still, many Netherlandsers apprehend that absorption in the Germanic empire will be their ultimate fate. Such an event would confer upon a nation already possessing irresistible military strength, the elements of naval power together with a ready-made Oriental empire. It is at least a possible event, and would threaten our Asiatic dominion with the most serious danger to which it can be exposed, the presence of a formidable maritime rival in Asiatic waters. Whether Java and the rest of Netherlands India would benefit by a change which would abolish the trade monopoly of Holland, and throw open the extensive markets of central Europe to the coffee, sugar, and spices of the Malay archipelago, is a consideration not likely to affect the settlement of the matter to any important extent.

The two special characteristics of Dutch administration in Java are the culture system, and the employment of native chiefs in the public service. The culture system was established by General Van den Bosch in 1832, at a period of chronic deficit and threatened insolvency, and resulted in a regular annual surplus. During the generation which witnessed the conversion of a heavy annual deficit into a surplus of three millions sterling, the population of Java doubled itself. The system which produced these astonishing results required the compulsory cultivation by the people of certain valuable products, to be delivered at a low fixed price to the government, who sold them in Europe at an enormous profit. The products so cultivated were those calculated to command the highest prices in the home market, and included originally coffee, sugar, tea, tobacco, indigo, pepper, and cochineal. After a time, it was found expedient to limit the employment of forced labor to the cultivation of coffee and sugar only, and by recent act of the Netherlands legislature the compulsory production of sugar will cease in 1890. The profits made by the government upon this system are so great, that two-thirds of the Java revenue, i.e., nearly seven millions sterling, are annually derived from the sale of colonial produce. Formerly the coffee which each cultivator was bound to deliver was all grown upon special plots of public land, often at a distance from the village, to the great inconvenience of the people. Now the government coffee is chiefly cultivated by each man at his own door, within the village limits, and as the fixed price payable on delivery has been considerably raised, little pressure is necessary in order to insure the cultivation indeed, I was assured by one of the principal Dutch coffee-planters, that a slight additional increase in price would fairly compensate the villager. The material condition of the Javanese peasant has improved under the culture system, which involves no serious hardship in its present modified form; he is obliged to work, no doubt, when he would prefer to be dozing; but he obtains with little trouble a crop which enables him to clear off all his government dues. He has a sure market for his coffee, and although the price fixed may be rather low, it is payable on delivery; whereas if he were free to dispose of his crop as he pleased it might be discounted and made over, before it was gathered, to the Chinese money-lenders, to whom the Javanese is only too ready to mortgage his future earnings.

On the other hand the operation of the culture system, under which a percentage is received by high officials upon the products salable in Europe delivered by them into the government stores, has a tendency to reduce the cultivation of rice in certain districts, and has even produced at times a serious scarcity. Instructions were consequently issued to all residents in charge of provinces to send in monthly reports to government of the amount of rice exported and imported inter-provincially, as distinguished from the rice exported out of, or imported into, the island of Java. The published reports show how little reliance can be placed upon statistics collected by persons interested in obtaining a particular result. Internal traffic only is included in these tables, and the aggregate exports and imports ought therefore to balance each other, but the provinces altogether return many thousand pikols[1] of rice as exported in excess of the amount returned as imported. It was the interest of the native officers

in each residency to make it appear as if their particular province produced a surplus of food, and these self-contradictory returns have been adduced by opponents of the colonial government to show that official reports in Java are apt to state merely what may seem agreeable to the authorities at home.

Although salt and opium are the only government monopolies recognized by the Dutch in Java, the culture system has given them, for more than forty years, a practical monopoly of the most valuable colonial products, and has been the mainspring of their financial prosperity. Another successful stroke of policy has been their maintenance in working order of the whole machinery of internal administration, just as they found it under the Mussulmans, while they secured, through the supervision of European officers, such checks and amendments as were deemed sufficient. The title of resident, which is borne by the principal Dutch official in each province, remains unaltered from the time when it was used to denote a representative of the European paramount power at the court of a native prince. The ruling princes, with a few exceptions, have disappeared, but the whole hierarchy of their subordinates remains, and all administrative functions, so far as natives are concerned, are intrusted to them only. A province or residency, containing on an average nearly a million of inhabitants, is divided into several regencies, each of which is governed by a native regent, having under him a host of minor officials, known as dhemang, djaksa, wedana, mantrie, etc. The regent invariably is a man of high birth, and frequently is a member of the princely family who once ruled over his district, so that he enjoys a large amount of prestige and influence apart from his authority as a government officer. In each regency is stationed a European assistant resident, whose instructions are to treat the regent with the consideration due from an "elder brother" towards a "younger," and who has under him a certain number of European kontroleurs. The duties of the assistant resident and his young Dutch subordinates are simply those of control and supervision, except where Europeans or quasi-Europeans are concerned.

The advantages claimed for this system are that it supplies public servants thoroughly known by and knowing the people, they being controlled in their turn by men of high culture, with European ideas of justice and public duty. Economy in salaries is one result of a system which enlists in the government service the willing aid of all ranks, even the most exalted, among the Javanese. Although Dutch officials receive lower emoluments, besides enjoying far less leave of absence than members of our Indian Civil Service, still it is impossible in any tropical country to secure the services of highly educated Europeans, except at rates more than adequate to command the very best native talent in the market. The dignity and privileges attaching to the government service, and the hope of one day being promoted to its higher offices, render it a career eagerly sought after by native gentlemen of position, who are ready to fill the lower grades at merely nominal salaries. But fixed salaries form only a portion of the emoluments of a Javanese chief in the public service; he receives also a percentage on the amount of taxes collected and coffee delivered by him, besides the arbitrary power, which he still possesses in spite of recent enactments, over the labor of the cultivators. And herein seems to lie the practical weakness of this theoretically excellent system, viz., in the imperfect nature of the control which it enables the Dutch officials to exercise over the Javanese. How far it is possible to protect the poorer classes of Asiatics against their immediate superiors, even by the most efficient European supervision, may be open to question, but the Dutch system in this respect certainly seems to require amendment. The local European officials in Java possess no direct authority over the regents and other native functionaries; nor do they incur direct responsibility on their behalf, as they would if the natives were their own immediate subordinates. The assistant resident of a division is indeed the "elder brother" of the regent, takes precedence of him as president of the land-raad, or local council, gives him general directions as on collections of taxes, repairing of roads and bridges; but if complaints or accusations are made against the regent to the assistant resident he can only hold an inquiry and report upon the case, through the resident to the central government in Batavia, with whom all real power

rests, and who can dismiss without explanation or appeal any official, however exalted. Should a *kontroleur* have reason to complain of the conduct of a native functionary in a subordinate rank, and should he fail to obtain satisfaction from the offender's native superiors, the case would have to be carried upwards until it reached the supreme government from lack of power in the assistant resident, or even the resident, to deal with it, except in the way of a report.

In British India, on the other hand, native officials are in every sense subordinate to the collector or assistant collector, who is responsible for their conduct and has power to dismiss them, subject to an appeal, which may be carried even up to the secretary of state. It is clear that such an arrangement affords a more efficient control than that of the Dutch, where native functionaries have been guilty of corruption or oppression, although the ultimate court of appeal may be the same in both cases. In Netherlands India the Europeans and natives may almost be said to constitute two distinct services, working together as naval and military forces do upon a joint expedition; the senior service takes precedence of the junior, and has more gold and silver upon its umbrellas of state, but in its own department, that of native affairs, the junior is not directly responsible to the senior service, which can only appeal to an authority supreme alike over both. Now it is alleged that the central government punish or remove high native officials with extreme reluctance, and regard with disfavor those who bring charges against them, however well authenticated such charges may be. If there be truth in this accusation, and if the omnipotent authorities in Batavia are not willing to do justice strictly and impartially against their own native employes, it is upon them, and not upon the Dutch provincial officers, that the real blame and responsibility must rest. Unless the European assistant residents and *kontroleurs* are encouraged and supported in any efforts they may make for the protection of the helpless villagers, they will be sorely tempted to let things alone, to live on pleasant terms with their Javanese colleagues, and to report that all is as tranquil or contented in the provinces as it appears superficially to be. Even with the best intentions, and with absolute power at his back, any European in dealing with Asiatics must often find himself utterly unable to protect persons who will in no way take their own part. The first difficulty is to induce them when injured to make a complaint, and the next is to prevent them from withdrawing it when they are confronted with the oppressor against whom they have ventured to complain. This must not be forgotten in considering the present subject, seeing that the Dutch are accused, not of actively oppressing the Javanese, but of failing to protect them against their own chiefs.

It may well be that a mistake has been committed in bestowing upon native chiefs in government pay such a position of dignity and emolument as enhances the natural awe of their subjects, and overshadows that of the Europeans, their nominal superiors. If the idea has got abroad in Java that the native chiefs are regarded as indispensable to the administration, and that the government can hardly be induced to displace them whatever may be their conduct towards their subjects, it is most important that such an idea should be immediately dispelled. Regents strong in the favor of the paramount power are secure against revolt, and are in a position to oppress their people more grievously than independent chiefs could venture to do, and, therefore, for their oppressive acts the paramount power is responsible.

The accusations made by political opponents against the government of Netherlands India can scarcely fail to have a certain basis of truth, for they are founded upon the statement that men are liable to act in an indolent and selfish manner, preferring their own ease and interests to the welfare of those beneath them. Authority is concentrated in the hands of the governor-general and his ministers, who have been hitherto accustomed to govern after a secret and irresponsible fashion, free from the control of independent criticism. Under such a system it was only natural that abuses should spring up, and that internal reformers should be regarded as troublesome innovators, while reform from outside was altogether excluded. But changes have recently taken place, and many reforms have been effected; the

old policy of concealment and monopoly has been modified, if not abandoned, and public opinion, as expressed in the home and colonial press, now counts for something in the administration. India attracts now so much attention in the Dutch Chambers as to create alarm in some quarters lest parliamentary pressure may become too important a factor in Indian affairs, and lest ignorant interference may do more harm than can be compensated by good intentions alone. One important advantage the Dutch appear to have gained by giving the most influential classes among the Javanese a direct interest in the maintenance of the existing régime. While the regents with their numerous grades of subordinate officers hold positions in no way inferior to those held by them under native sovereignty, and while they conduct the internal administration in the judicial and revenue departments, they have little inducement to desire the expulsion of the Dutch from Java. One of the most serious defects in our own Indian rule is that it offers no satisfactory career, civil or military, to an educated native gentleman of rank and distinction, and although it encourages the development of a cultivated class, it provides no field for their energies. Such a class cannot fail to become a source of embarrassment, if not of actual danger, unless we manage to utilize the natural leaders of the people, as the Dutch have done. We have now, however, governed British India for so long a time without native co-operation, except in the inferior grades, that we are in a very different position to the Dutch, whose most influential and high-born subjects have never lost the habit nor the desire of serving the powers that be, while ours would have to learn what they have not practised for generations.

The Dutch for their part have been content to govern their subjects in accordance with native ideas, and in making their Oriental conquests have talked very little about the duty of a great Christian nation to convert and civilize ignorant barbarians. They have made no attempt to introduce a national system of education, they even discourage the study of Dutch and other European languages, and they do not profess to regard a native as in any way a political equal. But if their ideal of government is not very exalted, they have fairly fulfilled it, such as it is. They have given to Java peace, prosperity, and religious toleration, with security of person and property; and after paying for the maintenance of all these blessings they consider themselves entitled to appropriate to their own uses the surplus revenue. They do not pretend to govern Java for the benefit of the Javanese alone, and they claim for their own people a portion of the wealth which they have there created. But it may be doubted whether the trade monopoly and the *batig slot*, or favorable balance paid by Java to Holland, do not inflict a greater injury on the enterprise and energy of the home country than on those of the colony itself.

After all, the worst fault of the Dutch government in Java seems to be a habit of putting an unduly favorable aspect upon affairs, of saying peace when there is no peace, and of making optimistic reports to the home authorities. In the words of Max Havelaar: "The government of Netherlands India likes to write to its masters in the mother country that everything is going on as well as can be wished. The residents like to make the same announcement to the government. The assistant residents, who themselves receive hardly any other than favorable reports from the *kontroleurs*, send in their turn no disagreeable tidings to the residents." According to the same author it is well understood that the government regard with special favor those officials who never trouble them with complaints or vexatious reports as to the conduct of the native functionaries, and he says it has become proverbial that the government will dismiss ten European residents rather than one native regent, and that reasons of state are always to be found for sparing a chief who may have acted oppressively towards the people under his jurisdiction. If such be really the policy of the government it may be expected that subordinates will prove either unable or unwilling to do otherwise than carry it out, and that there will be no effectual appeal for the Javanese against the rapacity and tyranny of their chiefs.

It is laid down in the constitution and regulations of Netherlands India that the special duty of European officials is the protection of the natives, and from the governor-general downwards all are bound by

oath to "protect the native population against oppression, ill-treatment, and extortion." This oath is probably not kept by all to the very best of their ability, but at least the charge of pecuniary corruption is not brought against the Dutch Civil Service; this distinguished and honorable body of men being blamed only for lack of energy and courage in denouncing injustice in which they themselves have no share. Still it is the condemnation of the judge when the guilty are absolved, and an omnipotent governor-general must be held responsible for the shortcomings of his subordinates as well as his own.

The antiquities of Java are of the highest interest, they belong principally to an early period in the history of the island, if not to a prehistoric period, and none of any importance exist that are not of a date prior to the Mahometan conquest. Buddhism as a religion has now no votaries in Java, except strangers from distant China, while Brahmanism has been expelled from the great island where it once reigned supreme, although still holding its own in the little island of Bali, eastward of Java. Mahometanism is the religion professed for three centuries by ninety-nine per cent. of the Javanese, but these centuries have not produced a single edifice or work of art to tell their tale to posterity. Mosques, palaces, and tombs in other lands are the enduring monuments of Mahometan wealth, energy, and architectural skill, but in Java these are wanting alike in beauty of form, richness of material, and solidity of structure. This is especially remarkable in the case of imperial and royal tombs, which are in Hindostan the most magnificent and permanent of all Mussulman edifices, and in Java are mere wooden booths, without painting, carving, or any other decoration. Very different are the massive temples and colossal statues of Boro Boedoer, Mendoet, and Brambanan, where the extinct religions of Hindostan have raised monuments that still defy the injuries of time, and have escaped the hand of the iconoclast. In moist tropical climates the most formidable destroyer of buildings is the vegetation, which forces asunder and throws down the largest blocks of masonry, and has inflicted no little damage upon the Hindoo ruins of Java; most literally does "the wild fig-tree split their monstrous idols." The government has not failed to take some measures for the protection of these ancient monuments, and although more might be done with advantage, the most remarkable temples are cleared of vegetation, and the images of Buddha now run little risk of losing their heads either through Mussulman hatred of idolatry or Christian love of mischief.

The law with reference to treasure-trove is eminently calculated to preserve for the public benefit such curiosities as are discovered in Netherlands India. All precious objects found upon government land (including nearly all the country) are duly credited to the finder, who receives either the full value of each article, or else the article itself, in case the government do not care to acquire it; all ancient monuments situated upon government soil are the property of the public, and the public officials are responsible for their protection. Antiquities which belong to private owners may not be removed from Netherlands India without the permission of the governor-general; if so removed, the home government enjoy the right of pre-emption for the public museums. This last regulation applies to works of art, such as statues and sculptures, but does not include coins or medals. All finders of valuable articles are bound to give notice at once to the public authorities, who have the right of pre-emption; but as the full estimated value must be paid, the temptation to concealment is removed, and the destructive effect of our own barbarous law of treasure-trove is avoided, while the interests of the public are maintained. Until within the last two years only one-half of the value was payable to the finder; but as it was stated on competent authority that valuable antiquities had been lost to the public in consequence, a resolution was passed by the governor-general placing the law in its present satisfactory state. Although care is thus taken of curiosities when found, Dutchmen do not exhibit the same energy as Englishmen in exploring or discovering picturesque and interesting localities, and are wonderfully fond of the steamy flats near the sea to the neglect of hill sanatoria. The European troops are quartered principally in the

low country, and the splendid military hospital of Batavia loses half its utility from not being at an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea, which in so moist a climate is considered to be the most salubrious height. The present war minister is in favor of following the British example, and transferring a larger proportion of the Europeans to inland stations; but it is clear that Netherlanders have a weakness for level plains and canals, which remind them of home.

There are four Javanese princes still enjoying a certain degree of independence. The Soesoehoenan[2] of Soerakarta represents the Mahometan emperors of Java, and is treated with the highest possible respect; but a fort garrisoned by European troops commands his capital and palace. A similar fort overlooks Djokjokarta, the capital of the sultan, who is the second native sovereign. The two remaining princes are of inferior rank, and can hardly be regarded as independent; but each of them entertains a body of fairly disciplined troops. The legion of Pangeran Adipati Ario Mangkoe Negoro at Solo numbers nearly a thousand men, embracing all three arms of the service, and this prince, who is a remarkably enlightened and liberal-minded man, sent a contingent commanded by one of his sons to assist the Dutch in the war of Atjeh.

Netherlands India is garrisoned by an army specially enlisted for that purpose, the national army of Holland not being liable to colonial service. The European portion of this force numbers about twelve thousand men, and, theoretically, two-thirds of them are Netherlanders; but of late years an increasing proportion of foreigners has been recruited and sent out to India. In 1875 the foreign recruits outnumbered the Netherlanders as two to one; but the pressure of the war in northern Sumatra was assigned as a reason for this divergence from an accepted principle of policy. Formerly, many Africans from the Dutch possessions in Guinea were enlisted for Indian service, and a certain number are still included among the so-called European forces. Europeans and natives are formed into separate companies and mixed battalions, the flank companies, all the officers, and a majority of the non-commissioned officers being European, but Christianized natives and half-castes are classed with the whites. Many white soldiers marry Javanese women, and they are allowed to take their families with them wherever they go. The deck of a steamer bound for the seat of war presented a strong contrast to that of a British troopship in smartness and comfort, and the accommodation afforded to the European soldiers with their dusky helpmates and comrades was slender enough; but the gallant fellows did not seem to be dissatisfied, and the mixed battalions are apparently a success. When our own native army in India undergoes the reform which it so urgently requires, some useful hints may be taken from the Dutch, and they may in their turn learn from us how to dress European soldiers within the tropics.

The Mahometan religion is professed by the Javanese; but the spirit of Islam has failed to take possession of this race, and the stranger in Java is astonished at the absence of outward and visible signs to indicate the popular faith of the country. In the centre of every town or large village is the aloen-aloen, an extensive grassy lawn, shaded with lofty tamarind and waringi trees (*Ficus benjamicus*), and surrounded by the principal buildings, public and private, of the place. Among these is always conspicuous a pagoda-like edifice, which is the mosque; but few and far between are the worshippers there, while the public performance of devotional exercises, at fixed hours, irrespective of locality, a spectacle so familiar to the traveller in other Mahometan countries, is not practised by the Javanese. The only religious observance witnessed by us among the peasantry was the presentation of coins and flowers as offerings to certain Hindoo idols, relics of the ancient faith still occupying niches in the ruined temples of Brambanan. The Mussulman priest is an important functionary, and is recognized as such by the Dutch authorities, but less in a religious than in a civil capacity, as the learned expounder of Mahometan law. A certain number of pilgrims proceed from Java to Mecca (in 1875 there were thirty-four hundred and twenty-eight), and the white turban of a hadji may be seen here and there in the streets among the lacquered and gaily painted hats of Sunda or the peaked caps

worn by the Javanese proper, but the probability is that it encircles the head of a Malay or an Arab. Some of the regents are said to be zealous followers of the prophet, and strong objections are entertained by them against the admittance of unbelievers into mosques; but it must be remembered that the conquerors who introduced Mahometanism into Java were of Malay race, and that many of the present chiefs are descended from those fierce and fanatical vikings of the equator. It is, however, in the treatment of women, especially those of high rank, that Javanese fashions are most at variance with those of continental Asia and with general Mahometan custom.

The degree of emancipation enjoyed by Javanese ladies was strikingly illustrated during an interview most politely granted to us by the sultan of Djokjokarta. Attired according to etiquette in full evening costume, although it was an early hour in the morning, we were conducted by the Dutch officer in command of the sultan's horse-guards into the inmost court of the far-spreading kraton, or palace enclosure, within which three thousand people reside. Except a few sentries, and one or two officials stripped to the waist in Javanese court fashion, not a man was visible in any of the squares through which we passed, and when we reached the audience chamber there sat his Highness, without courtiers or attendants; but, to our extreme amazement, six charming young ladies were seated in a row on his left hand. We scarcely ventured to look at them, unveiled as they were, but our Dutch friend, after introducing us to the sultan, with whom we shook hands, quietly remarked, "Now you must shake hands with the princesses, with all of them; they expect you to do so."

Fresh from Indian durbars, where a mere allusion to the invisible occupants of the zenana would be a breach of decorum, we could hardly trust our eyes and ears; but each young lady held out her hand with a pleasant smile, and we were afterwards seated between the sultan and his blooming family of daughters. Attendants, literally crawling upon the floor, now approached the august presence, bringing tea, which was dispensed to us by the royal damsels, almost as if we had been in an English drawing-room at five o'clock in the afternoon. Unfortunately our conversation was somewhat restricted, as the English idea could only reach the Javanese mind after undergoing four translations, either oral or mental, through the obliging Dutch captain, who interpreted in French and Malay. Meanwhile, the sound of music attracted our attention, and the sultan courteously suggested that we might like to see a little more of his palace. We found that the music proceeded from a large open pavilion, where the queen, or principal sultana, was engaged in superintending a dancing-lesson. The pupils were the daughters of court dignitaries and nobles, more than twenty in number, all very young, and evidently taking the greatest pains in the performance of their graceful position drill.

The dancing was accompanied by singing and by the pleasing notes of the gamelong, which may be described as the Javanese pianoforte, played by women seated on the floor, and producing a liquid melody peculiar to itself, and very different from the harsh discordance of Oriental music in general. The youthful figures of the girls in their bright and elegant drapery, their earnest faces and elaborate movements, together with the melodious orchestra, combined to render this by far the most pleasing naught which I have yet seen anywhere in the East, although it was merely a private performance of beginners. The queen was seated on the floor beside a low table, playing at cards with her maids of honor, and received us most graciously, inviting us to inspect everything, even to his Highness's private apartments, and in fact to make ourselves quite at home. The whole affair was like a scene out of "Alice in Wonderland," and we almost expected to be addressed by one of the sultan's many large dogs, or the tame crested pigeons as heavy as hen-turkeys. We were three European gentlemen alone (for the sultan did not accompany us) in a zenana, received by the inmates with friendly, unembarrassed politeness, and allowed to wander at will through marble halls open on all sides to the light of day: there were no lattices, no veils, no guards, not even any dueñas, for all the ladies were young, and many of them very good-looking. To my companion, a member of the Indian Civil Service, thoroughly familiar with

Indian habits and ideas, this kindly reception en famille by the sultan of Djokjokarta was a new and surprising experience. In Hindostan, the Mussulman religion is professed by a small minority only; but Mussulman ideas as to the seclusion of women have a far more general acceptance, although quite foreign to Hindoo traditions and customs.

Travelling in the interior of Java is particularly agreeable; the roads are good, ponies are abundant, and light vehicles for posting are easily obtained. At all places of importance there are comfortable hotels, kept by Europeans and subsidized by government. Without a subsidy such hotels could not possibly be maintained, as they are not used by the natives, and European travellers are rare: in the year 1875 only seventeen strangers are recorded as having obtained official permission to travel in Netherlands India. The Dutch officials, moreover, have the hospitable habits of Europeans in the East, so that it is not easy to see how the hotel-keepers make a living; yet they seem to flourish, and in a country where Malay is the sole vehicle of communication with the people it is pleasant to find an Italian or German interpreter in one's host, who frequently is not a Netherlander.

The light posting carriages are drawn by four ponies, which are changed frequently, and keep up an excellent pace, where the road is tolerably level. At the hills bullocks or buffaloes are harnessed as leaders, and frequently, where the road descends into a deep ravine, the horses' are removed, and a small army of men and boys with ropes attach themselves to the carriage, lowering it into the valley, and hauling it up again on the opposite side. The rivers are well bridged, and these steep inclines, which might be obviated by a little engineering skill at a moderate expense, are the only impediments to rapid locomotion upon the principal roads. The scenery is beautiful and varied, the people and their dwellings are most picturesque, and the total absence of caste enables a stranger, without fear of giving offence, to enter any of the numerous shops and refreshment houses, and partake, along with the natives, of fruit, sweetmeats, coffee, and various refreshing but not inebriating drinks. Everywhere around (especially in Sunda or western Java) eye and ear are refreshed by the sight of fresh verdure and the sound of rushing streams; those who know what it is to ride all day under a vertical sun, without a blade of grass or a drop of water being visible for miles in any direction, can best appreciate the charm of driving along a good road with four stout Makassar ponies through this lovely garden of the tropics.

In order fully to appreciate the scenery and vegetation of Java it is well to ascend one of the volcanic cones in the western portion of the islands, such as the Pangerango Mountain, where an elevation of ten thousand feet can be attained, and which presents a variety of botanical attractions such as can hardly be seen elsewhere. From base to summit the jungle is dense and luxuriant, but you climb gradually from palms, musaceæ and tree-ferns, through tall forest trees festooned with creepers and epiphytous orchids, to the flora of a temperate climate, and the familiar forms of artichoke and strawberry, primula and plantago. Down the steep slopes tumble many streams, their temperature varying between the boiling point and icy coldness, and in the tepid spray of the hot cascades tree-ferns attain their greatest size, rivalling tall palms in height, and excelling them in the gracefulness of their feathery fronds. Near the top of the mountain trees diminish in size, but the undergrowth is still so thick that it is almost impossible to leave the path. The crater on the highest peak is extinct and overgrown with vegetation, but clouds of mephitic vapor rise from a huge crater somewhat lower, and spread desolation around; when the volcano is active, these vapors reduce large tracts of forest to blackened skeletons, but nature soon repairs her own ravages in a climate like that of Sunda. Animals are rarely heard and yet more rarely seen in these dense jungles, but occasionally a troop of large monkeys may leap crashing from tree to tree, or a great hornbill may fly overhead on creaking wings, and near the summit the twittering of small warblers reminds one of Europe, almost as much as do the honeysuckle and St. John's wort. Large game, in the shape of rhinoceros, tiger, deer, wild bull and wild boars, is indeed abundant in the forests of Java, but is not easily dislodged in such cover, and tigers are more frequently destroyed with

poison than in any other manner. The poison used is a decoction from the root of a tree, and has the effect of paralyzing the animal, which is usually found alive and helpless within a short distance of the poisoned carcase and is then despatched. If the tiger is dead when found the skin is sure to be worthless, but by this method splendid specimens are obtained when the track is taken up immediately. Wild pigs do much damage in the rice-fields, and the villagers use for scaring them an ingenious mechanical contrivance, which is worked by the water-power used in irrigation; there are two distinct species indigenous in Java and they afford considerable sport, being shot with the aid of beaters and dogs.

Java is in perfection just after the rains, during the months of April and May, when the whole country, from the smoking craters of the interior to the swamps of the seacoast, is clothed with a vegetation so luxuriant that the ruddy color of the volcanic soil is only visible where a recent landslip has occurred; even precipitous banks are densely festooned with green, and so saturated is the ground with moisture that watercresses flourish on the steep face of roadside cuttings. In plain and valley every square yard of soil, except the village burial-ground, is cultivated and irrigated; magnificent crops of sugarcane, rice, and indigo form a sea of verdure, out of which rise like islands numberless groves of bamboos, cocoanut palms, and fruit-trees. Concealed in these groves are the *dessas*, or native villages, and under their shade is usually cultivated the coffee, which "pays the rent." Some of the lower ranges have been denuded of trees, and display a certain amount of open pasture, but as a rule the mountains are covered with virgin forest, except where clearings have been made for plantations of tea, coffee, or cinchona. High above this fair scene a faint white cloud may be seen curling upwards from the apex of a lofty cone, indicating the volcanic energy that now slumbers beneath, but has broken out violently even within the last few years, and may do so again at any moment.

It may be asked whether the geological condition of Java is not a symbol of its political state, and whether a fair surface does not cover hidden fires in the hearts of the Javanese people. It may be so, but not even a faint white cloud is visible to warn the stranger that such hidden fires exist. Everything externally is tranquil, and in the absence of all means of coercion, tranquillity may be accepted as a fair evidence of contentment. In the wide and populous district of the Preanger Regencies for example, there are no troops at all. A few European soldiers in civil employ and a few native policemen represent the power of the sword, and the most perfect order prevails throughout this beautiful province. The productiveness of the country appears to keep pace with the increasing population. The wants of the masses in all tropical countries are few and simple, and in Java these are amply supplied. While the masses thus enjoy comparative prosperity, those of rank and influence, who might otherwise be dangerous, are enlisted on the side of the government by the possession or the prospect of honorable and lucrative employment. Besides, the Javanese are a gentle and submissive race, unaccustomed to the use of firearms, and could never be formidable as insurgents in a military sense,[3] although Englishmen in the East, who have not visited Java, sometimes assert that Dutch rule is so arbitrary and oppressive as to engender a spirit of chronic disaffection, and that the Javanese are watching for an opportunity to expel their tyrants and take shelter under the British flag; but I could see no evidence for such an opinion. Without pretending to investigate the inward desires or aspirations of the Javanese, and judging solely from external facts, I believe that the Dutch sovereignty is about as popular and as secure as the rule of a few aliens over a great subject population can ever be made, and that the country flourishes under it as well as a subject country can ever be expected to do.

Tokens of respect, savoring strongly of servility, are still shown in the more remote districts to all Europeans, as well as to high native officials, but the prestige of a white face, apart from gold or silver lace, is not so great in the neighborhood of cities and railroads. On the approach of a superior it is incumbent on all natives to remove their hats, to dismount if on horseback, and if on foot to sit down

upon the ground; those who wish to be particularly respectful will even turn their backs upon the great man, as if afraid to look him in the face. When the golden umbrella of the Dutch president passes along a crowded street, denoting the presence of the highest official of the province, a very singular effect is produced, the people sinking down before this conspicuous badge of office, and rising again behind it, like a field of ripe corn in a breeze. The Dutch authorities demand honor and precedence for themselves and other Europeans, but they also set an admirable example of urbanity and even of friendliness in general intercourse with natives. The absence of caste prejudice and religious fanaticism among the Javanese permits a considerable amount of sociability to arise between the two races, and the tone adopted by Europeans towards natives in Java is remarkably devoid of the arrogance and irritability by which in other countries it is too often characterized. It is a very unusual thing for a white man to strike or even to menace a native, and acts of violence, when they do occur, are severely punished. While I was in Batavia, a foreign ship's captain, accustomed, perhaps, to less impartial laws, was undergoing a considerable term of imprisonment for laying violent hands upon a native car-driver.

Perhaps the good-temper and urbanity characteristic of the Dutch in Java may be due partly to the general adaptation of their mode of life to the climate, in which respect they are more successful than our own countrymen, although they decline to adopt the *punkah*. They rise early, and until the meal, known as *rijst-tafel*, which takes place about midday, it is customary to appear in dresses adopted from the natives, and fashioned of the lightest and coolest materials in various colors. The dress of the ladies consists usually of a gaily-colored skirt and a white jacket, with slippered feet, and hair hanging loose or tied in a knot at the back of the head; and very becoming it is, as well as comfortable and cool. If the tight and multifarious garments of Europe have been assumed during the course of the morning, they are again discarded for the afternoon *siesta*. Until the cool of the evening no one is visible, and if an inexperienced stranger should attempt an afternoon visit, he will inevitably be received with the announcement, "*Tidoer*" (asleep). After sunset, refreshed with a bath and dressed in correct European costume, but without hats, ladies and gentlemen sally forth, driving and walking, this being the fashionable time for paying visits, which may, however, be postponed until after dinner. Should there happen to be moonlight, a drive may be taken even as late as midnight, or there may be an open-air concert in the grounds of a club, where the friends and families of the members are made welcome. The presence of children is a conspicuous feature at the opera and other evening entertainments, and is a natural result of the long repose during the heat of the day, indulged in by all, except a few whose business avocations are such as to prevent them from choosing their own time for work and relaxation.

Planters of tea or coffee in the hill country of Java have as agreeable a calling as any set of men that I have come across, and it would indeed be difficult to find any more kindly and hospitable, or more contented with the lot which has fallen unto them in such pleasant places. They lead active, independent lives, with continuous but not laborious occupation, being able at almost any season to take a holiday for the sake of sport, society, or change of scene. The climate at high elevations is the most favorable to quality in coffee and tea, although heavier crops can be grown in the low country, and the same climate allows Europeans to keep their children around them, and to bring up the youngsters as well-educated, as merry, and almost as rosy, as if the peaks towering above them were the snowy Alps, and not the fiery Merapi or Gedeh. Labor can be obtained at moderate rates, while excellent roads and bridges facilitate the conveyance of produce to market. Over a docile and industrious population they exercise a patriarchal sway, although they are invested with no magisterial authority, and a planter is obliged to have recourse to a native official if he wishes to punish a refractory coolie. This is sometimes cited as a grievance by European gentlemen, but it seems, in combination with other circumstances, to promote most satisfactory relations between the planters and those whom they employ. The Javanese are a solemn and silent race, even as children, and it is pleasant to see their faces light up at the approach of the master of the plantation, as he passes along with a

kindly word or a smile, ready to give a patient hearing to any desirous of addressing him. Joyous cries of "Toean! toean!" (master) from the children furnish a tribute of popularity which is above suspicion; and upon one plantation, where we spent several pleasant days, even the absurd tameness of every sort of animal testifies to the rule of kindness governing the whole establishment.

But the amicable relations existing between masters and coolies are due, not only to the kindliness of individuals, but also to the peculiar position occupied by planters in Java. They compete with the government as producers of coffee, and are ready to pay good wages to free laborers; they are therefore the natural enemies of monopoly and forced labor, and deserve as such the title of "protectors of the poor," to which planters elsewhere can seldom lay claim. To the advice and influence of eminent Dutch planters are largely due the recent reforms introduced into the culture system of Java, and in particular the increased price now payable to the villagers for the government coffee. It has been made a ground of attack against the colonial policy of the Dutch, that they discourage the construction of railroads and the settlement within their territories of independent capitalists, who would develop the resources of the country but might interfere with existing monopolies. Restrictions as to strangers residing in Netherlands India have been, however, relaxed of late years, and in 1875 one hundred and twenty-eight Europeans, ninety-seven of whom were Netherlandsers, received official permission to settle in the country. Only in the north-western provinces do private individuals hold estates in fee-simple, but in other parts the government will lease land to planters and settlers, and will relieve from compulsory gratuitous labor the people employed upon plantations. Coffee and sugar have been hitherto the most valuable products of Java, but the motto "In te spero" has been adopted by a firm of very successful tea-planters, who base their hope chiefly on obtaining for Java tea a higher reputation than it enjoys at present in the London market. Should they succeed in accomplishing this, the cultivation of tea would rapidly develop; but the general climate and soil of Java are favorable rather to quantity than to quality, especially as regards tea and tobacco, in marked contrast to Hindostan, where both these plants attain the highest excellence.

The peculiar form of the island, and the easy communication by sea between the great centres of population, render an elaborate railway system unnecessary in Java, either for military or commercial purposes. Railroads have been constructed, running from the principal ports on the northern coast, into the interior of the island, and linking Buitenzorg, the governor-general's country residence, with, Batavia, also Soerakarta and Djokjokarta, the capitals of the great native princes, with Samarang. These lines have been constructed with free labor by the Netherlands India Railway Company, to whom a concession has recently been made for very considerable extensions, with a state guarantee of five per cent. interest for forty years. At the same time the government have purchased the Batavia and Buitenzorg railway (about forty miles in length), paying five million guilders to the company. A State railway is in course of construction in the eastern districts of Java. Now it seems that the existing lines are precisely those most required for developing the resources of the island, and when the proposed extensions are completed the most important districts will all be brought into direct communication with the coast. At any rate, the revenues of the country have not hitherto been burdened with annual payments to European capitalists for large sums of money sunk in the construction of unprofitable railroads; Java pays tribute to Holland, but that tribute has not taken the form of guaranteed interest. Well-intentioned but ill-considered proposals for developing Asiatic resources by the aid of European capital have contributed not a little to embarrass the finances of British India, and the Dutch authorities in Java are also subjected to increasing pressure from home as to embarking upon similar schemes. The pressure, however, is less, and the power of resistance greater than in our own case.

Beyond all tropical countries Java seems to attract the love and admiration of strangers settling upon her shores, who speak of her as "nôtre Java bien-aimé" and are fond of describing her as "the finest

island in the world." Swiss mountaineers are at one with lowlanders of Holland upon this subject, and even islanders from Britain can hardly express dissent.

Pikol = 133 lbs.

The combination "oe" in Dutch is pronounced like "oo" in English.

A Dutch poem describes in glowing language "the last day of the Hollanders in Java," when the long-pent-up fury of the Javanese is to break forth.

Slaughter-House Cases (1873)

Syllabus

The Slaughter-House Cases, 83 U.S. 36 (1873), was the first United States Supreme Court interpretation of the relatively new Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. It is viewed as a pivotal case in early civil rights law, reading the Fourteenth Amendment as protecting the "privileges or immunities" conferred by virtue of the federal United States citizenship to all individuals of all states within it, but not those privileges or immunities incident to citizenship of a state.

Court Documents

Opinion of the Court

United States Supreme Court

83 U.S. 36

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE CASES

Error to the Supreme Court of Louisiana

Argued: January 11, 1872; Reargued February 3-5, 1873 --- Decided: April 14, 1873

[Syllabus from pages 36-38 intentionally omitted]

ERROR to the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

The three cases-the parties to which as plaintiffs and defendants in error, are given specifically as a subtitle, at the head of this report, but which are reported together also under the general name which, in common parlance, they had acquired-grew out of an act of the legislature of the State of Louisiana, entitled: 'An act to protect the health of the City of New Orleans, to locate the stock landings and slaughter-houses, and to incorporate 'The Crescent City Live-Stock Landing and Slaughter-House Company,' which was approved on the 8th of March, 1869, and went into operation on the 1st of June following; and the three cases were argued together.

The act was as follows:

'SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the first day of June, A.D. 1869, it shall not be lawful to land, keep, or slaughter any cattle, beeves, calves, sheep, swine, or other animals, or to have, keep, or establish any stock-landing, yards, pens, slaughter-houses, or abattoirs at any point or place

within the city of New Orleans, or the parishes of Orleans, Jefferson, and St. Bernard, or at any point or place on the east bank of the Mississippi River within the corporate limits of the city of New Orleans, or at any point on the west bank of the Mississippi River, above the present depot of the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railroad Company, except that the 'Crescent City Stock Landing and Slaughter-House Company' may establish themselves at any point or place as hereinafter provided. Any person or persons, or corporation or company carrying on any business or doing any act in contravention of this act, or landing, slaughtering or keeping any animal or animals in violation of this act, shall be liable to a fine of \$250, for each and every violation, the same to be recoverable, with costs of suit, before any court of competent jurisdiction.'

The second section of the act created one Sanger and sixteen other persons named, a corporation, with the usual privileges of a corporation, and including power to appoint officers, and fix their compensation and term of office, and to fix the amount of the capital stock of the corporation and the number of shares thereof.

The act then went on:

'SECTION 3. Be it further enacted, &c., That said company or corporation is hereby authorized to establish and erect at its own expense, at any point or place on the east bank of the Mississippi River within the parish of St. Bernard, or in the corporate limits of the city of New Orleans, below the United States Barracks, or at any point or place on the west bank of the Mississippi River below the present depot of the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railroad Company, wharves, stables, sheds, yards, and buildings necessary to land, stable, shelter, protect, and preserve all kinds of horses, mules, cattle, and other animals; and from and after the time such buildings, yards, &c., are ready and complete for business, and notice thereof is given in the official journal of the State, the said Crescent City Live-Stock Landing and Slaughter-House Company shall have the sole and exclusive privilege of conducting and carrying on the live-stock landing and slaughter-house business within the limits and privileges granted by the provisions of this act; and cattle and other animals destined for sale or slaughter in the city of New Orleans, or its environs, shall be landed at the live-stock landings and yards of said company, and shall be yarded, sheltered, and protected, if necessary, by said company or corporation; and said company or corporation shall be entitled to have and receive for each steamship landing at the wharves of the said company or corporation, \$10; for each steamboat or other water craft, \$5; and for each horse, mule, bull, ox, or cow landed at their wharves, for each and every day kept, 10 cents; for each and every hog, calf, sheep, or goat, for each and every day kept, 5 cents, all without including the feed; and said company or corporation shall be entitled to keep and detain each and all of said animals until said charges are fully paid. But if the charges of landing, keeping, and feeding any of the aforesaid animals shall not be paid by the owners thereof after fifteen days of their being landed and placed in the custody of the said company or corporation, then the said company or corporation, in order to reimburse themselves for charges and expenses incurred, shall have power, by resorting to judicial proceedings, to advertise said animals for sale by auction, in any two newspapers published in the city of New Orleans, for five days; and after the expiration of said five days, the said company or corporation may proceed to sell by auction, as advertised, the said animals, and the proceeds of such sales shall be taken by the said company or corporation, and applied to the payment of the charges and expenses aforesaid, and other additional costs; and the balance, if any, remaining from such sales, shall be held to the credit of and paid to the order or receipt of the owner of said animals. Any person or persons, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act, or interfering with the privileges herein granted, or landing, yarding, or keeping any animals in violation of the provisions of this act, or to the injury of said company or corporation, shall be liable to a fine or penalty of \$250, to be recovered with costs of suit before any court of competent jurisdiction.

'The company shall, before the first of June, 1869, build and complete A GRAND SLAUGHTER-HOUSE of sufficient capacity to accommodate all butchers, and in which to slaughter 500 animals per day; also a sufficient number of sheds and stables shall be erected before the date aforementioned, to accommodate all the stock received at this port, all of which to be accomplished before the date fixed for the removal of the stock landing, as provided in the first section of this act, under penalty of a forfeiture of their charter.

'SECTION 4. Be it further enacted, &c., That the said company or corporation is hereby authorized to erect, at its own expense, one or more landing-places for live stock, as aforesaid, at any points or places consistent with the provisions of this act, and to have and enjoy from the completion thereof, and after the first day of June, A.D. 1869, the exclusive privilege of having landed at their wharves or landing-places all animals intended for sale or slaughter in the parishes of Orleans and Jefferson; and are hereby also authorized (in connection) to erect at its own expense one or more slaughter-houses, at any points or places consistent with the provisions of this act, and to have and enjoy, from the completion thereof, and after the first day of June, A.D. 1869, the exclusive privilege of having slaughtered therein all animals, the meat of which is destined for sale in the parishes of Orleans and Jefferson.

'SECTION 5. Be it further enacted, &c., That whenever said slaughter-houses and accessory buildings shall be completed and thrown open for the use of the public, said company or corporation shall immediately give public notice for thirty days, in the official journal of the State, and within said thirty days' notice, and within, from and after the first day of June, A.D. 1869, all other stock landings and slaughter-houses within the parishes of Orleans, Jefferson, and St. Bernard shall be closed, and it will no longer be lawful to slaughter cattle, hogs, calves, sheep, or goats, the meat of which is determined for sale within the parishes aforesaid, under a penalty of \$100, for each and every offence, recoverable, with costs of suit, before any court of competent jurisdiction; that all animals to be slaughtered, the meat whereof is determined for sale in the parishes of Orleans or Jefferson, must be slaughtered in the slaughter-houses erected by the said company or corporation; and upon a refusal of said company or corporation to allow and animal or animals to be slaughtered after the same has been certified by the inspector, as hereinafter provided, to be fit for human food, the said company or corporation shall be subject to a fine in each case of \$250, recoverable, with costs of suit, before any court of competent jurisdiction; said fines and penalties to be paid over to the auditor of public accounts, which sum or sums shall be credited to the educational fund.

'SECTION 6. Be it further enacted, &c., That the governor of the State of Louisiana shall appoint a competent person, clothed with police powers, to act as inspector of all stock that is to be slaughtered, and whose duty it will be to examine closely all animals intended to be slaughtered, to ascertain whether they are sound and fit for human food or not; and if sound and fit for human food, to furnish a certificate stating that fact, to the owners of the animals inspected; and without said certificate no animals can be slaughtered for sale in the slaughter-houses of said company or corporation. The owner of said animals so inspected to pay the inspector 10 cents for each and every animal so inspected, one-half of which fee the said inspector shall retain for his services, and the other half of said fee shall be paid over to the auditor of public accounts, said payment to be made quarterly. Said inspector shall give a good and sufficient bond to the State, in the sum of \$5000, with sureties subject to the approval of the governor of the State of Louisiana, for the faithful performance of his duties. Said inspector shall be fined for dereliction of duty \$50 for each neglect. Said inspector may appoint as many deputies as may be necessary. The half of the fees collected as provided above, and paid over to the auditor of public accounts, shall be placed to the credit of the educational fund.

'SECTION 7. Be it further enacted, &c., That all persons slaughtering or causing to be slaughtered, cattle or other animals in said slaughter-houses, shall pay to the said company or corporation the following rates or perquisites, viz.: For all beeves, \$1 each; for all hogs and calves, 50 cents each; for all sheep, goats, and lambs, 30 cents each; and the said company or corporation shall be entitled to the head, feet, gore, and entrails of all animals excepting hogs, entering the slaughter-houses and killed therein, it being understood that the heart and liver are not considered as a part of the gore and entrails, and that the said heart and liver of all animals slaughtered in the slaughter-houses of the said company or corporation shall belong, in all cases, to the owners of the animals slaughtered.

'SECTION 8. Be it further enacted, &c., That all the fines and penalties incurred for violations of this act shall be recoverable in a civil suit before any court of competent jurisdiction, said suit to be brought and prosecuted by said company or corporation in all cases where the privileges granted to the said company or corporation by the provisions of this act are violated or interfered with; that one-half of all the fines and penalties recovered by the said company or corporation [Sic in copy-REP.], in consideration of their prosecuting the violation of this act, and the other half shall be paid over to the auditor of public accounts, to the credit of the educational fund.

'SECTION 9. Be it further enacted, &c., That said Crescent City Live-Stock Landing and Slaughter-House Company shall have the right to construct a railroad from their buildings to the limits of the city of New Orleans, and shall have the right to run cars thereon, drawn by horses or other locomotive power, as they may see fit; said railroad to be built on either of the public roads running along the levee on each side of the Mississippi River. The said company or corporation shall also have the right to establish such steam ferries as they may see fit to run on the Mississippi River between their buildings and any points or places on either side of said river.

'SECTION 10. Be it further enacted, &c., That at the expiration of twenty-five years from and after the passage of this act the privileges herein granted shall expire.'

The parish of Orleans containing (as was said [1]) an area of 150 square miles; the parish of Jefferson of 384; and the parish of St. Bernard of 620; the three parishes together 1154 square miles, and they having between two and three hundred thousand people resident therein, and prior to the passage of the act above quoted, about, 100 persons employed daily in the business of procuring, preparing, and selling animal food, the passage of the act necessarily produced great feeling. Some hundreds of suits were brought on the one side or on the other; the butchers, not included in the 'monopoly' as it was called, acting sometimes in combinations, in corporations, and companies, and sometimes by themselves; the same counsel, however, apparently representing pretty much all of them. The ground of the opposition to the slaughter-house company's pretensions, so far as any cases were finally passed on in this court was, that the act of the Louisiana legislature made a monopoly and was a violation of the most important provisions of the thirteenth and fourteenth Articles of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The language relied on of these articles is thus:

AMENDMENT XIII.

'Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, nor any place subject to their jurisdiction.'

AMENDMENT XIV.

'All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside.

'No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.'

The Supreme Court of Louisiana decided in favor of the company, and five of the cases came into this court under the 25th section of the Judiciary Act in December, 1870; where they were the subject of a preliminary motion by the plaintiffs in error for an order in the nature of a supersedeas. After this, that is to say, in March, 1871, a compromise was sought to be effected, and certain parties professing, apparently, to act in a representative way in behalf of the opponents to the company, referring to a compromise that they assumed had been effected, agreed to discontinue 'all writs of error concerning the said company, now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States;' stipulating further 'that their agreement should be sufficient authority for any attorney to appear and move for the dismissal of all said suits.' Some of the cases were thus confessedly dismissed. But the three of which the names are given as a sub-title at the head of this report were, by certain of the butchers, asserted not to have been dismissed. And Messrs. M. H. Carpenter, J. S. Black, and T. J. Durant, in behalf of the new corporation, having moved to dismiss them also as embraced in the agreement, affidavits were filed on the one side and on the other; the affidavits of the butchers opposed to the 'monopoly' affirming that they were plaintiffs in error in these three cases, and that they never consented to what had been done, and that no proper authority had been given to do it. This matter was directed to be heard with the merits. The case being advanced was first heard on these, January 11th, 1872; Mr. Justice Nelson being indisposed and not in his seat. Being ordered for reargument, it was heard again, February 3d, 4th, and 5th, 1873.

Notes

^{^1} See *infra*, pp. 85, 86.

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THE FALLEN

A treasury of war poetry, ... 1914-1919

THE DEAD

I

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

II

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Rupert Brooke

HIC JACET

QUI IN HOC SAECULO FIDELITER

MILITAVIT

HE that has left hereunder
The signs of his release
Feared not the battle's thunder
Nor hoped that wars should cease;
No hatred set asunder
His warfare from his peace.

Nor feared he in his sleeping
To dream his work undone,
To hear the heathen sweeping

Over the lands he won;
For he has left in keeping
His sword unto his son.

Henry Newbolt

FOR THE FALLEN

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted:
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

Laurence Binyon

TWO SONNETS

I

SAINTS have adored the lofty soul of you.
Poets have whitened at your high renown.
We stand among the many millions who
Do hourly wait to pass your pathway down.
You, so familiar, once were strange: we tried
To live as of your presence unaware.
But now in every road on every side
We see your straight and steadfast signpost there.

I think it like that signpost in my land,
Hoary and tall, which pointed me to go
Upward, into the hills, on the right hand,
Where the mists swim and the winds shriek and blow,
A homeless land and friendless, but a land
I did not know and that I wished to know.

II

Such, such is Death: no triumph: no defeat:
Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean,
A merciful putting away of what has been.

And this we know: Death is not Life effete,
Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have seen
So marvellous things know well the end not yet.

Victor and vanquished are a-one in death:
Coward and brave: friend, foe. Ghosts do not say,
"Come, what was your record when you drew breath?"
But a big blot has hid each yesterday
So poor, so manifestly incomplete.
And your bright Promise, withered long and sped,
Is touched, stirs, rises, opens and grows sweet
And blossoms and is you, when you are dead.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

June 12, 1915.

THE DEAD

WHEN you see millions of the mouthless dead
Across your dreams in pale battalions go,
Say not soft things as other men have said,
That you'll remember. For you need not so.
Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know
It is not curses heaped on each gashed head?
Nor tears. Their blind eyes see not your tears flow.
Nor honour. It is easy to be dead.
Say only this, "They are dead." Then add thereto,
"Yet many a better one has died before."
Then scanning all the o'ercrowded mass, should you
Perceive one face that you loved heretofore,
It is a spook. None wears the face you knew.
Great Death has made all his for evermore.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

[Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of Punch.]

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow

In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O GUNS, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the day afar:
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

John McCrae

TO OUR FALLEN

YE sleepers, who will sing you?
We can but give our tears—
Ye dead men, who shall bring you
Fame in the coming years?
Brave souls . . . but who remembers
The fame that fired your embers? . . .
Deep, deep the sleep that holds you
Who one time had no peers.

Yet maybe Fame's but seeming
And praise you'd set aside,

Content to go on dreaming,
Yea, happy to have died
If of all things you prayed for—
All things your valour paid for—
One prayer is not forgotten,
One purchase not denied.

But God grants your dear England
A strength that shall not cease
Till she have won for all the Earth
From ruthless men release,
And made supreme upon her
Mercy and Truth and Honour—
Is this the thing you died for?
Oh, Brothers, sleep in peace!

Robert Ernest Vernède

THE FALLEN SUBALTERN

THE starshells float above, the bayonets glisten;
We bear our fallen friend without a sound;
Below the waiting legions lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial ground.

Wound in the flag of England here, we lay him;
The guns will flash and thunder o'er the grave;
What other winding sheet should now array him,
What other music should salute the brave?

As goes the Sun-god in his chariot glorious,
When all his golden banners are unfurled,
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,
And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those who come this way, in days hereafter,
Will know that here a boy for England fell,
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,
And on the charge his days were ended well.

One last salute; the bayonets clash and glisten;
With arms reversed we go without a sound:

One more has joined the men who lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

1915. Herbert Asquith

LAMENT

WE who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly and spent
Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain wet lilac sings—
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

GOD, I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,
Thought not of dying death—is such waste of me!
Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter
Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—
I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot
Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills, for ever!

John Galsworthy

[From A Sheaf. Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS

HERE in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn,—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day;

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.

Crewe

THE DEBT

NO more, old England, will they see—
Those men who've died for you and me.

So lone and cold they lie; but we,
We still have life; we may still greet
Our pleasant friends in home and street;
We still have life, are able still
To climb the turf of Bignor Hill,
To see the placid sheep go by,
To hear the sheep-dog's eager cry,
To feel the sun, to taste the rain,
To smell the Autumn's scents again
Beneath the brown and gold and red
Which old October's brush has spread,
To hear the robin in the lane,
To look upon the English sky.

So young they were, so strong and well,

Until the bitter summons fell—
Too young to die.
Yet there on foreign soil they lie,
So pitiful, with glassy eye
And limbs all tumbled anyhow:
Quite finished, now.
On every heart—lest we forget—
Secure at home—engrave this debt!

Too delicate is flesh to be
The shield that nations interpose
'Twixt red Ambition and his foes—
The bastion of Liberty.
So beautiful their bodies were,
Built with so exquisite a care:
So young and fit and lithe and fair.
The very flower of us were they,
The very flower, but yesterday!
Yet now so pitiful they lie,
Where love of country bade them hie
To fight this fierce Caprice—and die.
All mangled now, where shells have burst,
And lead and steel have done their worst;
The tender tissues ploughed away,
The years' slow processes effaced:
The Mother of us all—disgraced.

And some leave wives behind, young wives;
Already some have launched new lives:
A little daughter, little son—
For thus this blundering world goes on.
But never more will any see
The old secure felicity,
The kindnesses that made us glad
Before the world went mad.
They'll never hear another bird,
Another gay or loving word—
Those men who lie so cold and lone,
Far in a country not their own;
Those men who died for you and me,
That England still might sheltered be
And all our lives go on the same
(Although to live is almost shame).

E. V. Lucas

RIDDLES, R.F.C.[1]

(1916)

HE was a boy of April beauty; one
Who had not tried the world; who, while the sun
Flamed yet upon the eastern sky, was done.

Time would have brought him in her patient ways—
So his young beauty spoke—to prosperous days,
To fullness of authority and praise.

He would not wait so long. A boy, he spent
His boy's dear life for England. Be content:
No honour of age had been more excellent.

John Drinkwater

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

I DREAMED that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.

That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these jangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—
Look upward, standing mute;
Salute.

Barry Pain

THE SPECTRAL ARMY

I DREAM that on far heaven's steep
To-night Christ lets me stand by Him
To see the many million ghosts
Tramp up Death's highway, wide and dim.

The young are older than the old,
Their eyes are strained, their faces grey
With horror's twilight dropped too soon
Upon a scarcely opened day.

The guns move light as carven mist,
The weary footsteps make no sound,
As up the never-ending hill
They come on their last death-march bound.

Their heads are lifted. As they pass
They look at Christ's red wounds, and smile
In gallant comradeship: they know
Golgotha's terrible defile.

They too have drained a bitter gall,
Heart's Calvary they know full well,

And every man, or old or young,
Has stared into the deeps of Hell.

Yet brave and gay that spectral host
Goes by. Like Christ, on bloody sod
They gladly paid a price, like Him
They left the reckoning to God.

G. O. Warren

TO A DOG

PAST happiness dissolves. It fades away,
Ghost-like, in that dim attic of the mind
To which the dreams of childhood are consigned.
Here, withered garlands hang in slow decay,
And trophies glimmer in the dying ray
Of stars that once with heavenly glory shined.
But you old friend, are you still left behind
To tell the nearness of life's yesterday?

Ah, boon companion of my vanished boy,
For you he lives; in every sylvan walk
He waits; and you expect him everywhere.
How would you stir, what cries, what bounds of joy,
If but his voice were heard in casual talk,
If but his footstep sounded on the stair!

John Jay Chapman

FOR FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(Killed in action, July 31, 1917.)

YOU fell; and on a distant field, shell shatter'd,
Soaked with blood; while, in your dying, Erin
Knew naught of you, nor folded you for rest.
You will not sleep beneath a mound where kings
Were coffin'd long ago in carven stone
And dream in peace amid an emerald land
Of many memories and swift-wing'd song.
And yet I think that you are not forgotten;
For even in the Irish air there will be

Somewhat of you; in the wide beam of sunlight
Streaming athwart the mountains to the fields
Furrowed and brown, where languid rooks, and gulls
With their sharp crying, circle, or sit and sun
Themselves. The song of birds shall speak of you;
The blackbird chirping cheerily of spring,
When hawthorn blows and gorse runs through the hedge;
The lark lost in the morning; and the stream
Sparkling, or dark with pools, where salmon leap.
You will not be forgotten; for your songs
Have brought the beauty of the Irish land
To many dimming eyes and homesick hearts.
Poet and Soldier, could your land forget?
For you each morning shall her fields be wet.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor

THE LAST HERO

WE laid him to rest with tenderness;
Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold;
We thought in ourselves with dumb distress—
All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said:
A great deep heart like the hearts of old
Went forth; and the speaker had lost the thread,
Or all the story of earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways
Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
And a bitter remembrance blew in each face
How all the story of earth was told.

A. E.

THE ISLAND OF SKYROS

HERE, where we stood together, we three men,
Before the war had swept us to the East
Three thousand miles away, I stand again
And hear the bells, and breathe, and go to feast.
We trod the same path, to the selfsame place,

Yet here I stand, having beheld their graves,
Skyros whose shadows the great seas erase,
And Seddul Bahr that ever more blood craves.
So, since we communed here, our bones have been
Nearer, perhaps, than they again will be,
Earth and the worldwide battle lie between,
Death lies between, and friend-destroying sea.
Yet here, a year ago, we talked and stood
As I stand now, with pulses beating blood.

I saw her like a shadow on the sky
In the last light, a blur upon the sea,
Then the gale's darkness put the shadow by,
But from one grave that island talked to me;
And, in the midnight, in the breaking storm,
I saw its blackness and a blinking light,
And thought, "So death obscures your gentle form,
So memory strives to make the darkness bright;
And, in that heap of rocks, your body lies,
Part of the island till the planet ends,
My gentle comrade, beautiful and wise,
Part of this crag this bitter surge offends,
While I, who pass, a little obscure thing,
War with this force, and breathe, and am its king."

John Masefield

RUPERT BROOKE

I

YOUR face was lifted to the golden sky
Ablaze beyond the black roofs, of the square
As flame on flame leapt, flourishing in air
Its tumult of red stars exultantly
To the cold constellations dim and high:
And as we neared the roaring ruddy flare
Kindled to gold your throat and brow and hair
Until you burned, a flame of ecstasy.

The golden head goes down into the night
Quenched in cold gloom—and yet again you stand
Beside me now with lifted face alight,
As, flame to flame, and fire to fire you burn . . .
Then, recollecting, laughingly you turn,

And look into my eyes and take my hand.

II

Once in my garret—you being far away
Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
Or so I fancied—brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and grey
Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more.
When, looking up, I saw you standing there
Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair
And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

III

Your eyes rejoiced in colour's ecstasy,
Fulfilling even their uttermost desire,
When, over a great sunlit field afire
With windy poppies streaming like a sea
Of scarlet flame that flaunted riotously
Among green orchards of that western shire,
You gazed as though your heart could never tire
Of life's red flood in summer revelry.

And as I watched you, little thought had I
How soon beneath the dim low-drifting sky
Your soul should wander down the darkling way,
With eyes that peer a little wistfully,
Half-glad, half-sad, remembering, as they see
Lethan poppies, shrivelling ashen grey.

IV

October chestnuts showered their perishing gold
Over us as beside the stream we lay
In the Old Vicarage garden that blue day,
Talking of verse and all the manifold

Delights a little net of words may hold,
While in the sunlight water-voles at play
Dived under a trailing crimson bramble-spray,
And walnuts thudded ripe on soft black mould.

Your soul goes down unto a darker stream
Alone, O friend, yet even in death's deep night
Your eyes may grow accustomed to the dark
And Styx for you may have the ripple and gleam
Of your familiar river, and Charon's bark
Tarry by that old garden of your delight.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

RUPERT BROOKE

(In Memoriam)

I NEVER knew you save as all men know
Twitter of mating birds, flutter of wings
In April coverts, and the streams that flow—
One of the happy voices of our Springs:

A voice for ever stilled, a memory,
Since you went eastward with the fighting ships,
A hero of the great new Odyssey,
And God has laid His finger on your lips.

Moray Dalton

TO RUPERT BROOKE

THOUGH we, a happy few,
Indubitably knew
That from the purple came
This poet of pure flame,

The world first saw his light
Flash on an evil night,
And heard his song from far
Above the drone of war.

Out of the primal dark
He leapt, like lyric lark,
Singing his aubade strain;
Then fell to earth again.

We garner all he gave,
And on his hero grave,
For love and honour strew,
Rosemary, myrtle, rue.

Son of the Morning, we
Had kept you thankfully;
But yours the asphodel:
Hail, singer, and farewell!

Eden Phillpotts

[From Plain Song, 1914–1916. Reprinted by permission of William Heinemann, London.]

LORD KITCHENER

UNFLINCHING hero, watchful to forsee
And face thy country's peril wheresoe'er,
Directing war and peace with equal care,
Till by long duty ennobled thou wert he
Whom England call'd and bade: "Set my arm free
To obey my will and save my honour fair,"—
What day the foe presumed on her despair
And she herself had trust in none but thee:

Among Herculean deeds the miracle
That mass'd the labour of ten years in one
Shall be thy monument. Thy work was done
Ere we could thank thee; and the high sea swell
Surgeth unheeding where thy proud ship fell
By the lone Orkneys, at the set of sun.

Robert Bridges

June 8, 1916.

KITCHENER

THERE is wild water from the north;
The headlands darken in their foam
As with a threat of challenge stubborn earth
Booms at that far wild sea-line charging home.

The night shall stand upon the shifting sea
As yesternight stood there,
And hear the cry of waters through the air,
The iron voice of headlands start and rise—
The noise of winds for mastery
That screams to hear the thunder in those cries.
But now henceforth there shall be heard
From Brough of Bursay, Marwick Head,
And shadows of the distant coast,
Another voice bestirred—
Telling of something greatly lost
Somewhere below the tidal glooms, and dead.
Beyond the uttermost
Of aught the night may hear on any seas
From tempest-known wild water's cry, and roar
Of iron shadows looming from the shore,
It shall be heard—and when the Orcades
Sleep in a hushed Atlantic's starry folds
As smoothly as, far down below the tides,
Sleep on the windless broad sea-wolds
Where this night's shipwreck hides.

By many a sea-holm where the shock
Of ocean's battle falls, and into spray
Gives up its ghosts of strife; by reef and rock
Ravaged by their eternal brute affray
With monstrous frenzies of their shore's green foe;
Where overstream and overfall and undertow
Strive, snatch away;
A wistful voice, without a sound,
Shall dwell beside Pomona, on the sea,
And speak the homeward and the outward-bound,
And touch the helm of passing minds
And bid them steer as wistfully—
Saying: "He did great work, until the winds
And waters hereabout that night betrayed
Him to the drifting death! His work went on—
He would not be gainsaid. . . .
Though where his bones are, no man knows, not one!

John Helston

WHERE KITCHENER SLEEPS

O GRIM and iron-bastioned,
Tumultuous Orcades,
Of vast and awful maelstroms,
And eagle-taloned seas;—
Great is your cruel sovereignty,
But greater than all your might,
Was he, this strong world-captain,
Who entered your halls to-night.

Wild were the headland skerries,
And wilder the sunset's frown,
And the kelpie lords were abroad in the dark,
When Kitchener went down;
Down in the hour of duty
His worldwide task scarce done,
'Mid the thunder of cannonading surfs,
And the searchlight gleam of the sun.

What fitter and truer ending,
Than greatly thus to die,
Called to his sleep in the kingly deep,
'Mid the pageant of water and sky;
To sink to his long, last slumber,
With Ocean to cradle his form;
And draw round the sweep of his lordly sleep
The mighty curtains of storm!

Yes, famed is the storied abbey
Where slumber our kingly dead;
And solemn the lofty-domed St. Paul's
Where the last sad rites are said;
But where in all earth's sepulchres
For this iron soul more meet,
Than to keep his rest where the titan surfs
Thunder at Bursay's feet?

Wilfred Campbell

KITCHENER'S MARCH

NOT the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, build your hero's cairn!
He was worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While one heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
Steeled alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Amelia Josephine Burr

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TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS

OF KANDAHAR AND PRETORIA

Born, 1832. Died, on Service at the Front, Nov. 14th, 1914.

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HE died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of England in his latest prayer;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
A courage still unspent.

So was his end; and, in that hour, across
The face of War a wind of silence blew,
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?
What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,
Would he have held most dear?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft;
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain;
Not pride of that high record he had left,
Peerless and pure of stain;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served; a pledge above his grave
To give her even such a gift as he,
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,
And through the mist the guns he loved so well
Thunder a last salute!

Owen Seaman

[From Life and Living. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

EDITH CAVELL

THE world hath its own dead; great motions start
In human breasts, and make for them a place
In that hushed sanctuary of the race
Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.
Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art,
A name to pray on, and to all a face
Of household consecration; such His grace
Whose universal dwelling is the heart.

O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,
And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!
Thy country now is all humanity!
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
In the harsh scything of the German sword,
And beautifies the world that saw it die!

George Edward Woodberry

BEFORE MARCHING, AND AFTER

(In Memoriam F. W. G.)

ORION swung southward aslant
Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had thinned,
The Pleiads aloft seemed to pant
With the heather that twitched in the wind;
But he looked on indifferent to sights such as these,
Unswayed by love, friendship, home joy or home sorrow,
And wondered to what he would march on the morrow.

The crazed household clock with its whirr
Rang midnight within as he stood,
He heard the low sighing of her
Who had striven from his birth for his good;
But he still only asked the spring starlight, the breeze,
What great thing or small thing his history would borrow
From that Game with Death he would play on the morrow.

When the heath wore the robe of late summer,
And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,
Hung red by the door, a quick comer
Brought tidings that marching was done
For him who had joined in that game overseas
Where Death stood to win; though his memory would borrow
A brightness therefrom not to die on the morrow.

Thomas Hardy

September, 1915.

TO OUR DEAD

SLEEP well, heroic souls, in silence sleep,
Lapped in the circling arms of kindly death!
No ill can vex your slumbers, no foul breath
Of slander, hate, derision mar the deep
Repose that holds you close. Your kinsmen reap
The harvest you have sown, while each man saith:
"So would I choose, when danger threateneth,
Let my death be as theirs." We dare not weep.

For you have scaled the starry heights of fame,
Nor ever shrunk from peril and distress
In fight undaunted for the conqueror's prize;
Therefore your death, engirt with loveliness
Of simple service done for England's name,
Shall shine like beacon-stars of sacrifice.

W. L. Courtney

TELLING THE BEES

(An Old Gloucestershire Superstition)

THEY dug no grave for our soldier lad, who fought and who died out there:
Bugle and drum for him were dumb, and the padre said no prayer;
The passing bell gave never a peal to warn that a soul was fled,
And we laid him not in the quiet spot where cluster his kin that are dead.

But I hear a foot on the pathway, above the low hum of the hive,
That at edge of dark, with the song of the lark, tells that the world is alive:

The master starts on his errand, his tread is heavy and slow,
Yet he cannot choose but tell the news—the bees have a right to know.

Bound by the ties of a happier day, they are one with us now in our worst;
On the very morn that my boy was born they were told the tidings the first:
With what pride they will hear of the end he made, and the ordeal that he trod—
Of the scream of shell, and the venom of hell, and the flame of the sword of God.

Wise little heralds, tell of my boy; in your golden tabard coats
Tell the bank where he slept, and the stream he leapt, where the spangled lily floats:
The tree he climbed shall lift her head, and the torrent he swam shall thrill,
And the tempest that bore his shouts before shall cry his message still.

G. E. Rees

THE HOUSE OF DEATH

SURELY the Keeper of the House of Death
Had long grown weary of letting in the old—
Of welcoming the aged, the short of breath,
Sad spirits, duller than their tales oft-told.
He must have longed to gather in the gold
Of shining youth to deck his dreary spaces—
To hear no more old wail and sorrowing.
And now he has his wish, and the young faces
Are crowding in: and laughter fills Death's places;
And all his courts are gay with flowers of Spring.

A. T. Nankivell

GERVAIS

(Killed at the Dardanelles.)

BEEES hummed and rooks called hoarsely outside the quiet room
Where by an open window Gervais, the restless boy,
Fretting the while for cricket, read of Patroclus' doom
And flower of youth a-dying by far-off windy Troy.

Do the old tales, half-remembered, come back to haunt him now
Who leaving his glad school-days and putting boyhood by
Joined England's bitter Iliad? Greek beauty on the brow

That frowns with dying wonder up to Hissarlik's sky!

Margaret Adelaide Wilson

THE DEAD

I FEARED the lonely dead, so old were they,
Decrepit, tired beings, ghastly white,
With withered breasts and eyes devoid of sight,
Forever mute beneath the sodden clay;
I feared the lonely dead, and turned away
From thoughts of sombre death and endless night;
Thus, through the dismal hours I longed for light
To drive my utter hopelessness away.

But now my nights are filled with flowered dreams
Of singing warriors, beautiful and young;
Strong men and boys within whose eyes there gleams
The triumph song of worlds unknown, unsung;
Grim death has vanished, leaving in its stead
The shining glory of the living dead.

Sigourney Thayer

TO THE FALLEN

OUT of the flame-scarred night one came to me
And whispered, "He is dead." . . . But I, who find
Thy resurrection in each noble mind,
Thy soul in every deed of chivalry,
I can but think, while lives nobility,
While honour lights a path for humankind,
While aught is beautiful, or aught enshrined,
Death hath o'ertaken but not conquered thee.

Until all loveliness shall pass away,
Until the darkness dies no more in dawn,
Until the lustre of the stars is shed,
Till no dream mocks the madness of the fray,
Till love has learnt to leer and pride to fawn,
Till heaven is sunk in hell—thou are not dead.

Claude Houghton

SPORTSMEN IN PARADISE

THEY left the fury of the fight,
And they were very tired.
The gates of Heaven were open quite,
Unguarded and unwired.
There was no sound of any gun,
The land was still and green;
Wide hills lay silent in the sun,
Blue valleys slept between.

They saw far off a little wood
Stand up against the sky.
Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood . . .
Some lazy cows went by . . .
There were some rooks sailed overhead,
And once a church-bell pealed.
"God! but it's England," someone said,
"And there's a cricket-field!"

T. P. Cameron Wilson

THE DEAD

THE dead are with us everywhere,
By night and day;
No street we tread but they have wandered there
Who now lie still beneath the grass
Of some shell-scarred and distant plain,
Beyond the fear of death, beyond all pain.
And in the silence you can hear their noiseless footsteps pass—
The dead are with us always, night and day.

Where once the sound of mirth would rouse
The sleeping town,
The laughter has died out from house to house;
And where through open window late
At night would float delightful song,
And glad-souled music from the light-heart revel-throng,
In quadrangle and street the windows darkly wait
For those who cannot wake the sleeping town.

This city once a bride to all
Who entered here,
A lover magical who had in thrall
The souls of those who once might know
Her kiss upon their lips and brow—
A golden, laughter-hearted lover then, but now
A mother grey, whose sees Death darken as they go,
Son after son of those who entered there.

Yet sometimes at the dead of night
I see them come—
The darkness is suffused with a great light
From that radiant, countless host:
No face but is triumphant there,
A flaming crown of youth imperishable they wear.
A thousand years that passed have gained what we to-day have lost,
The splendour of their sacrifice for years to come.

A. E. Murray

TO A CANADIAN LAD, KILLED IN THE WAR

O NOBLE youth that held our honour in keeping,
And bore it sacred through the battle flame,
How shall we give full measure of acclaim
To thy sharp labour, thy immortal reaping?
For though we sowed with doubtful hands, half sleeping,
Thou in thy vivid pride hast reaped a nation,
And brought it in with shouts and exultation,
With drums and trumpets, with flags flashing and leaping.

Let us bring pungent wreaths of balsam, and tender
Tendrils of wild-flowers, lovelier for thy daring,
And deck a sylvan shrine, where the maple parts
The moonlight, with lilac bloom, and the splendour
Of suns unwearied; all unwithered wearing
Thy valour stainless in our heart of hearts.

Duncan Campbell Scott

TO SOME WHO HAVE FALLEN

SPRING is God's season; may you see His Spring
Somewhere, the larch and ash buds burgeoning,
Round catkin tassels and the blossomed spine
Of blackthorn, and the golden celandine,
And little rainwashed violet leaves unfurled
To deck young April in another world.

We cannot know how much a dead man hears,
What awful music of the distant spheres,
But you may linger still, you may not be
Too far from us to share the ecstasy
Of all the larks that nest upon our hills,
Or miss the flowering of the daffodils.

Since if, as some folks say, ourselves do make
Our Heaven, yours will hold, for old times' sake,
The farms and orchards that you left behind,
Steep lichened roofs, and rutted lanes that wind
Through green lush meadows up from Wealden towns
To the bare beauty of our Sussex Downs.

Moray Dalton

IN MEMORIAM

Private D. Sutherland, killed in Action in the German Trench, May 16, 1916, and Others who Died.

SO you were David's father,
And he was your only son,
And the new-cut peats are rotting
And the work is left undone,
Because of an old man weeping,
Just an old man in pain,
For David, his son David,
That will not come again.

Oh, the letters he wrote you,
And I can see them still,
Not a word of the fighting
But just the sheep on the hill
And how he should get the crops in
Ere the year got stormier,
And the Bosches have got his body,
And I was his officer.

Your were only David's father,
But I had fifty sons
When we went up in the evening
Under the arch of the guns,
And we came back at twilight—
O God! I heard them call
To me for help and pity
That could not help at all.

Oh, never will I forget you,
My men that trusted me,
More my sons than your fathers',
For they could only see
The little helpless babies
And the young men in their pride.
They could not see you dying,
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,
They saw their first-born go,
But not the strong limbs broken
And the beautiful men brought low,
The piteous writhing bodies,
The screamed, "Don't leave me, Sir,"
For they were only your fathers
And I was your officer.

E. A. Mackintosh

THE SILENT TOAST[2]

THEY stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet
And the brilliant lights around;
But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire,
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

Frederick George Scott

Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

RESURRECTION

NOT long did we lie on the torn, red field of pain.
We fell, we lay, we slumbered, we took rest,
With the wild nerves quiet at last, and the vexed brain
Cleared of the wingèd nightmares, and the breast
Freed of the heavy dreams of hearts afar.
We rose at last under the morning star.
We rose, and greeted our brothers, and welcomed our foes.
We rose; like the wheat when the wind is over, we rose.
With shouts we rose, with gasps and incredulous cries,
With bursts of singing, and silence, and awestruck eyes,
With broken laughter, half tears, we rose from the sod,
With welling tears and with glad lips, whispering, "God."

Like babes, refreshed from sleep, like children, we rose,
Brimming with deep content, from our dreamless repose.
And, "What do you call it?" asked one. "I thought I was dead."
"You are," cried another. "We're all of us dead and flat."
"I'm alive as a cricket. There's something wrong with your head."
They stretched their limbs and argued it out where they sat.
And over the wide field friend and foe
Spoke of small things, remembering not old woe
Of war and hunger, hatred and fierce words.
They sat and listened to the brooks and birds,
And watched the starlight perish in pale flame,
Wondering what God would look like when He came.

Hermann Hagedorn

THE PLAYERS

WE challenged Death. He threw with weighted dice.
We laughed and paid the forfeit, glad to pay—
Being recompensed beyond our sacrifice
With that nor Death nor Time can take away.

Francis Bickley

FALLEN

WE talked together in the days gone by
Of life and of adventure still to come,
We saw a crowded future, you and I,
And at its close two travellers come home,
Full of experience, wise, content to rest,
Having faced life and put it to the test.

Already we had seen blue skies grow bleak,
And learned the fickleness of fate, firsthand;
We knew each goal meant some new goal to seek,
Accepting facts we couldn't understand;
You seemed equipped for life's most venturous way—
Death closed the gallant morning of your day.

Oh, many a one still watching others go
Might fall, and leave no such heart-sickening gap.
What waste, what pity 't seems to squander so

Courage that dared whatever ill might hap,
While laggards, fearful both of worst and best,
Hoard up the life you hazarded with zest!

It seems like waste to others, but to you
And the thronged heroes who have paid the price,
Yourself, your hopes, and all you dreamed and knew,
Were counted as a puny sacrifice—
You knew, with keener judgment, all was gained,
If honour at the last shone still unstained!

W. Kersley Holmes

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

"SOMEWHERE in France"—we know not where he lies,
'Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies!
We may not visit him. but this we say:
Though our steps err, his shall not miss their way.
From the exhaustion of War's fierce embrace
He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.
To him has come, if not the crown and palm,
The kiss of Peace—a vast, sufficing calm!

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been:
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be;
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
'Tis unbelievable he fades away,—
An exhalation at the dawn of day!

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned
Into the Oversoul, to be discerned
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
In petal of the lily, or in those
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.
Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind
What we in his fair life were wont to find,
He shall escape absorption, and shall still
Preserve a faculty to know and will.
Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith:
(We know not Life, how should we then know Death?)
From our small limits, and withholdings free,

Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company;
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
As to forget he knew a world like this.

John Hogben

TO TONY (AGED 3)

(In memory T. P. C. W.)

GEMMED with white daisies was the great green world
Your restless feet have pressed this long day through—
Come now and let me whisper to your dreams
A little song grown from my love for you.

There was a man once loved green fields like you,
He drew his knowledge from the wild birds' songs;
And he had praise for every beauteous thing,
And he had pity for all piteous wrongs

A lover of earth's forests—of her hills,
And brother to her sunlight—to her rain—
Man, with a boy's fresh wonder. He was great
With greatness all too simple to explain.

He was a dreamer and a poet, and brave
To face and hold what he alone found true.
He was a comrade of the old—a friend
To every little laughing child like you.

.
And when across the peaceful English land,
Unhurt by war, the light is growing dim,
And you remember by your shadowed bed
All those—the brave—you must remember him,

And know it was for you who bear his name
And such as you that all his joy he gave—
His love of quiet fields, his youth, his life,
To win that heritage of peace you have.

Marjorie Wilson

TO MY GODSON

THEY shall come back through Heaven's bars
When June has filled the world with joy,
And you are seeking playmates, boy,
To share your Kingdom of the stars;
Or part with you the bracken fronds
Where golden armoured knights may ride,
Or learn where baby rabbits hide,
Or dabble in the silver ponds.

O all the pipes of fairyland
Shall give you royal welcoming
And all the fairy bells shall ring
And you will wander hand in hand.
But through the music gay and sweet
That fairies teach their chosen ones
Shall sound an echo of the guns
And high ambition's drum will beat.

For they who died lest all that's good
And beautiful and brave and free
Should sink in Hell's obscurity,
These claim you in a brotherhood.
The lot is fallen, O child to you
To finish all they had to leave,
And by their sacrifice achieve
The manifold desires they knew.

And you shall feel their ardour burn
Like flaming fires within your heart,
In all your life they'll have a part
And all their secrets you shall learn.
They would have guided your young feet,
Kind, but so far from boyhood's day,
But death has found a surer way
Of making comradeship complete.

O all the pipes of fairyland
Shall play for you, shall play for them,
Their flame of radiant life will stem
Evil you scarce could understand.
They'll bid you raise your wondering eyes,
Till, far above you, you shall see
The Beauty that they knew might be,
Calling you from the starlit skies.

Mildred Huxley

NEW HEAVEN

PARADISE now has many a Knight,
Many a lordkin, many lords,
Glimmer of armour, dinted and bright,
The young Knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip,
Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
Their scars amethyst—glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,
Gravest Knights that may sit in stall,
Kings and Captains, a shining train,
But the little young Knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,
Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry band;
And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God.

Katharine Tynan

THE OLD SOLDIER

LEST the young soldiers be strange in heaven,
God bids the old soldier they all adored
Come to Him and wait for them, clean, new-shriven,
A happy doorkeeper in the House of the Lord.

Lest it abash them, the strange new splendour,
Lest it affright them, the new robes clean;
Here's an old face, now, long-tried, and tender,
A word and a hand-clasp as they troop in.

"My boys," he greets them: and heaven is homely,

He their great captain in days gone o'er;
Dear is the friend's face, honest and comely,
Waiting to welcome them by the strange door.

Katharine Tynan

RÉVEILLÉ

IN the place to which I go,
Better men than I have died.
Freeman friend and conscript foe,
Face to face and side by side,
In the shallow grave abide.

Melinite that seared their brains,
Gas that slew them in a snare,
War's inferno of strange pains,
What are these to them who share
That great boon of silence there?

When like blood the moon is red;
And a shadow hides the sun,
We shall wake, the so-long dead,
We shall know our quarrel done,—
Will God tell us who has won?

Ronald Lewis Carton

A LAMENT FROM THE DEAD

PEACE! Vex us not: we are the Dead,
We are the Dead for England slain.
(O England and the English Spring,
The English Spring, the Spring-tide rain:
Ah, God, dear God, in England now!) . . .
The snows of Death are on our brow:
Peace! Vex us not!

Brothers, the footfalls of the year
(The Maiden month's in England now!) . . .
I feel them pass above my head:
Alas, they echo on my heart!

(Ah, God, dear God, but England now!) . . .
Peace! Vex me not, for I am dead;
The snows of Death are on my brow:
Peace! Vex me not!

Brothers, and I—I taste again,
Again I taste the Wine of Spring.
(O Wine of Spring and Bread of Love,
O lips that kiss and mouths that sing:
O Love and Spring in England now!) . . .
Peace! Vex me not, but pass above:
Sweet English Love, fleet English Spring—
Pass! Vex me not!

Brothers, my brothers, I pray you—hark!
I hear a song upon the wing,
Upon the silver wing of morn!
It is—dear God!—it is the lark—
It is the lark above the corn,
The fledgling corn of England's Spring! . . .
Ah! pity thou my wearied heart:
Cease! Vex me not!

.
Brothers, I beg you be at rest,
Be quite at rest for England's sake:
The flowerful hours in England now
Sing low your sleep in English ears:
And would ye have your sorrows wake
The Mother's heart to further tears? . . .
Nay! be at peace, her loyal dead.
Sleep! Vex her not!

Walter Lightowler Wilkinson

1 Lieutenant S. G. Ridley, Royal Flying Corps, sacrificed his life in the Egyptian desert in an attempt to save a comrade. He was twenty years of age.

2 At our banquets at the Front the toast to the Dead was drunk in silence. It was naturally a very impressive moment.

Manifesto Addressed to the Canadians (1759) by James Wolfe

This manifesto was posted in a French translation on the doors of the Church in the village of

Beaumont on June 28, 1759. Extracted from Wright, Robert (1864). *The Life of Major-General James Wolfe*, London: Chapman and Hall, p. 517-518

By his Excellency James Wolfe, Esq., Colonel of a Regiment of Infantry, Major-General, and Commander-in-chief of his Britannic Majesty's Forces in the River St. Lawrence, etc.

The formidable sea and land armament which the people of Canada now behold in the heart of their country, is intended by the King, my master, to check the insolence of France, to revenge the insults offered to the British colonies, and totally to deprive the French of their most valuable settlement in North America. For these purposes is the formidable army under my command intended. The King of Great Britain wages no war with the industrious peasant, the sacred orders of religion, or the defenceless women and children; to these, in their distressful circumstances, his royal clemency offers protection. The people may remain unmolested on their lands, inhabit their houses, and enjoy their religion in security. For these inestimable blessings I expect the Canadians will take no part in the great contest between the two crowns. But if, by a vain obstinacy and misguided valour, they presume to appear in arms, they must expect the most fatal consequences,—their habitations destroyed, their sacred temples exposed to an exasperated soldiery, their harvest utterly ruined, and the only passage for relief stopped up by a most formidable fleet. In this unhappy situation, and closely attacked by another great army, what can the wretched natives expect from opposition?

The unparalleled barbarities exerted by the French against our settlements in America might justify the bitterest revenge in the army under my command; but Britons breathe higher sentiments of humanity, and listen to the merciful dictates of the Christian religion. Yet, should you suffer yourselves to be deluded by an imaginary prospect of our want of success; should you refuse these terms, and persist in opposition, then surely will the law of nations justify the waste of war, so necessary to crush an ungenerous enemy; and then the miserable Canadians must in the winter have the mortification of seeing their very families, for whom they have been exerting but a fruitless and indiscreet bravery, perish by the most dismal want and famine. In this great dilemma, let the wisdom of the people of Canada show itself. Britain stretches out a powerful, yet merciful hand; faithful to her engagements, and ready to secure her in her most valuable rights and possessions. France, unable to support Canada, deserts her cause at this important crisis, and during the whole war has assisted her with troops, who have been maintained only by making the natives feel all the weight of grievous and lawless oppression.

Given at Laurent, in the Island of Orleans, this 28th day of June 1759.

Categories: 1759 worksHistory of the United KingdomHistory of Canada

Cassidy's Epitaph (1919)

by Banjo Paterson

Here lies a bloke who's just gone West,
A Number One Australian;
He took his gun and did his best
To mitigate the alien.
So long as he could get to work
He needed no sagacity;
A German, Austrian, or Turk,
Were all the same to Cassidy.

Wherever he could raise "the stuff"
-- A liquor deleterious --
The question when he'd have enough
Was apt to be mysterious.
'Twould worry prudent folks a lot
Through mental incapacity;
If he could keep it down or not,
Was all the same to Cassidy.

And when the boys would start a dance,
In honour of Terpsichore,
'Twas just an even-money chance
You'd find him rather shickery.
But once he struck his proper stride,
And heard the band's vivacity,
The jazz, the tango, or the slide
Was all the same to Cassidy.

And now he's gone to face the Light,
With all it may reveal to him,
A life without a drink or fight
Perhaps may not appeal to him;
But when St Peter calls the roll
Of men of proved tenacity,
You'll find the front-rank right-hand man
Will answer; "Here . . . Cassidy."

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Madame Firmiani (1832)

by Honoré de Balzac, translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley

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DEDICATION

To my dear Alexandre de Berny.

His old friend,

De Balzac.

MADAME FIRMIANI

Many tales, either rich in situations or made dramatic by some of the innumerable tricks of chance, carry with them their own particular setting, which can be rendered artistically or simply by those who narrate them, without their subjects losing any, even the least of their charms. But there are some incidents in human experience to which the heart alone is able to give life; there are certain details—shall we call them anatomical?—the delicate touches of which cannot be made to reappear unless by an equally delicate rendering of thought; there are portraits which require the infusion of a soul, and mean nothing unless the subtlest expression of the speaking countenance is given; furthermore, there are things which we know not how to say or do without the aid of secret harmonies which a day, an hour, a fortunate conjunction of celestial signs, or an inward moral tendency may produce.

Such mysterious revelations are imperatively needed in order to tell this simple history, in which we seek to interest those souls that are naturally grave and reflective and find their sustenance in tender emotions. If the writer, like the surgeon beside his dying friend, is filled with a species of reverence for the subject he is handling, should not the reader share in that inexplicable feeling? Is it so difficult to put ourselves in unison with the vague and nervous sadness which casts its gray tints all about us, and is, in fact, a semi-illness, the gentle sufferings of which are often pleasing? If the reader is of those who sometimes think upon the dear ones they have lost, if he is alone, if the day is waning or the night has come, let him read on; otherwise, he should lay aside this book at once. If he has never buried a good old relative, infirm and poor, he will not understand these pages, which to some will seem redolent of musk, to others as colorless and virtuous as those of Florian. In short, the reader must have known the luxury of tears, must have felt the silent pangs of a passing memory, the vision of a dear yet far-off Shade,—memories which bring regret for all that earth has swallowed up, with smiles for vanished

joys.

And now, believe that the writer would not, for the wealth of England, steal from poesy a single lie with which to embellish this narrative. The following is a true history, on which you may safely spend the treasures of your sensibility—if you have any.

In these days the French language has as many idioms and represents as many idiosyncracies as there are varieties of men in the great family of France. It is extremely curious and amusing to listen to the different interpretations or versions of the same thing or the same event by the various species which compose the genus Parisian,—“Parisian” is here used merely to generalize our remark.

Therefore, if you should say to an individual of the species Practical, “Do you know Madame Firmiani?” he would present that lady to your mind by the following inventory: “Fine house in the rue du Bac, salons handsomely furnished, good pictures, one hundred thousand francs a year, husband formerly receiver-general of the department of Montenotte.” So saying, the Practical man, rotund and fat and usually dressed in black, will project his lower lip and wrap it over the upper, nodding his head as if to add: “Solid people, those; nothing to be said against them.” Ask no further; Practical men settle everybody’s status by figures, incomes, or solid acres,—a phrase of their lexicon.

Turn to the right, and put the same question to that other man, who belongs to the species Lounger. “Madame Firmiani?” he says; “yes, yes, I know her well; I go to her parties; receives Wednesdays; highly creditable house.”—Madame Firmiani is metamorphosed into a house! but the house is not a pile of stones architecturally superposed, of course not, the word presents in Lounger’s language an indescribable idiom.—Here the Lounger, a spare man with an agreeable smile, a sayer of pretty nothings with more acquired cleverness than native wit, stoops to your ear and adds, with a shrewd glance: “I have never seen Monsieur Firmiani. His social position is that of looking after property in Italy. Madame Firmiani is a Frenchwoman, and spends her money like a Parisian. She has excellent tea. It is one of the few houses where you can amuse yourself; the refreshments are exquisite. It is very difficult to get admitted; therefore, of course, one meets only the best society in her salons.” Here the Lounger takes a pinch of snuff; he inhales it slowly and seems to say: “I go there, but don’t expect me to present you.”

Evidently the Lounger considers that Madame Firmiani keeps a sort of inn, without a sign.

“Why do you want to know Madame Firmiani? Her parties are as dull as the Court itself. What is the good of possessing a mind unless to avoid such salons, where stupid talk and foolish little ballads are the order of the day.” You have questioned a being classed Egotist, a species who would like to keep the universe under lock and key, and let nothing be done without their permission. They are unhappy if others are happy; they forgive nothing but vices, downfalls, frailties, and like none but proteges. Aristocrats by inclination, they make themselves democrats out of spite, preferring to consort with inferiors as equals.

“Oh, Madame Firmiani, my dear fellow! she is one of those adorable women who serve as Nature’s excuse for all the ugly ones she creates. Madame Firmiani is enchanting, and so kind! I wish I were in power and possessed millions that I might—” (here a whisper). “Shall I present you?” The speaker is a youth of the Student species, known for his boldness among men and his timidity in a boudoir.

“Madame Firmiani?” cries another, twirling his cane. “I’ll tell you what I think of her; she is a woman between thirty and thirty-five; faded complexion, handsome eyes, flat figure, contralto voice worn out,

much dressed, rather rouged, charming manners; in short, my dear fellow, the remains of a pretty woman who is still worth the trouble of a passion." This remark is from the species Fop, who has just breakfasted, doesn't weigh his words, and is about to mount his horse. At that particular moment Fops are pitiless.

"Magnificent collection of pictures in her house; go and see them by all means," answers another. "Nothing finer." You have questioned one of the species Connoisseur. He leaves you to go to Perignon's or Tripet's. To him, Madame Firmiani is a collection of painted canvases.

A Woman: "Madame Firmiani? I don't wish you to visit her." This remark is rich in meanings. Madame Firmiani! dangerous woman! a siren! dresses well, has taste; gives other women sleepless nights. Your informant belongs to the genus Spiteful.

An Attache to an embassy: "Madame Firmiani? Isn't she from Antwerp? I saw her ten years ago in Rome; she was very handsome then." Individuals of the species Attache have a mania for talking in the style of Talleyrand. Their wit is often so refined that the point is imperceptible; they are like billiard-players who avoid hitting the ball with consummate dexterity. These individuals are usually taciturn, and when they talk it is only about Spain, Vienna, Italy, or Petersburg. Names of countries act like springs in their mind; press them, and the ringing of their changes begins.

"That Madame Firmiani sees a great deal of the faubourg Saint-Germain, doesn't she?" This from a person who desires to belong to the class Distinguished. She gives the "de" to everybody,—to Monsieur Dupin senior, to Monsieur Lafayette; she flings it right and left and humiliates many. This woman spends her life in striving to know and do "the right thing"; but, for her sins, she lives in the Marais, and her husband is a lawyer,—a lawyer before the Royal courts, however.

"Madame Firmiani, monsieur? I do not know her." This man belongs to the species Duke. He recognizes none but the women who have been presented at court. Pray excuse him, he was one of Napoleon's creations.

"Madame Firmiani? surely she used to sing at the Opera-house." Species Ninny. The individuals of this species have an answer for everything. They will tell lies sooner than say nothing.

Two old ladies, wives of former magistrates: The First (wears a cap with bows, her face is wrinkled, her nose sharp, voice hard, carries a prayer-book in her hand): "What was that Madame Firmiani's maiden name?"—The Second (small face red as a crab-apple, gentle voice): "She was a Cadignan, my dear, niece of the old Prince de Cadignan, consequently cousin to the present Duc de Maufrigneuse."

Madame Firmiani is a Cadignan. She might have neither virtue, nor wealth, nor youth, but she would still be a Cadignan; it is like a prejudice, always alive and working.

An Original: "My dear fellow, I've seen no galoshes in her antechamber; consequently you can visit her without compromising yourself, and play cards there without fear; if there are any scoundrels in her salons, they are people of quality and come in their carriages; such persons never quarrel."

Old man belonging to the genus Observer: "If you call on Madame Firmiani, my good friend, you will find a beautiful woman sitting at her ease by the corner of her fireplace. She will scarcely rise to receive you,—she only does that for women, ambassadors, dukes, and persons of great distinction. She is very gracious, she possesses charm; she converses well, and likes to talk on many topics. There are

many indications of a passionate nature about her; but she has, evidently, so many adorers that she cannot have a favorite. If suspicion rested on two or three of her intimates, we might say that one or other of them was the "cavaliere servente"; but it does not. The lady is a mystery. She is married, though none of us have seen her husband. Monsieur Firmiani is altogether mythical; he is like that third post-horse for which we pay though we never behold it. Madame has the finest contralto voice in Europe, so say judges; but she has never been heard to sing more than two or three times since she came to Paris. She receives much company, but goes nowhere."

The Observer speaks, you will notice, as an Oracle. His words, anecdotes, and quotations must be accepted as truths, under pain of being thought without social education or intelligence, and of causing him to slander you with much zest in twenty salons where he is considered indispensable. The Observer is forty years of age, never dines at home, declares himself no longer dangerous to women, wears a maroon coat, and has a place reserved for him in several boxes at the "Bouffons." He is sometimes confounded with the Parasite; but he has filled too many real functions to be thought a sponger; moreover he possesses a small estate in a certain department, the name of which he has never been known to utter.

"Madame Firmiani? why, my dear fellow, she was Murat's former mistress." This man belongs to the Contradictors,—persons who note errata in memoirs, rectify dates, correct facts, bet a hundred to one, and are certain about everything. You can easily detect them in some gross blunder in the course of a single evening. They will tell you they were in Paris at the time of Mallet's conspiracy, forgetting that half an hour earlier they had described how they had crossed the Beresina. Nearly all Contradictors are "chevaliers" of the Legion of honor; they talk loudly, have retreating foreheads, and play high.

"Madame Firmiani a hundred thousand francs a year? nonsense, you are crazy! Some people will persist in giving millions with the liberality of authors, to whom it doesn't cost a penny to dower their heroines. Madame Firmiani is simply a coquette, who has lately ruined a young man, and now prevents him from making a fine marriage. If she were not so handsome she wouldn't have a penny."

Ah, that one—of course you recognize him—belongs to the species Envious. There is no need to sketch him; the species is as well known as that of the *felis domestica*. But how explain the perennial vigor of envy?—a vice that brings nothing in!

Persons in society, literary men, honest folk,—in short, individuals of all species,—were promulgating in the month of January, 1824, so many different opinions about Madame Firmiani that it would be tedious to write them down. We have merely sought to show that a man seeking to understand her, yet unwilling or unable to go to her house, would (from the answers to his inquiries) have had equal reason to suppose her a widow or wife, silly or wise, virtuous or the reverse, rich or poor, soulless or full of feeling, handsome or plain,—in short, there were as many Madame Firmianis as there are species in society, or sects in Catholicism. Frightful reflection! we are all like lithographic blocks, from which an indefinite number of copies can be drawn by criticism,—the proofs being more or less like us according to a distribution of shading which is so nearly imperceptible that our reputation depends (barring the calumnies of friends and the witticisms of newspapers) on the balance struck by our criticsers between Truth that limps and Falsehood to which Parisian wit gives wings.

Madame Firmiani, like other noble and dignified women who make their hearts a sanctuary and disdain the world, was liable, therefore, to be totally misjudged by Monsieur de Bourbonne, an old country magnate, who had reason to think a great deal about her during the winter of this year. He belonged to the class of provincial Planters, men living on their estates, accustomed to keep close accounts of

everything and to bargain with the peasantry. Thus employed, a man becomes sagacious in spite of himself, just as soldiers in the long run acquire courage from routine. The old gentleman, who had come to Paris from Touraine to satisfy his curiosity about Madame Firmiani, and found it not at all assuaged by the Parisian gossip which he heard, was a man of honor and breeding. His sole heir was a nephew, whom he greatly loved, in whose interests he planted his poplars. When a man thinks without annoyance about his heir, and watches the trees grow daily finer for his future benefit, affection grows too with every blow of the spade around her roots. Though this phenomenal feeling is not common, it is still to be met with in Touraine.

This cherished nephew, named Octave de Camps, was a descendant of the famous Abbe de Camps, so well known to bibliophiles and learned men,—who, by the bye, are not at all the same thing. People in the provinces have the bad habit of branding with a sort of decent reprobation any young man who sells his inherited estates. This antiquated prejudice has interfered very much with the stock-jobbing which the present government encourages for its own interests. Without consulting his uncle, Octave had lately sold an estate belonging to him to the Black Band.[1] The chateau de Villaines would have been pulled down were it not for the remonstrances which the old uncle made to the representatives of the "Pickaxe company." To increase the old man's wrath, a distant relative (one of those cousins of small means and much astuteness about whom shrewd provincials are wont to remark, "No lawsuits for me with him!") had, as it were by accident, come to visit Monsieur de Bourbonne, and incidentally informed him of his nephew's ruin. Monsieur Octave de Camps, he said, having wasted his means on a certain Madame Firmiani, was now reduced to teaching mathematics for a living, while awaiting his uncle's death, not daring to let him know of his dissipations. This distant cousin, a sort of Charles Moor, was not ashamed to give this fatal news to the old gentleman as he sat by his fire, digesting a profuse provincial dinner.

But heirs cannot always rid themselves of uncles as easily as they would like to. Thanks to his obstinacy, this particular uncle refused to believe the story, and came out victorious from the attack of indigestion produced by his nephew's biography. Some shocks affect the heart, others the head; but in this case the cousin's blow fell on the digestive organs and did little harm, for the old man's stomach was sound. Like a true disciple of Saint Thomas, Monsieur de Bourbonne came to Paris, unknown to Octave, resolved to make full inquiries as to his nephew's insolvency. Having many acquaintances in the faubourg Saint-Germain, among the Listomeres, the Lenoncourts, and the Vandenesses, he heard so much gossip, so many facts and falsities, about Madame Firmiani that he resolved to be presented to her under the name of de Rouxellay, that of his estate in Touraine. The astute old gentleman was careful to choose an evening when he knew that Octave would be engaged in finishing a piece of work which was to pay him well,—for this so-called lover of Madame Firmiani still went to her house; a circumstance that seemed difficult to explain. As to Octave's ruin, that, unfortunately, was no fable, as Monsieur de Bourbonne had at once discovered.

Monsieur de Rouxellay was not at all like the provincial uncle at the Gymnase. Formerly in the King's guard, a man of the world and a favorite among women, he knew how to present himself in society with the courteous manners of the olden time; he could make graceful speeches and understand the whole Charter, or most of it. Though he loved the Bourbons with noble frankness, believed in God as a gentleman should, and read nothing but the "Quotidienne," he was not as ridiculous as the liberals of his department would fain have had him. He could hold his own in the court circle, provided no one talked to him of "Moses in Egypt," nor of the drama, or romanticism, or local color, nor of railways. He himself had never got beyond Monsieur de Voltaire, Monsieur le Comte de Buffon, Payronnet, and the Chevalier Gluck, the Queen's favorite musician.

"Madame," he said to the Marquise de Listomere, who was on his arm as they entered Madame Firmiani's salons, "if this woman is my nephew's mistress, I pity him. How can she live in the midst of this luxury, and know that he is in a garret? Hasn't she any soul? Octave is a fool to have given up such an estate as Villaines for a—"

Monsieur de Bourbonne belonged to the species Fossil, and used the language of the days of yore.

"But suppose he had lost it at play?"

"Then, madame, he would at least have had the pleasure of gambling."

"And do you think he has had no pleasure here? See! look at Madame Firmiani."

The brightest memories of the old man faded at the sight of his nephew's so-called mistress. His anger died away at the gracious exclamation which came from his lips as he looked at her. By one of those fortunate accidents which happen only to pretty women, it was a moment when all her beauties shone with peculiar lustre, due perhaps to the wax-lights, to the charming simplicity of her dress, to the ineffable atmosphere of elegance that surrounded her. One must needs have studied the transitions of an evening in a Parisian salon to appreciate the imperceptible lights and shades which color a woman's face and vary it. There comes a moment when, content with her toilet, pleased with her own wit, delighted to be admired, and feeling herself the queen of a salon full of remarkable men who smile to her, the Parisian woman reaches a full consciousness of her grace and charm; her beauty is enhanced by the looks she gathers in,—a mute homage which she transfers with subtle glances to the man she loves. At moments like these a woman is invested with supernatural power and becomes a magician, a charmer, without herself knowing that she is one; involuntarily she inspires the love that fills her own bosom; her smiles and glances fascinate. If this condition, which comes from the soul, can give attraction even to a plain woman, with what radiance does it not invest a woman of natural elegance, distinguished bearing, fair, fresh, with sparkling eyes, and dressed in a taste that wrings approval from artists and her bitterest rivals.

Have you ever, for your happiness, met a woman whose harmonious voice gives to her speech the same charm that emanates from her manners? a woman who knows how to speak and to be silent, whose words are happily chosen, whose language is pure, and who concerns herself in your interests with delicacy? Her raillery is caressing, her criticism never wounds; she neither discourses nor argues, but she likes to lead a discussion and stop it at the right moment. Her manner is affable and smiling, her politeness never forced, her readiness to serve others never servile; she reduces the respect she claims to a soft shadow; she never wearies you, and you leave her satisfied with her and with yourself. Her charming grace is conveyed to all the things with which she surrounds herself. Everything about her pleases the eye; in her presence you breathe, as it were, your native air. This woman is natural. There is no effort about her; she is aiming at no effect; her feelings are shown simply, because they are true. Frank herself, she does not wound the vanity of others; she accepts men as God made them; pitying the vicious, forgiving defects and absurdities, comprehending all ages, and vexed by nothing, because she has had the sense and tact to foresee all. Tender and gay, she gratifies before she consoles. You love her so well that if this angel did wrong you would be ready to excuse her. If, for your happiness, you have met with such a woman, you know Madame Firmiani.

After Monsieur de Bourbonne had talked with her for ten minutes, sitting beside her, his nephew was forgiven. He perceived that whatever the actual truth might be, the relation between Madame Firmiani and Octave covered some mystery. Returning to the illusions that gild the days of youth, and judging

Madame Firmiani by her beauty, the old gentleman became convinced that a woman so innately conscious of her dignity as she appeared to be was incapable of a bad action. Her dark eyes told of inward peace; the lines of her face were so noble, the profile so pure, and the passion he had come to investigate seemed so little to oppress her heart, that the old man said to himself, while noting all the promises of love and virtue given by that adorable countenance, "My nephew is committing some folly."

Madame Firmiani acknowledged to twenty-five. But the Practicals proved that having married the invisible Firmiani (then a highly respectable individual in the forties) in 1813, at the age of sixteen, she must be at least twenty-eight in 1825. However the same persons also asserted that at no period of her life had she ever been so desirable or so completely a woman. She was now at an age when women are most prone to conceive a passion, and to desire it, perhaps, in their pensive hours. She possessed all that earth sells, all that it lends, all that it gives. The Attaches declared there was nothing of which she was ignorant; the Contradictors asserted that there was much she ought to learn; the Observers remarked that her hands were white, her feet small, her movements a trifle too undulating. But, nevertheless, individuals of all species envied or disputed Octave's happiness, agreeing, for once in a way, that Madame Firmiani was the most aristocratically beautiful woman in Paris.

Still young, rich, a perfect musician, intelligent, witty, refined, and received (as a Cadignan) by the Princesse de Blamont-Chauvry, that oracle of the noble faubourg, loved by her rivals the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse her cousin, the Marquise d'Espard, and Madame de Macumer,—Madame Firmiani gratified all the vanities which feed or excite love. She was therefore sought by too many men not to fall a victim to Parisian malice and its charming calumnies, whispered behind a fan or in a safe aside. It was necessary to quote the remarks given at the beginning of this history to bring out the true Firmiani in contradistinction to the Firmiani of society. If some women forgave her happiness, others did not forgive her propriety. Now nothing is so dangerous in Paris as unfounded suspicions,—for the reason that it is impossible to destroy them.

This sketch of a woman who was admirably natural gives only a faint idea of her. It would need the pencil of an Ingres to render the pride of that brow, with its wealth of hair, the dignity of that glance, and the thoughts betrayed by the changing colors of her cheeks. In her were all things; poets could have found an Agnes Sorel and a Joan of Arc, also the woman unknown, the Soul within that form, the soul of Eve, the knowledge of the treasures of good and the riches of evil, error and resignation, crime and devotion, the Donna Julia and the Haidee of Lord Byron.

The former guardsman stayed, with apparent impertinence, after the other guests had left the salons; and Madame Firmiani found him sitting quietly before her in an armchair, evidently determined to remain, with the pertinacity of a fly which we are forced to kill to get rid of it. The hands of the clock marked two in the morning.

"Madame," said the old gentlemen, as Madame Firmiani rose, hoping to make him understand that it was her good pleasure he should go, "Madame, I am the uncle of Monsieur Octave de Camps."

Madame Firmiani immediately sat down again, and showed her emotion. In spite of his sagacity the old Planter was unable to decide whether she turned pale from shame or pleasure. There are pleasures, delicious emotions the chaste heart seeks to veil, which cannot escape the shock of startled modesty. The more delicacy a woman has, the more she seeks to hide the joys that are in her soul. Many women, incomprehensible in their tender caprices, long to hear a name pronounced which at other times they desire to bury in their hearts. Monsieur de Bourbonne did not interpret Madame Firmiani's agitation

exactly in this way: pray forgive him, all provincials are distrustful.

"Well, monsieur?" said Madame Firmiani, giving him one of those clear, lucid glances in which we men can never see anything because they question us too much.

"Well, madame," returned the old man, "do you know what some one came to tell me in the depths of my province? That my nephew had ruined himself for you, and that the poor fellow was living in a garret while you were in silk and gold. Forgive my rustic sincerity; it may be useful for you to know of these calumnies."

"Stop, monsieur," said Madame Firmiani, with an imperative gesture; "I know all that. You are too polite to continue this subject if I request you to leave it, and too gallant—in the old-fashioned sense of the word," she added with a slight tone of irony—"not to agree that you have no right to question me. It would be ridiculous in me to defend myself. I trust that you will have a sufficiently good opinion of my character to believe in the profound contempt which, I assure you, I feel for money,—although I was married, without any fortune, to a man of immense wealth. It is nothing to me whether your nephew is rich or poor; if I have received him in my house, and do now receive him, it is because I consider him worthy to be counted among my friends. All my friends, monsieur, respect each other; they know that I have not philosophy enough to admit into my house those I do not esteem; this may argue a want of charity; but my guardian-angel has maintained in me to this day a profound aversion for tattle, and also for dishonesty."

Through the ring of her voice was slightly raised during the first part of this answer, the last words were said with the ease and self-possession of Celimene bantering the Misanthrope.

"Madame," said Monsieur de Bourbonne, in a voice of some emotion, "I am an old man; I am almost Octave's father, and I ask your pardon most humbly for the question that I shall now venture to put to you, giving you my word of honor as a loyal gentleman that your answer shall die here,"—laying his hand upon his heart, with an old-fashioned gesture that was truly religious. "Are these rumors true; do you love Octave?"

"Monsieur," she replied, "to any other man I should answer that question only by a look; but to you, and because you are indeed almost the father of Monsieur de Camps, I reply by asking what you would think of a woman if to such a question she answered you? To avow our love for him we love, when he loves us—ah! that may be; but even when we are certain of being loved forever, believe me, monsieur, it is an effort for us, and a reward to him. To say to another!—"

She did not end her sentence, but rose, bowed to the old man, and withdrew into her private apartments, the doors of which, opening and closing behind her, had a language of their own to his sagacious ears.

"Ah! the mischief!" thought he; "what a woman! she is either a sly one or an angel"; and he got into his hired coach, the horses of which were stamping on the pavement of the silent courtyard, while the coachman was asleep on his box after cursing for the hundredth time his tardy customer.

The next morning about eight o'clock the old gentleman mounted the stairs of a house in the rue de l'Observance where Octave de Camps was living. If there was ever an astonished man it was the young professor when he beheld his uncle. The door was unlocked, his lamp still burning; he had been sitting up all night.

"You rascal!" said Monsieur de Bourbonne, sitting down in the nearest chair; "since when is it the fashion to laugh at uncles who have twenty-six thousand francs a year from solid acres to which we are the sole heir? Let me tell you that in the olden time we stood in awe of such uncles as that. Come, speak up, what fault have you to find with me? Haven't I played my part as uncle properly? Did I ever require you to respect me? Have I ever refused you money? When did I shut the door in your face on pretence that you had come to look after my health? Haven't you had the most accommodating and the least domineering uncle that there is in France,—I won't say Europe, because that might be too presumptuous. You write to me, or you don't write,—no matter, I live on pledged affection, and I am making you the prettiest estate in all Touraine, the envy of the department. To be sure, I don't intend to let you have it till the last possible moment, but that's an excusable little fancy, isn't it? And what does monsieur himself do?—sells his own property and lives like a lackey!—"

"Uncle—"

"I'm not talking about uncles, I'm talking nephew. I have a right to your confidence. Come, confess at once; it is much the easiest way; I know that by experience. Have you been gambling? have you lost money at the Bourse? Say, 'Uncle, I'm a wretch,' and I'll hug you. But if you tell me any lies greater than those I used to tell at your age I'll sell my property, buy an annuity, and go back to the evil ways of my youth—if I can."

"Uncle—"

"I saw your Madame Firmiani yesterday," went on the old fellow, kissing the tips of his fingers, which he gathered into a bunch. "She is charming. You have the consent and approbation of your uncle, if that will do you any good. As to the sanction of the Church I suppose that's useless, and the sacraments cost so much in these days. Come, speak out, have you ruined yourself for her?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Ha! the jade! I'd have wagered it. In my time the women of the court were cleverer at ruining a man than the courtesans of to-day; but this one—I recognized her!—it is a bit of the last century."

"Uncle," said Octave, with a manner that was tender and grave, "you are totally mistaken. Madame Firmiani deserves your esteem, and all the adoration the world gives her."

"Youth, youth! always the same!" cried Monsieur de Bourbonne. "Well, go on; tell me the same old story. But please remember that my experience in gallantry is not of yesterday."

"My dear, kind uncle, here is a letter which will tell you nearly all," said Octave, taking it from an elegant portfolio, her gift, no doubt. "When you have read it I will tell you the rest, and you will then know a Madame Firmiani who is unknown to the world."

"I haven't my spectacles; read it aloud."

Octave began:—

"My beloved—"

"Hey, then you are still intimate with her?" interrupted his uncle.

"Why yes, of course."

"You haven't parted from her?"

"Parted!" repeated Octave, "we are married."

"Heavens!" cried Monsieur de Bourbonne, "then why do you live in a garret?"

"Let me go on."

"True—I'm listening."

Octave resumed the letter, but there were passages which he could not read without deep emotion.

"My beloved Husband,—You ask me the reason of my sadness. Has it, then, passed from my soul to my face; or have you only guessed it?—but how could you fail to do so, one in heart as we are? I cannot deceive you; this may be a misfortune, for it is one of the conditions of happy love that a wife shall be gay and caressing. Perhaps I ought to deceive you, but I would not do it even if the happiness with which you have blessed and overpowered me depended on it.

"Ah! dearest, how much gratitude there is in my love. I long to love you forever, without limit; yes, I desire to be forever proud of you. A woman's glory is in the man she loves. Esteem, consideration, honor, must they not be his who receives our all? Well, my angel has fallen. Yes, dear, the tale you told me has tarnished my past joys. Since then I have felt myself humiliated in you,—you whom I thought the most honorable of men, as you are the most loving, the most tender. I must indeed have deep confidence in your heart, so young and pure, to make you this avowal which costs me much. Ah! my dear love, how is it that you, knowing your father had unjustly deprived others of their property, that YOU can keep it?

"And you told me of this criminal act in a room filled with the mute witnesses of our love; and you are a gentleman, and you think yourself noble, and I am yours! I try to find excuses for you; I do find them in your youth and thoughtlessness. I know there is still something of the child about you. Perhaps you have never thought seriously of what fortune and integrity are. Oh! how your laugh wounded me. Reflect on that ruined family, always in distress; poor young girls who have reason to curse you daily; an old father saying to himself each night: "We might not now be starving if that man's father had been an honest man——""

"Good heavens!" cried Monsieur de Bourbonne, interrupting his nephew, "surely you have not been such a fool as to tell that woman about your father's affair with the Bourgneufs? Women know more

about wasting a fortune than making one."

"They know about integrity. But let me read on, uncle."

"Octave, no power on earth has authority to change the principles of honor. Look into your conscience and ask it by what name you are to call the action by which you hold your property."

The nephew looked at the uncle, who lowered his head.

"I will not tell you all the thoughts that assail me; they can be reduced to one,—this is it: I cannot respect the man who, knowingly, is smirched for a sum of money, whatever the amount may be; five francs stolen at play or five times a hundred thousand gained by a legal trick are equally dishonoring. I will tell you all. I feel myself degraded by the very love which has hitherto been all my joy. There rises in my soul a voice which my tenderness cannot stifle. Ah! I have wept to feel that I have more conscience than love. Were you to commit a crime I would hide you in my bosom from human justice, but my devotion could go no farther. Love, to a woman, means boundless confidence, united to a need of reverencing, of esteeming, the being to whom she belongs. I have never conceived of love otherwise than as a fire in which all noble feelings are purified still more,—a fire which develops them.

"I have but one thing else to say: come to me poor, and my love shall be redoubled. If not, renounce it. Should I see you no more, I shall know what it means.

"But I do not wish, understand me, that you should make restitution because I urge it. Consult your own conscience. An act of justice such as that ought not to be a sacrifice made to love. I am your wife and not your mistress, and it is less a question of pleasing me than of inspiring in my soul a true respect.

"If I am mistaken, if you have ill-explained your father's action, if, in short, you still think your right to the property equitable (oh! how I long to persuade myself that you are blameless), consider and decide by listening to the voice of your conscience; act wholly and solely from yourself. A man who loves a woman sincerely, as you love me, respects the sanctity of her trust in him too deeply to dishonor himself.

"I blame myself now for what I have written; a word might have sufficed, and I have preached to you! Scold me; I wish to be scolded,—but not much, only a little. Dear, between us two the power is yours—you alone should perceive your own faults."

"Well, uncle?" said Octave, whose eyes were full of tears.

"There's more in the letter; finish it."

"Oh, the rest is only to be read by a lover," answered Octave, smiling.

"Yes, right, my boy," said the old man, gently. "I have had many affairs in my day, but I beg you to believe that I too have loved, 'et ego in Arcadia.' But I don't understand yet why you give lessons in mathematics."

"My dear uncle, I am your nephew; isn't that as good as saying that I had dipped into the capital left me by my father? After I had read this letter a sort of revolution took place within me. I paid my whole arrears of remorse in one day. I cannot describe to you the state I was in. As I drove in the Bois a voice called to me, 'That horse is not yours'; when I ate my dinner it was saying, 'You have stolen this food.' I was ashamed. The fresher my honesty, the more intense it was. I rushed to Madame Firmiani. Uncle! that day I had pleasures of the heart, enjoyments of the soul, that were far beyond millions. Together we made out the account of what was due to the Bourgneufs, and I condemned myself, against Madame Firmiani's advice, to pay three per cent interest. But all I had did not suffice to cover the full amount. We were lovers enough for her to offer, and me to accept, her savings—"

"What! besides her other virtues does that adorable woman lay by money?" cried his uncle.

"Don't laugh at her, uncle; her position has obliged her to be very careful. Her husband went to Greece in 1820 and died there three years later. It has been impossible, up to the present time, to get legal proofs of his death, or obtain the will which he made leaving his whole property to his wife. These papers were either lost or stolen, or have gone astray during the troubles in Greece,—a country where registers are not kept as they are in France, and where we have no consul. Uncertain whether she might not be forced to give up her fortune, she has lived with the utmost prudence. As for me, I wish to acquire property which shall be mine, so as to provide for my wife in case she is forced to lose hers."

"But why didn't you tell me all this? My dear nephew, you might have known that I love you enough to pay all your good debts, the debts of a gentleman. I'll play the traditional uncle now, and revenge myself!"

"Ah! uncle, I know your vengeance! but let me get rich by my own industry. If you want to do me a real service, make me an allowance of two or three thousand francs a year, till I see my way to an enterprise for which I shall want capital. At this moment I am so happy that all I desire is just the means of living. I give lessons so that I may not live at the cost of any one. If you only knew the happiness I had in making that restitution! I found the Bourgneufs, after a good deal of trouble, living miserably and in need of everything. The old father was a lottery agent; the two daughters kept his books and took care of the house; the mother was always ill. The daughters are charming girls, but they have been cruelly taught that the world thinks little of beauty without money. What a scene it was! I entered their house the accomplice in a crime; I left it an honest man, who had purged his father's memory. Uncle, I don't judge him; there is such excitement, such passion in a lawsuit that even an honorable man may be led astray by them. Lawyers can make the most unjust claims legal; laws have convenient syllogisms to quiet consciences. My visit was a drama. To be Providence itself; actually to fulfil that futile wish, 'If heaven were to send us twenty thousand francs a year,'—that silly wish we all make, laughing; to bring opulence to a family sitting by the light of one miserable lamp over a poor turf fire!—no, words cannot describe it. My extreme justice seemed to them unjust. Well! if there is a Paradise my father is happy in

it now. As for me, I am loved as no man was ever loved yet. Madame Firmiani gives me more than happiness; she has inspired me with a delicacy of feeling I think I lacked. So I call her my dear conscience,—a love-word which expresses certain secret harmonies within our hearts. I find honesty profitable; I shall get rich in time by myself. I've an industrial scheme in my head, and if it succeeds I shall earn millions."

"Ah! my boy, you have your mother's soul," said the old man, his eyes filling at the thought of his sister.

Just then, in spite of the distance between Octave's garret and the street, the young man heard the sound of a carriage.

"There she is!" he cried; "I know her horses by the way they are pulled up."

A few moments more, and Madame Firmiani entered the room.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of annoyance at seeing Monsieur de Bourbonne. "But our uncle is not in the way," she added quickly, smiling; "I came to humbly entreat my husband to accept my fortune. The Austrian Embassy has just sent me a document which proves the death of Monsieur Firmiani, also the will, which his valet was keeping safely to put into my own hands. Octave, you can accept it all; you are richer than I, for you have treasures here" (laying her hand upon his heart) "to which none but God can add." Then, unable to support her happiness, she laid her head upon her husband's breast.

"My dear niece," said the old man, "in my day we made love; in yours, you love. You women are all that is best in humanity; you are not even guilty of your faults, for they come through us."

Original footnotes

The "Bande Noire" was a mysterious association of speculators, whose object was to buy in landed estates, cut them up, and sell them off in small parcels to the peasantry, or others.

Boule De Suif

by Guy de Maupassant

For several days in succession fragments of a defeated army had passed through the town. They were mere disorganized bands, not disciplined forces. The men wore long, dirty beards and tattered uniforms; they advanced in listless fashion, without a flag, without a leader. All seemed exhausted, worn out, incapable of thought or resolve, marching onward merely by force of habit, and dropping to the ground with fatigue the moment they halted. One saw, in particular, many enlisted men, peaceful citizens, men who lived quietly on their income, bending beneath the weight of their rifles; and little active volunteers, easily frightened but full of enthusiasm, as eager to attack as they were ready to take to flight; and amid these, a sprinkling of red-breeched soldiers, the pitiful remnant of a division cut down in a great battle; somber artillerymen, side by side with nondescript foot-soldiers; and, here and there, the gleaming helmet of a heavy-footed dragoon who had difficulty in keeping up with the quicker pace of the soldiers of the line. Legions of irregulars with high-sounding names "Avengers of Defeat," "Citizens of the Tomb," "Brethren in Death"—passed in their turn, looking like banditti. Their leaders, former drapers or grain merchants, or tallow or soap chandlers—warriors by force of

circumstances, officers by reason of their mustachios or their money—covered with weapons, flannel and gold lace, spoke in an impressive manner, discussed plans of campaign, and behaved as though they alone bore the fortunes of dying France on their braggart shoulders; though, in truth, they frequently were afraid of their own men—scoundrels often brave beyond measure, but pillagers and debauchees.

Rumor had it that the Prussians were about to enter Rouen.

The members of the National Guard, who for the past two months had been reconnoitering with the utmost caution in the neighboring woods, occasionally shooting their own sentinels, and making ready for fight whenever a rabbit rustled in the undergrowth, had now returned to their homes. Their arms, their uniforms, all the death-dealing paraphernalia with which they had terrified all the milestones along the highroad for eight miles round, had suddenly and marvellously disappeared.

The last of the French soldiers had just crossed the Seine on their way to Pont-Audemer, through Saint-Sever and Bourg-Achard, and in their rear the vanquished general, powerless to do aught with the forlorn remnants of his army, himself dismayed at the final overthrow of a nation accustomed to victory and disastrously beaten despite its legendary bravery, walked between two orderlies.

Then a profound calm, a shuddering, silent dread, settled on the city. Many a round-paunched citizen, emasculated by years devoted to business, anxiously awaited the conquerors, trembling lest his roasting-jacks or kitchen knives should be looked upon as weapons.

Life seemed to have stopped short; the shops were shut, the streets deserted. Now and then an inhabitant, awed by the silence, glided swiftly by in the shadow of the walls. The anguish of suspense made men even desire the arrival of the enemy.

In the afternoon of the day following the departure of the French troops, a number of uhlans, coming no one knew whence, passed rapidly through the town. A little later on, a black mass descended St. Catherine's Hill, while two other invading bodies appeared respectively on the Darnetal and the Boisguillaume roads. The advance guards of the three corps arrived at precisely the same moment at the Square of the Hotel de Ville, and the German army poured through all the adjacent streets, its battalions making the pavement ring with their firm, measured tread.

Orders shouted in an unknown, guttural tongue rose to the windows of the seemingly dead, deserted houses; while behind the fast-closed shutters eager eyes peered forth at the victors-masters now of the city, its fortunes, and its lives, by "right of war." The inhabitants, in their darkened rooms, were possessed by that terror which follows in the wake of cataclysms, of deadly upheavals of the earth, against which all human skill and strength are vain. For the same thing happens whenever the established order of things is upset, when security no longer exists, when all those rights usually protected by the law of man or of Nature are at the mercy of unreasoning, savage force. The earthquake crushing a whole nation under falling roofs; the flood let loose, and engulfing in its swirling depths the corpses of drowned peasants, along with dead oxen and beams torn from shattered houses; or the army, covered with glory, murdering those who defend themselves, making prisoners of the rest, pillaging in the name of the Sword, and giving thanks to God to the thunder of cannon—all these are appalling scourges, which destroy all belief in eternal justice, all that confidence we have been taught to feel in the protection of Heaven and the reason of man.

Small detachments of soldiers knocked at each door, and then disappeared within the houses; for the

vanquished saw they would have to be civil to their conquerors.

At the end of a short time, once the first terror had subsided, calm was again restored. In many houses the Prussian officer ate at the same table with the family. He was often well-bred, and, out of politeness, expressed sympathy with France and repugnance at being compelled to take part in the war. This sentiment was received with gratitude; besides, his protection might be needful some day or other. By the exercise of tact the number of men quartered in one's house might be reduced; and why should one provoke the hostility of a person on whom one's whole welfare depended? Such conduct would savor less of bravery than of fool-hardiness. And foolhardiness is no longer a failing of the citizens of Rouen as it was in the days when their city earned renown by its heroic defenses. Last of all—final argument based on the national politeness—the folk of Rouen said to one another that it was only right to be civil in one's own house, provided there was no public exhibition of familiarity with the foreigner. Out of doors, therefore, citizen and soldier did not know each other; but in the house both chatted freely, and each evening the German remained a little longer warming himself at the hospitable hearth.

Even the town itself resumed by degrees its ordinary aspect. The French seldom walked abroad, but the streets swarmed with Prussian soldiers. Moreover, the officers of the Blue Hussars, who arrogantly dragged their instruments of death along the pavements, seemed to hold the simple townsmen in but little more contempt than did the French cavalry officers who had drunk at the same cafes the year before.

But there was something in the air, a something strange and subtle, an intolerable foreign atmosphere like a penetrating odor—the odor of invasion. It permeated dwellings and places of public resort, changed the taste of food, made one imagine one's self in far-distant lands, amid dangerous, barbaric tribes.

The conquerors exacted money, much money. The inhabitants paid what was asked; they were rich. But, the wealthier a Norman tradesman becomes, the more he suffers at having to part with anything that belongs to him, at having to see any portion of his substance pass into the hands of another.

Nevertheless, within six or seven miles of the town, along the course of the river as it flows onward to Croisset, Dieppedalle and Biessart, boat-men and fishermen often hauled to the surface of the water the body of a German, bloated in his uniform, killed by a blow from knife or club, his head crushed by a stone, or perchance pushed from some bridge into the stream below. The mud of the river-bed swallowed up these obscure acts of vengeance—savage, yet legitimate; these unrecorded deeds of bravery; these silent attacks fraught with greater danger than battles fought in broad day, and surrounded, moreover, with no halo of romance. For hatred of the foreigner ever arms a few intrepid souls, ready to die for an idea.

At last, as the invaders, though subjecting the town to the strictest discipline, had not committed any of the deeds of horror with which they had been credited while on their triumphal march, the people grew bolder, and the necessities of business again animated the breasts of the local merchants. Some of these had important commercial interests at Havre—occupied at present by the French army—and wished to attempt to reach that port by overland route to Dieppe, taking the boat from there.

Through the influence of the German officers whose acquaintance they had made, they obtained a permit to leave town from the general in command.

A large four-horse coach having, therefore, been engaged for the journey, and ten passengers having

given in their names to the proprietor, they decided to start on a certain Tuesday morning before daybreak, to avoid attracting a crowd.

The ground had been frozen hard for some time-past, and about three o'clock on Monday afternoon—large black clouds from the north shed their burden of snow uninterruptedly all through that evening and night.

At half-past four in the morning the travellers met in the courtyard of the Hotel de Normandie, where they were to take their seats in the coach.

They were still half asleep, and shivering with cold under their wraps. They could see one another but indistinctly in the darkness, and the mountain of heavy winter wraps in which each was swathed made them look like a gathering of obese priests in their long cassocks. But two men recognized each other, a third accosted them, and the three began to talk. "I am bringing my wife," said one. "So am I." "And I, too." The first speaker added: "We shall not return to Rouen, and if the Prussians approach Havre we will cross to England." All three, it turned out, had made the same plans, being of similar disposition and temperament.

Still the horses were not harnessed. A small lantern carried by a stable-boy emerged now and then from one dark doorway to disappear immediately in another. The stamping of horses' hoofs, deadened by the dung and straw of the stable, was heard from time to time, and from inside the building issued a man's voice, talking to the animals and swearing at them. A faint tinkle of bells showed that the harness was being got ready; this tinkle soon developed into a continuous jingling, louder or softer according to the movements of the horse, sometimes stopping altogether, then breaking out in a sudden peal accompanied by a pawing of the ground by an iron-shod hoof.

The door suddenly closed. All noise ceased.

The frozen townsmen were silent; they remained motionless, stiff with cold.

A thick curtain of glistening white flakes fell ceaselessly to the ground; it obliterated all outlines, enveloped all objects in an icy mantle of foam; nothing was to be heard throughout the length and breadth of the silent, winter-bound city save the vague, nameless rustle of falling snow—a sensation rather than a sound—the gentle mingling of light atoms which seemed to fill all space, to cover the whole world.

The man reappeared with his lantern, leading by a rope a melancholy-looking horse, evidently being led out against his inclination. The hostler placed him beside the pole, fastened the traces, and spent some time in walking round him to make sure that the harness was all right; for he could use only one hand, the other being engaged in holding the lantern. As he was about to fetch the second horse he noticed the motionless group of travellers, already white with snow, and said to them: "Why don't you get inside the coach? You'd be under shelter, at least."

This did not seem to have occurred to them, and they at once took his advice. The three men seated their wives at the far end of the coach, then got in themselves; lastly the other vague, snow-shrouded forms clambered to the remaining places without a word.

The floor was covered with straw, into which the feet sank. The ladies at the far end, having brought with them little copper foot-warmers heated by means of a kind of chemical fuel, proceeded to light

these, and spent some time in expatiating in low tones on their advantages, saying over and over again things which they had all known for a long time.

At last, six horses instead of four having been harnessed to the diligence, on account of the heavy roads, a voice outside asked: "Is every one there?" To which a voice from the interior replied: "Yes," and they set out.

The vehicle moved slowly, slowly, at a snail's pace; the wheels sank into the snow; the entire body of the coach creaked and groaned; the horses slipped, puffed, steamed, and the coachman's long whip cracked incessantly, flying hither and thither, coiling up, then flinging out its length like a slender serpent, as it lashed some rounded flank, which instantly grew tense as it strained in further effort.

But the day grew apace. Those light flakes which one traveller, a native of Rouen, had compared to a rain of cotton fell no longer. A murky light filtered through dark, heavy clouds, which made the country more dazzlingly white by contrast, a whiteness broken sometimes by a row of tall trees spangled with hoarfrost, or by a cottage roof hooded in snow.

Within the coach the passengers eyed one another curiously in the dim light of dawn.

Right at the back, in the best seats of all, Monsieur and Madame Loiseau, wholesale wine merchants of the Rue Grand-Pont, slumbered opposite each other. Formerly clerk to a merchant who had failed in business, Loiseau had bought his master's interest, and made a fortune for himself. He sold very bad wine at a very low price to the retail-dealers in the country, and had the reputation, among his friends and acquaintances, of being a shrewd rascal a true Norman, full of quips and wiles. So well established was his character as a cheat that, in the mouths of the citizens of Rouen, the very name of Loiseau became a byword for sharp practice.

Above and beyond this, Loiseau was noted for his practical jokes of every description—his tricks, good or ill-natured; and no one could mention his name without adding at once: "He's an extraordinary man—Loiseau." He was undersized and potbellied, had a florid face with grayish whiskers.

His wife—tall, strong, determined, with a loud voice and decided manner—represented the spirit of order and arithmetic in the business house which Loiseau enlivened by his jovial activity.

Beside them, dignified in bearing, belonging to a superior caste, sat Monsieur Carre-Lamadon, a man of considerable importance, a king in the cotton trade, proprietor of three spinning-mills, officer of the Legion of Honor, and member of the General Council. During the whole time the Empire was in the ascendancy he remained the chief of the well-disposed Opposition, merely in order to command a higher value for his devotion when he should rally to the cause which he meanwhile opposed with "courteous weapons," to use his own expression.

Madame Carre-Lamadon, much younger than her husband, was the consolation of all the officers of good family quartered at Rouen. Pretty, slender, graceful, she sat opposite her husband, curled up in her furs, and gazing mournfully at the sorry interior of the coach.

Her neighbors, the Comte and Comtesse Hubert de Breville, bore one of the noblest and most ancient names in Normandy. The count, a nobleman advanced in years and of aristocratic bearing, strove to enhance by every artifice of the toilet, his natural resemblance to King Henry IV, who, according to a legend of which the family were inordinately proud, had been the favored lover of a De Breville lady,

and father of her child—the frail one's husband having, in recognition of this fact, been made a count and governor of a province.

A colleague of Monsieur Carre-Lamadon in the General Council, Count Hubert represented the Orleanist party in his department. The story of his marriage with the daughter of a small shipowner at Nantes had always remained more or less of a mystery. But as the countess had an air of unmistakable breeding, entertained faultlessly, and was even supposed to have been loved by a son of Louis-Philippe, the nobility vied with one another in doing her honor, and her drawing-room remained the most select in the whole countryside—the only one which retained the old spirit of gallantry, and to which access was not easy.

The fortune of the Brevilles, all in real estate, amounted, it was said, to five hundred thousand francs a year.

These six people occupied the farther end of the coach, and represented Society—with an income—the strong, established society of good people with religion and principle.

It happened by chance that all the women were seated on the same side; and the countess had, moreover, as neighbors two nuns, who spent the time in fingering their long rosaries and murmuring paternosters and aves. One of them was old, and so deeply pitted with smallpox that she looked for all the world as if she had received a charge of shot full in the face. The other, of sickly appearance, had a pretty but wasted countenance, and a narrow, consumptive chest, sapped by that devouring faith which is the making of martyrs and visionaries.

A man and woman, sitting opposite the two nuns, attracted all eyes.

The man—a well-known character—was Cornudet, the democrat, the terror of all respectable people. For the past twenty years his big red beard had been on terms of intimate acquaintance with the tankards of all the republican cafes. With the help of his comrades and brethren he had dissipated a respectable fortune left him by his father, an old-established confectioner, and he now impatiently awaited the Republic, that he might at last be rewarded with the post he had earned by his revolutionary orgies. On the fourth of September—possibly as the result of a practical joke—he was led to believe that he had been appointed prefect; but when he attempted to take up the duties of the position the clerks in charge of the office refused to recognize his authority, and he was compelled in consequence to retire. A good sort of fellow in other respects, inoffensive and obliging, he had thrown himself zealously into the work of making an organized defence of the town. He had had pits dug in the level country, young forest trees felled, and traps set on all the roads; then at the approach of the enemy, thoroughly satisfied with his preparations, he had hastily returned to the town. He thought he might now do more good at Havre, where new intrenchments would soon be necessary.

The woman, who belonged to the courtesan class, was celebrated for an embonpoint unusual for her age, which had earned for her the sobriquet of "Boule de Suif" (Tallow Ball). Short and round, fat as a pig, with puffy fingers constricted at the joints, looking like rows of short sausages; with a shiny, tightly-stretched skin and an enormous bust filling out the bodice of her dress, she was yet attractive and much sought after, owing to her fresh and pleasing appearance. Her face was like a crimson apple, a peony-bud just bursting into bloom; she had two magnificent dark eyes, fringed with thick, heavy lashes, which cast a shadow into their depths; her mouth was small, ripe, kissable, and was furnished with the tiniest of white teeth.

As soon as she was recognized the respectable matrons of the party began to whisper among themselves, and the words "hussy" and "public scandal" were uttered so loudly that Boule de Suif raised her head. She forthwith cast such a challenging, bold look at her neighbors that a sudden silence fell on the company, and all lowered their eyes, with the exception of Loiseau, who watched her with evident interest.

But conversation was soon resumed among the three ladies, whom the presence of this girl had suddenly drawn together in the bonds of friendship—one might almost say in those of intimacy. They decided that they ought to combine, as it were, in their dignity as wives in face of this shameless hussy; for legitimized love always despises its easygoing brother.

The three men, also, brought together by a certain conservative instinct awakened by the presence of Cornudet, spoke of money matters in a tone expressive of contempt for the poor. Count Hubert related the losses he had sustained at the hands of the Prussians, spoke of the cattle which had been stolen from him, the crops which had been ruined, with the easy manner of a nobleman who was also a tenfold millionaire, and whom such reverses would scarcely inconvenience for a single year. Monsieur Carre-Lamadon, a man of wide experience in the cotton industry, had taken care to send six hundred thousand francs to England as provision against the rainy day he was always anticipating. As for Loiseau, he had managed to sell to the French commissariat department all the wines he had in stock, so that the state now owed him a considerable sum, which he hoped to receive at Havre.

And all three eyed one another in friendly, well-disposed fashion. Although of varying social status, they were united in the brotherhood of money—in that vast freemasonry made up of those who possess, who can jingle gold wherever they choose to put their hands into their breeches' pockets.

The coach went along so slowly that at ten o'clock in the morning it had not covered twelve miles. Three times the men of the party got out and climbed the hills on foot. The passengers were becoming uneasy, for they had counted on lunching at Totes, and it seemed now as if they would hardly arrive there before nightfall. Every one was eagerly looking out for an inn by the roadside, when, suddenly, the coach foundered in a snowdrift, and it took two hours to extricate it.

As appetites increased, their spirits fell; no inn, no wine shop could be discovered, the approach of the Prussians and the transit of the starving French troops having frightened away all business.

The men sought food in the farmhouses beside the road, but could not find so much as a crust of bread; for the suspicious peasant invariably hid his stores for fear of being pillaged by the soldiers, who, being entirely without food, would take violent possession of everything they found.

About one o'clock Loiseau announced that he positively had a big hollow in his stomach. They had all been suffering in the same way for some time, and the increasing gnawings of hunger had put an end to all conversation.

Now and then some one yawned, another followed his example, and each in turn, according to his character, breeding and social position, yawned either quietly or noisily, placing his hand before the gaping void whence issued breath condensed into vapor.

Several times Boule de Suif stooped, as if searching for something under her petticoats. She would hesitate a moment, look at her neighbors, and then quietly sit upright again. All faces were pale and drawn. Loiseau declared he would give a thousand francs for a knuckle of ham. His wife made an

involuntary and quickly checked gesture of protest. It always hurt her to hear of money being squandered, and she could not even understand jokes on such a subject.

"As a matter of fact, I don't feel well," said the count. "Why did I not think of bringing provisions?" Each one reproached himself in similar fashion.

Cornudet, however, had a bottle of rum, which he offered to his neighbors. They all coldly refused except Loiseau, who took a sip, and returned the bottle with thanks, saying: "That's good stuff; it warms one up, and cheats the appetite." The alcohol put him in good humor, and he proposed they should do as the sailors did in the song: eat the fattest of the passengers. This indirect allusion to Boule de Suif shocked the respectable members of the party. No one replied; only Cornudet smiled. The two good sisters had ceased to mumble their rosary, and, with hands enfolded in their wide sleeves, sat motionless, their eyes steadfastly cast down, doubtless offering up as a sacrifice to Heaven the suffering it had sent them.

At last, at three o'clock, as they were in the midst of an apparently limitless plain, with not a single village in sight, Boule de Suif stooped quickly, and drew from underneath the seat a large basket covered with a white napkin.

From this she extracted first of all a small earthenware plate and a silver drinking cup, then an enormous dish containing two whole chickens cut into joints and imbedded in jelly. The basket was seen to contain other good things: pies, fruit, dainties of all sorts-provisions, in fine, for a three days' journey, rendering their owner independent of wayside inns. The necks of four bottles protruded from among the food. She took a chicken wing, and began to eat it daintily, together with one of those rolls called in Normandy "Regence."

All looks were directed toward her. An odor of food filled the air, causing nostrils to dilate, mouths to water, and jaws to contract painfully. The scorn of the ladies for this disreputable female grew positively ferocious; they would have liked to kill her, or throw, her and her drinking cup, her basket, and her provisions, out of the coach into the snow of the road below.

But Loiseau's gaze was fixed greedily on the dish of chicken. He said:

"Well, well, this lady had more forethought than the rest of us. Some people think of everything."

She looked up at him.

"Would you like some, sir? It is hard to go on fasting all day."

He bowed.

"Upon my soul, I can't refuse; I cannot hold out another minute. All is fair in war time, is it not, madame?" And, casting a glance on those around, he added:

"At times like this it is very pleasant to meet with obliging people."

He spread a newspaper over his knees to avoid soiling his trousers, and, with a pocketknife he always carried, helped himself to a chicken leg coated with jelly, which he thereupon proceeded to devour.

Then Boule le Suif, in low, humble tones, invited the nuns to partake of her repast. They both accepted the offer unhesitatingly, and after a few stammered words of thanks began to eat quickly, without raising their eyes. Neither did Cornudet refuse his neighbor's offer, and, in combination with the nuns, a sort of table was formed by opening out the newspaper over the four pairs of knees.

Mouths kept opening and shutting, ferociously masticating and devouring the food. Loiseau, in his corner, was hard at work, and in low tones urged his wife to follow his example. She held out for a long time, but overstrained Nature gave way at last. Her husband, assuming his politest manner, asked their "charming companion" if he might be allowed to offer Madame Loiseau a small helping.

"Why, certainly, sir," she replied, with an amiable smile, holding out the dish.

When the first bottle of claret was opened some embarrassment was caused by the fact that there was only one drinking cup, but this was passed from one to another, after being wiped. Cornudet alone, doubtless in a spirit of gallantry, raised to his own lips that part of the rim which was still moist from those of his fair neighbor.

Then, surrounded by people who were eating, and well-nigh suffocated by the odor of food, the Comte and Comtesse de Breville and Monsieur and Madame Carre-Lamadon endured that hateful form of torture which has perpetuated the name of Tantalus. All at once the manufacturer's young wife heaved a sigh which made every one turn and look at her; she was white as the snow without; her eyes closed, her head fell forward; she had fainted. Her husband, beside himself, implored the help of his neighbors. No one seemed to know what to do until the elder of the two nuns, raising the patient's head, placed Boule de Suif's drinking cup to her lips, and made her swallow a few drops of wine. The pretty invalid moved, opened her eyes, smiled, and declared in a feeble voice that she was all right again. But, to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe, the nun made her drink a cupful of claret, adding: "It's just hunger—that's what is wrong with you."

Then Boule de Suif, blushing and embarrassed, stammered, looking at the four passengers who were still fasting:

"'Mon Dieu', if I might offer these ladies and gentlemen——"

She stopped short, fearing a snub. But Loiseau continued:

"Hang it all, in such a case as this we are all brothers and sisters and ought to assist each other. Come, come, ladies, don't stand on ceremony, for goodness' sake! Do we even know whether we shall find a house in which to pass the night? At our present rate of going we sha'n't be at Totes till midday to-morrow."

They hesitated, no one daring to be the first to accept. But the count settled the question. He turned toward the abashed girl, and in his most distinguished manner said:

"We accept gratefully, madame."

As usual, it was only the first step that cost. This Rubicon once crossed, they set to work with a will. The basket was emptied. It still contained a pate de foie gras, a lark pie, a piece of smoked tongue, Crassane pears, Pont-Leveque gingerbread, fancy cakes, and a cup full of pickled gherkins and onions—Boule de Suif, like all women, being very fond of indigestible things.

They could not eat this girl's provisions without speaking to her. So they began to talk, stiffly at first; then, as she seemed by no means forward, with greater freedom. Mesdames de Breville and Carre-Lamadon, who were accomplished women of the world, were gracious and tactful. The countess especially displayed that amiable condescension characteristic of great ladies whom no contact with baser mortals can sully, and was absolutely charming. But the sturdy Madame Loiseau, who had the soul of a gendarme, continued morose, speaking little and eating much.

Conversation naturally turned on the war. Terrible stories were told about the Prussians, deeds of bravery were recounted of the French; and all these people who were fleeing themselves were ready to pay homage to the courage of their compatriots. Personal experiences soon followed, and Boule de Suif related with genuine emotion, and with that warmth of language not uncommon in women of her class and temperament, how it came about that she had left Rouen.

"I thought at first that I should be able to stay," she said. "My house was well stocked with provisions, and it seemed better to put up with feeding a few soldiers than to banish myself goodness knows where. But when I saw these Prussians it was too much for me! My blood boiled with rage; I wept the whole day for very shame. Oh, if only I had been a man! I looked at them from my window—the fat swine, with their pointed helmets!—and my maid held my hands to keep me from throwing my furniture down on them. Then some of them were quartered on me; I flew at the throat of the first one who entered. They are just as easy to strangle as other men! And I'd have been the death of that one if I hadn't been dragged away from him by my hair. I had to hide after that. And as soon as I could get an opportunity I left the place, and here I am."

She was warmly congratulated. She rose in the estimation of her companions, who had not been so brave; and Cornudet listened to her with the approving and benevolent smile of an apostle, the smile a priest might wear in listening to a devotee praising God; for long-bearded democrats of his type have a monopoly of patriotism, just as priests have a monopoly of religion. He held forth in turn, with dogmatic self-assurance, in the style of the proclamations daily pasted on the walls of the town, winding up with a specimen of stump oratory in which he reviled "that besotted fool of a Louis-Napoleon."

But Boule de Suif was indignant, for she was an ardent Bonapartist. She turned as red as a cherry, and stammered in her wrath: "I'd just like to have seen you in his place—you and your sort! There would have been a nice mix-up. Oh, yes! It was you who betrayed that man. It would be impossible to live in France if we were governed by such rascals as you!"

Cornudet, unmoved by this tirade, still smiled a superior, contemptuous smile; and one felt that high words were impending, when the count interposed, and, not without difficulty, succeeded in calming the exasperated woman, saying that all sincere opinions ought to be respected. But the countess and the manufacturer's wife, imbued with the unreasoning hatred of the upper classes for the Republic, and instinct, moreover, with the affection felt by all women for the pomp and circumstance of despotic government, were drawn, in spite of themselves, toward this dignified young woman, whose opinions coincided so closely with their own.

The basket was empty. The ten people had finished its contents without difficulty amid general regret that it did not hold more. Conversation went on a little longer, though it flagged somewhat after the passengers had finished eating.

Night fell, the darkness grew deeper and deeper, and the cold made Boule de Suif shiver, in spite of her plumpness. So Madame de Breville offered her her foot-warmer, the fuel of which had been several times renewed since the morning, and she accepted the offer at once, for her feet were icy cold. Mesdames Carre-Lamadon and Loiseau gave theirs to the nuns.

The driver lighted his lanterns. They cast a bright gleam on a cloud of vapor which hovered over the sweating flanks of the horses, and on the roadside snow, which seemed to unroll as they went along in the changing light of the lamps.

All was now indistinguishable in the coach; but suddenly a movement occurred in the corner occupied by Boule de Suif and Cornudet; and Loiseau, peering into the gloom, fancied he saw the big, bearded democrat move hastily to one side, as if he had received a well-directed, though noiseless, blow in the dark.

Tiny lights glimmered ahead. It was Totes. The coach had been on the road eleven hours, which, with the three hours allotted the horses in four periods for feeding and breathing, made fourteen. It entered the town, and stopped before the Hotel du Commerce.

The coach door opened; a well-known noise made all the travellers start; it was the clanging of a scabbard, on the pavement; then a voice called out something in German.

Although the coach had come to a standstill, no one got out; it looked as if they were afraid of being murdered the moment they left their seats. Thereupon the driver appeared, holding in his hand one of his lanterns, which cast a sudden glow on the interior of the coach, lighting up the double row of startled faces, mouths agape, and eyes wide open in surprise and terror.

Beside the driver stood in the full light a German officer, a tall young man, fair and slender, tightly encased in his uniform like a woman in her corset, his flat shiny cap, tilted to one side of his head, making him look like an English hotel runner. His exaggerated mustache, long and straight and tapering to a point at either end in a single blond hair that could hardly be seen, seemed to weigh down the corners of his mouth and give a droop to his lips.

In Alsatian French he requested the travellers to alight, saying stiffly:

"Kindly get down, ladies and gentlemen."

The two nuns were the first to obey, manifesting the docility of holy women accustomed to submission on every occasion. Next appeared the count and countess, followed by the manufacturer and his wife, after whom came Loiseau, pushing his larger and better half before him.

"Good-day, sir," he said to the officer as he put his foot to the ground, acting on an impulse born of prudence rather than of politeness. The other, insolent like all in authority, merely stared without replying.

Boule de Suif and Cornudet, though near the door, were the last to alight, grave and dignified before the enemy. The stout girl tried to control herself and appear calm; the democrat stroked his long russet beard with a somewhat trembling hand. Both strove to maintain their dignity, knowing well that at such a time each individual is always looked upon as more or less typical of his nation; and, also, resenting the complaisant attitude of their companions, Boule de Suif tried to wear a bolder front than her

neighbors, the virtuous women, while he, feeling that it was incumbent on him to set a good example, kept up the attitude of resistance which he had first assumed when he undertook to mine the high roads round Rouen.

They entered the spacious kitchen of the inn, and the German, having demanded the passports signed by the general in command, in which were mentioned the name, description and profession of each traveller, inspected them all minutely, comparing their appearance with the written particulars.

Then he said brusquely: "All right," and turned on his heel.

They breathed freely, All were still hungry; so supper was ordered. Half an hour was required for its preparation, and while two servants were apparently engaged in getting it ready the travellers went to look at their rooms. These all opened off a long corridor, at the end of which was a glazed door with a number on it.

They were just about to take their seats at table when the innkeeper appeared in person. He was a former horse dealer—a large, asthmatic individual, always wheezing, coughing, and clearing his throat. Follenvie was his patronymic.

He called:

"Mademoiselle Elisabeth Rousset?"

Boule de Suif started, and turned round.

"That is my name."

"Mademoiselle, the Prussian officer wishes to speak to you immediately."

"To me?"

"Yes; if you are Mademoiselle Elisabeth Rousset."

She hesitated, reflected a moment, and then declared roundly:

"That may be; but I'm not going."

They moved restlessly around her; every one wondered and speculated as to the cause of this order. The count approached:

"You are wrong, madame, for your refusal may bring trouble not only on yourself but also on all your companions. It never pays to resist those in authority. Your compliance with this request cannot possibly be fraught with any danger; it has probably been made because some formality or other was forgotten."

All added their voices to that of the count; Boule de Suif was begged, urged, lectured, and at last convinced; every one was afraid of the complications which might result from headstrong action on her part. She said finally:

"I am doing it for your sakes, remember that!"

The countess took her hand.

"And we are grateful to you."

She left the room. All waited for her return before commencing the meal. Each was distressed that he or she had not been sent for rather than this impulsive, quick-tempered girl, and each mentally rehearsed platitudes in case of being summoned also.

But at the end of ten minutes she reappeared breathing hard, crimson with indignation.

"Oh! the scoundrel! the scoundrel!" she stammered.

All were anxious to know what had happened; but she declined to enlighten them, and when the count pressed the point, she silenced him with much dignity, saying:

"No; the matter has nothing to do with you, and I cannot speak of it."

Then they took their places round a high soup tureen, from which issued an odor of cabbage. In spite of this coincidence, the supper was cheerful. The cider was good; the Loiseaus and the nuns drank it from motives of economy. The others ordered wine; Cornudet demanded beer. He had his own fashion of uncorking the bottle and making the beer foam, gazing at it as he inclined his glass and then raised it to a position between the lamp and his eye that he might judge of its color. When he drank, his great beard, which matched the color of his favorite beverage, seemed to tremble with affection; his eyes positively squinted in the endeavor not to lose sight of the beloved glass, and he looked for all the world as if he were fulfilling the only function for which he was born. He seemed to have established in his mind an affinity between the two great passions of his life—pale ale and revolution—and assuredly he could not taste the one without dreaming of the other.

Monsieur and Madame Follenvie dined at the end of the table. The man, wheezing like a broken-down locomotive, was too short-winded to talk when he was eating. But the wife was not silent a moment; she told how the Prussians had impressed her on their arrival, what they did, what they said; execrating them in the first place because they cost her money, and in the second because she had two sons in the army. She addressed herself principally to the countess, flattered at the opportunity of talking to a lady of quality.

Then she lowered her voice, and began to broach delicate subjects. Her husband interrupted her from time to time, saying:

"You would do well to hold your tongue, Madame Follenvie."

But she took no notice of him, and went on:

"Yes, madame, these Germans do nothing but eat potatoes and pork, and then pork and potatoes. And don't imagine for a moment that they are clean! No, indeed! And if only you saw them drilling for hours, indeed for days, together; they all collect in a field, then they do nothing but march backward and forward, and wheel this way and that. If only they would cultivate the land, or remain at home and work on their high roads! Really, madame, these soldiers are of no earthly use! Poor people have to

feed and keep them, only in order that they may learn how to kill! True, I am only an old woman with no education, but when I see them wearing themselves out marching about from morning till night, I say to myself: When there are people who make discoveries that are of use to people, why should others take so much trouble to do harm? Really, now, isn't it a terrible thing to kill people, whether they are Prussians, or English, or Poles, or French? If we revenge ourselves on any one who injures us we do wrong, and are punished for it; but when our sons are shot down like partridges, that is all right, and decorations are given to the man who kills the most. No, indeed, I shall never be able to understand it."

Cornudet raised his voice:

"War is a barbarous proceeding when we attack a peaceful neighbor, but it is a sacred duty when undertaken in defence of one's country."

The old woman looked down:

"Yes; it's another matter when one acts in self-defence; but would it not be better to kill all the kings, seeing that they make war just to amuse themselves?"

Cornudet's eyes kindled.

"Bravo, citizens!" he said.

Monsieur Carre-Lamadon was reflecting profoundly. Although an ardent admirer of great generals, the peasant woman's sturdy common sense made him reflect on the wealth which might accrue to a country by the employment of so many idle hands now maintained at a great expense, of so much unproductive force, if they were employed in those great industrial enterprises which it will take centuries to complete.

But Loiseau, leaving his seat, went over to the innkeeper and began chatting in a low voice. The big man chuckled, coughed, sputtered; his enormous carcass shook with merriment at the pleasantries of the other; and he ended by buying six casks of claret from Loiseau to be delivered in spring, after the departure of the Prussians.

The moment supper was over every one went to bed, worn out with fatigue.

But Loiseau, who had been making his observations on the sly, sent his wife to bed, and amused himself by placing first his ear, and then his eye, to the bedroom keyhole, in order to discover what he called "the mysteries of the corridor."

At the end of about an hour he heard a rustling, peeped out quickly, and caught sight of Boule de Suif, looking more rotund than ever in a dressing-gown of blue cashmere trimmed with white lace. She held a candle in her hand, and directed her steps to the numbered door at the end of the corridor. But one of the side doors was partly opened, and when, at the end of a few minutes, she returned, Cornudet, in his shirt-sleeves, followed her. They spoke in low tones, then stopped short. Boule de Suif seemed to be stoutly denying him admission to her room. Unfortunately, Loiseau could not at first hear what they said; but toward the end of the conversation they raised their voices, and he caught a few words. Cornudet was loudly insistent.

"How silly you are! What does it matter to you?" he said.

She seemed indignant, and replied:

"No, my good man, there are times when one does not do that sort of thing; besides, in this place it would be shameful."

Apparently he did not understand, and asked the reason. Then she lost her temper and her caution, and, raising her voice still higher, said:

"Why? Can't you understand why? When there are Prussians in the house! Perhaps even in the very next room!"

He was silent. The patriotic shame of this wanton, who would not suffer herself to be caressed in the neighborhood of the enemy, must have roused his dormant dignity, for after bestowing on her a simple kiss he crept softly back to his room. Loiseau, much edified, capered round the bedroom before taking his place beside his slumbering spouse.

Then silence reigned throughout the house. But soon there arose from some remote part—it might easily have been either cellar or attic—a stertorous, monotonous, regular snoring, a dull, prolonged rumbling, varied by tremors like those of a boiler under pressure of steam. Monsieur Follenvie had gone to sleep.

As they had decided on starting at eight o'clock the next morning, every one was in the kitchen at that hour; but the coach, its roof covered with snow, stood by itself in the middle of the yard, without either horses or driver. They sought the latter in the stables, coach-houses and barns—but in vain. So the men of the party resolved to scour the country for him, and sallied forth. They found them selves in the square, with the church at the farther side, and to right and left low-roofed houses where there were some Prussian soldiers. The first soldier they saw was peeling potatoes. The second, farther on, was washing out a barber's shop. An other, bearded to the eyes, was fondling a crying infant, and dandling it on his knees to quiet it; and the stout peasant women, whose men-folk were for the most part at the war, were, by means of signs, telling their obedient conquerors what work they were to do: chop wood, prepare soup, grind coffee; one of them even was doing the washing for his hostess, an infirm old grandmother.

The count, astonished at what he saw, questioned the beadle who was coming out of the presbytery. The old man answered:

"Oh, those men are not at all a bad sort; they are not Prussians, I am told; they come from somewhere farther off, I don't exactly know where. And they have all left wives and children behind them; they are not fond of war either, you may be sure! I am sure they are mourning for the men where they come from, just as we do here; and the war causes them just as much unhappiness as it does us. As a matter of fact, things are not so very bad here just now, because the soldiers do no harm, and work just as if they were in their own homes. You see, sir, poor folk always help one another; it is the great ones of this world who make war."

Cornudet indignant at the friendly understanding established between conquerors and conquered, withdrew, preferring to shut himself up in the inn.

"They are repeopling the country," jested Loiseau.

"They are undoing the harm they have done," said Monsieur Carre-Lamadon gravely.

But they could not find the coach driver. At last he was discovered in the village cafe, fraternizing cordially with the officer's orderly.

"Were you not told to harness the horses at eight o'clock?" demanded the count.

"Oh, yes; but I've had different orders since."

"What orders?"

"Not to harness at all."

"Who gave you such orders?"

"Why, the Prussian officer."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Go and ask him. I am forbidden to harness the horses, so I don't harness them—that's all."

"Did he tell you so himself?"

"No, sir; the innkeeper gave me the order from him."

"When?"

"Last evening, just as I was going to bed."

The three men returned in a very uneasy frame of mind.

They asked for Monsieur Follenvie, but the servant replied that on account of his asthma he never got up before ten o'clock. They were strictly forbidden to rouse him earlier, except in case of fire.

They wished to see the officer, but that also was impossible, although he lodged in the inn. Monsieur Follenvie alone was authorized to interview him on civil matters. So they waited. The women returned to their rooms, and occupied themselves with trivial matters.

Cornudet settled down beside the tall kitchen fireplace, before a blazing fire. He had a small table and a jug of beer placed beside him, and he smoked his pipe—a pipe which enjoyed among democrats a consideration almost equal to his own, as though it had served its country in serving Cornudet. It was a fine meerschaum, admirably colored to a black the shade of its owner's teeth, but sweet-smelling, gracefully curved, at home in its master's hand, and completing his physiognomy. And Cornudet sat motionless, his eyes fixed now on the dancing flames, now on the froth which crowned his beer; and after each draught he passed his long, thin fingers with an air of satisfaction through his long, greasy hair, as he sucked the foam from his mustache.

Loiseau, under pretence of stretching his legs, went out to see if he could sell wine to the country dealers. The count and the manufacturer began to talk politics. They forecast the future of France. One believed in the Orleans dynasty, the other in an unknown savior—a hero who should rise up in the last extremity: a Du Guesclin, perhaps a Joan of Arc? or another Napoleon the First? Ah! if only the Prince Imperial were not so young! Cornudet, listening to them, smiled like a man who holds the keys of destiny in his hands. His pipe perfumed the whole kitchen.

As the clock struck ten, Monsieur Follenvie appeared. He was immediately surrounded and questioned, but could only repeat, three or four times in succession, and without variation, the words:

"The officer said to me, just like this: 'Monsieur Follenvie, you will forbid them to harness up the coach for those travellers to-morrow. They are not to start without an order from me. You hear? That is sufficient.'"

Then they asked to see the officer. The count sent him his card, on which Monsieur Carre-Lamadon also inscribed his name and titles. The Prussian sent word that the two men would be admitted to see him after his luncheon—that is to say, about one o'clock.

The ladies reappeared, and they all ate a little, in spite of their anxiety. Boule de Suif appeared ill and very much worried.

They were finishing their coffee when the orderly came to fetch the gentlemen.

Loiseau joined the other two; but when they tried to get Cornudet to accompany them, by way of adding greater solemnity to the occasion, he declared proudly that he would never have anything to do with the Germans, and, resuming his seat in the chimney corner, he called for another jug of beer.

The three men went upstairs, and were ushered into the best room in the inn, where the officer received them lolling at his ease in an armchair, his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking a long porcelain pipe, and enveloped in a gorgeous dressing-gown, doubtless stolen from the deserted dwelling of some citizen destitute of taste in dress. He neither rose, greeted them, nor even glanced in their direction. He afforded a fine example of that insolence of bearing which seems natural to the victorious soldier.

After the lapse of a few moments he said in his halting French:

"What do you want?"

"We wish to start on our journey," said the count.

"No."

"May I ask the reason of your refusal?"

"Because I don't choose."

"I would respectfully call your attention, monsieur, to the fact that your general in command gave us a permit to proceed to Dieppe; and I do not think we have done anything to deserve this harshness at your hands."

"I don't choose—that's all. You may go."

They bowed, and retired.

The afternoon was wretched. They could not understand the caprice of this German, and the strangest ideas came into their heads. They all congregated in the kitchen, and talked the subject to death, imagining all kinds of unlikely things. Perhaps they were to be kept as hostages—but for what reason? or to be extradited as prisoners of war? or possibly they were to be held for ransom? They were panic-stricken at this last supposition. The richest among them were the most alarmed, seeing themselves forced to empty bags of gold into the insolent soldier's hands in order to buy back their lives. They racked their brains for plausible lies whereby they might conceal the fact that they were rich, and pass themselves off as poor—very poor. Loiseau took off his watch chain, and put it in his pocket. The approach of night increased their apprehension. The lamp was lighted, and as it wanted yet two hours to dinner Madame Loiseau proposed a game of trente et un. It would distract their thoughts. The rest agreed, and Cornudet himself joined the party, first putting out his pipe for politeness' sake.

The count shuffled the cards—dealt—and Boule de Suif had thirty-one to start with; soon the interest of the game assuaged the anxiety of the players. But Cornudet noticed that Loiseau and his wife were in league to cheat.

They were about to sit down to dinner when Monsieur Follenvie appeared, and in his grating voice announced:

"The Prussian officer sends to ask Mademoiselle Elisabeth Rousset if she has changed her mind yet."

Boule de Suif stood still, pale as death. Then, suddenly turning crimson with anger, she gasped out:

"Kindly tell that scoundrel, that cur, that carrion of a Prussian, that I will never consent—you understand?—never, never, never!"

The fat innkeeper left the room. Then Boule de Suif was surrounded, questioned, entreated on all sides to reveal the mystery of her visit to the officer. She refused at first; but her wrath soon got the better of her.

"What does he want? He wants to make me his mistress!" she cried.

No one was shocked at the word, so great was the general indignation. Cornudet broke his jug as he banged it down on the table. A loud outcry arose against this base soldier. All were furious. They drew together in common resistance against the foe, as if some part of the sacrifice exacted of Boule de Suif had been demanded of each. The count declared, with supreme disgust, that those people behaved like ancient barbarians. The women, above all, manifested a lively and tender sympathy for Boule de Suif. The nuns, who appeared only at meals, cast down their eyes, and said nothing.

They dined, however, as soon as the first indignant outburst had subsided; but they spoke little and thought much.

The ladies went to bed early; and the men, having lighted their pipes, proposed a game of ecarte, in which Monsieur Follenvie was invited to join, the travellers hoping to question him skillfully as to the best means of vanquishing the officer's obduracy. But he thought of nothing but his cards, would listen

to nothing, reply to nothing, and repeated, time after time: "Attend to the game, gentlemen! attend to the game!" So absorbed was his attention that he even forgot to expectorate. The consequence was that his chest gave forth rumbling sounds like those of an organ. His wheezing lungs struck every note of the asthmatic scale, from deep, hollow tones to a shrill, hoarse piping resembling that of a young cock trying to crow.

He refused to go to bed when his wife, overcome with sleep, came to fetch him. So she went off alone, for she was an early bird, always up with the sun; while he was addicted to late hours, ever ready to spend the night with friends. He merely said: "Put my egg-nogg by the fire," and went on with the game. When the other men saw that nothing was to be got out of him they declared it was time to retire, and each sought his bed.

They rose fairly early the next morning, with a vague hope of being allowed to start, a greater desire than ever to do so, and a terror at having to spend another day in this wretched little inn.

Alas! the horses remained in the stable, the driver was invisible. They spent their time, for want of something better to do, in wandering round the coach.

Luncheon was a gloomy affair; and there was a general coolness toward Boule de Suif, for night, which brings counsel, had somewhat modified the judgment of her companions. In the cold light of the morning they almost bore a grudge against the girl for not having secretly sought out the Prussian, that the rest of the party might receive a joyful surprise when they awoke. What more simple?

Besides, who would have been the wiser? She might have saved appearances by telling the officer that she had taken pity on their distress. Such a step would be of so little consequence to her.

But no one as yet confessed to such thoughts.

In the afternoon, seeing that they were all bored to death, the count proposed a walk in the neighborhood of the village. Each one wrapped himself up well, and the little party set out, leaving behind only Cornudet, who preferred to sit over the fire, and the two nuns, who were in the habit of spending their day in the church or at the presbytery.

The cold, which grew more intense each day, almost froze the noses and ears of the pedestrians, their feet began to pain them so that each step was a penance, and when they reached the open country it looked so mournful and depressing in its limitless mantle of white that they all hastily retraced their steps, with bodies benumbed and hearts heavy.

The four women walked in front, and the three men followed a little in their rear.

Loiseau, who saw perfectly well how matters stood, asked suddenly "if that trollop were going to keep them waiting much longer in this Godforsaken spot." The count, always courteous, replied that they could not exact so painful a sacrifice from any woman, and that the first move must come from herself. Monsieur Carre-Lamadon remarked that if the French, as they talked of doing, made a counter attack by way of Dieppe, their encounter with the enemy must inevitably take place at Totes. This reflection made the other two anxious.

"Supposing we escape on foot?" said Loiseau.

The count shrugged his shoulders.

"How can you think of such a thing, in this snow? And with our wives? Besides, we should be pursued at once, overtaken in ten minutes, and brought back as prisoners at the mercy of the soldiery."

This was true enough; they were silent.

The ladies talked of dress, but a certain constraint seemed to prevail among them.

Suddenly, at the end of the street, the officer appeared. His tall, wasp-like, uniformed figure was outlined against the snow which bounded the horizon, and he walked, knees apart, with that motion peculiar to soldiers, who are always anxious not to soil their carefully polished boots.

He bowed as he passed the ladies, then glanced scornfully at the men, who had sufficient dignity not to raise their hats, though Loiseau made a movement to do so.

Boule de Suif flushed crimson to the ears, and the three married women felt unutterably humiliated at being met thus by the soldier in company with the girl whom he had treated with such scant ceremony.

Then they began to talk about him, his figure, and his face. Madame Carre-Lamadon, who had known many officers and judged them as a connoisseur, thought him not at all bad-looking; she even regretted that he was not a Frenchman, because in that case he would have made a very handsome hussar, with whom all the women would assuredly have fallen in love.

When they were once more within doors they did not know what to do with themselves. Sharp words even were exchanged apropos of the merest trifles. The silent dinner was quickly over, and each one went to bed early in the hope of sleeping, and thus killing time.

They came down next morning with tired faces and irritable tempers; the women scarcely spoke to Boule de Suif.

A church bell summoned the faithful to a baptism. Boule de Suif had a child being brought up by peasants at Yvetot. She did not see him once a year, and never thought of him; but the idea of the child who was about to be baptized induced a sudden wave of tenderness for her own, and she insisted on being present at the ceremony.

As soon as she had gone out, the rest of the company looked at one another and then drew their chairs together; for they realized that they must decide on some course of action. Loiseau had an inspiration: he proposed that they should ask the officer to detain Boule de Suif only, and to let the rest depart on their way.

Monsieur Follenvie was intrusted with this commission, but he returned to them almost immediately. The German, who knew human nature, had shown him the door. He intended to keep all the travellers until his condition had been complied with.

Whereupon Madame Loiseau's vulgar temperament broke bounds.

"We're not going to die of old age here!" she cried. "Since it's that vixen's trade to behave so with men I don't see that she has any right to refuse one more than another. I may as well tell you she took any

lovers she could get at Rouen—even coachmen! Yes, indeed, madame—the coachman at the prefecture! I know it for a fact, for he buys his wine of us. And now that it is a question of getting us out of a difficulty she puts on virtuous airs, the drab! For my part, I think this officer has behaved very well. Why, there were three others of us, any one of whom he would undoubtedly have preferred. But no, he contents himself with the girl who is common property. He respects married women. Just think. He is master here. He had only to say: 'I wish it!' and he might have taken us by force, with the help of his soldiers."

The two other women shuddered; the eyes of pretty Madame Carre-Lamadon glistened, and she grew pale, as if the officer were indeed in the act of laying violent hands on her.

The men, who had been discussing the subject among themselves, drew near. Loiseau, in a state of furious resentment, was for delivering up "that miserable woman," bound hand and foot, into the enemy's power. But the count, descended from three generations of ambassadors, and endowed, moreover, with the lineaments of a diplomat, was in favor of more tactful measures.

"We must persuade her," he said.

Then they laid their plans.

The women drew together; they lowered their voices, and the discussion became general, each giving his or her opinion. But the conversation was not in the least coarse. The ladies, in particular, were adepts at delicate phrases and charming subtleties of expression to describe the most improper things. A stranger would have understood none of their allusions, so guarded was the language they employed. But, seeing that the thin veneer of modesty with which every woman of the world is furnished goes but a very little way below the surface, they began rather to enjoy this unedifying episode, and at bottom were hugely delighted—feeling themselves in their element, furthering the schemes of lawless love with the gusto of a gourmand cook who prepares supper for another.

Their gaiety returned of itself, so amusing at last did the whole business seem to them. The count uttered several rather risky witticisms, but so tactfully were they said that his audience could not help smiling. Loiseau in turn made some considerably broader jokes, but no one took offence; and the thought expressed with such brutal directness by his wife was uppermost in the minds of all: "Since it's the girl's trade, why should she refuse this man more than another?" Dainty Madame Carre-Lamadon seemed to think even that in Boule de Suif's place she would be less inclined to refuse him than another.

The blockade was as carefully arranged as if they were investing a fortress. Each agreed on the role which he or she was to play, the arguments to be used, the maneuvers to be executed. They decided on the plan of campaign, the stratagems they were to employ, and the surprise attacks which were to reduce this human citadel and force it to receive the enemy within its walls.

But Cornudet remained apart from the rest, taking no share in the plot.

So absorbed was the attention of all that Boule de Suif's entrance was almost unnoticed. But the count whispered a gentle "Hush!" which made the others look up. She was there. They suddenly stopped talking, and a vague embarrassment prevented them for a few moments from addressing her. But the countess, more practiced than the others in the wiles of the drawing-room, asked her:

"Was the baptism interesting?"

The girl, still under the stress of emotion, told what she had seen and heard, described the faces, the attitudes of those present, and even the appearance of the church. She concluded with the words:

"It does one good to pray sometimes."

Until lunch time the ladies contented themselves with being pleasant to her, so as to increase her confidence and make her amenable to their advice.

As soon as they took their seats at table the attack began. First they opened a vague conversation on the subject of self-sacrifice. Ancient examples were quoted: Judith and Holofernes; then, irrationally enough, Lucrece and Sextus; Cleopatra and the hostile generals whom she reduced to abject slavery by a surrender of her charms. Next was recounted an extraordinary story, born of the imagination of these ignorant millionaires, which told how the matrons of Rome seduced Hannibal, his lieutenants, and all his mercenaries at Capua. They held up to admiration all those women who from time to time have arrested the victorious progress of conquerors, made of their bodies a field of battle, a means of ruling, a weapon; who have vanquished by their heroic caresses hideous or detested beings, and sacrificed their chastity to vengeance and devotion.

All was said with due restraint and regard for propriety, the effect heightened now and then by an outburst of forced enthusiasm calculated to excite emulation.

A listener would have thought at last that the one role of woman on earth was a perpetual sacrifice of her person, a continual abandonment of herself to the caprices of a hostile soldiery.

The two nuns seemed to hear nothing, and to be lost in thought. Boule de Suif also was silent.

During the whole afternoon she was left to her reflections. But instead of calling her "madame" as they had done hitherto, her companions addressed her simply as "mademoiselle," without exactly knowing why, but as if desirous of making her descend a step in the esteem she had won, and forcing her to realize her degraded position.

Just as soup was served, Monsieur Follenvie reappeared, repeating his phrase of the evening before:

"The Prussian officer sends to ask if Mademoiselle Elisabeth Rousset has changed her mind."

Boule de Suif answered briefly:

"No, monsieur."

But at dinner the coalition weakened. Loiseau made three unfortunate remarks. Each was cudgeling his brains for further examples of self-sacrifice, and could find none, when the countess, possibly without ulterior motive, and moved simply by a vague desire to do homage to religion, began to question the elder of the two nuns on the most striking facts in the lives of the saints. Now, it fell out that many of these had committed acts which would be crimes in our eyes, but the Church readily pardons such deeds when they are accomplished for the glory of God or the good of mankind. This was a powerful argument, and the countess made the most of it. Then, whether by reason of a tacit understanding, a thinly veiled act of complaisance such as those who wear the ecclesiastical habit excel in, or whether

merely as the result of sheer stupidity—a stupidity admirably adapted to further their designs—the old nun rendered formidable aid to the conspirator. They had thought her timid; she proved herself bold, talkative, bigoted. She was not troubled by the ins and outs of casuistry; her doctrines were as iron bars; her faith knew no doubt; her conscience no scruples. She looked on Abraham's sacrifice as natural enough, for she herself would not have hesitated to kill both father and mother if she had received a divine order to that effect; and nothing, in her opinion, could displease our Lord, provided the motive were praiseworthy. The countess, putting to good use the consecrated authority of her unexpected ally, led her on to make a lengthy and edifying paraphrase of that axiom enunciated by a certain school of moralists: "The end justifies the means."

"Then, sister," she asked, "you think God accepts all methods, and pardons the act when the motive is pure?"

"Undoubtedly, madame. An action reprehensible in itself often derives merit from the thought which inspires it."

And in this wise they talked on, fathoming the wishes of God, predicting His judgments, describing Him as interested in matters which assuredly concern Him but little.

All was said with the utmost care and discretion, but every word uttered by the holy woman in her nun's garb weakened the indignant resistance of the courtesan. Then the conversation drifted somewhat, and the nun began to talk of the convents of her order, of her Superior, of herself, and of her fragile little neighbor, Sister St. Nicephore. They had been sent for from Havre to nurse the hundreds of soldiers who were in hospitals, stricken with smallpox. She described these wretched invalids and their malady. And, while they themselves were detained on their way by the caprices of the Prussian officer, scores of Frenchmen might be dying, whom they would otherwise have saved! For the nursing of soldiers was the old nun's specialty; she had been in the Crimea, in Italy, in Austria; and as she told the story of her campaigns she revealed herself as one of those holy sisters of the fife and drum who seem designed by nature to follow camps, to snatch the wounded from amid the strife of battle, and to quell with a word, more effectually than any general, the rough and insubordinate troopers—a masterful woman, her seamed and pitted face itself an image of the devastations of war.

No one spoke when she had finished for fear of spoiling the excellent effect of her words.

As soon as the meal was over the travellers retired to their rooms, whence they emerged the following day at a late hour of the morning.

Luncheon passed off quietly. The seed sown the preceding evening was being given time to germinate and bring forth fruit.

In the afternoon the countess proposed a walk; then the count, as had been arranged beforehand, took Boule de Suif's arm, and walked with her at some distance behind the rest.

He began talking to her in that familiar, paternal, slightly contemptuous tone which men of his class adopt in speaking to women like her, calling her "my dear child," and talking down to her from the height of his exalted social position and stainless reputation. He came straight to the point.

"So you prefer to leave us here, exposed like yourself to all the violence which would follow on a repulse of the Prussian troops, rather than consent to surrender yourself, as you have done so many

times in your life?"

The girl did not reply.

He tried kindness, argument, sentiment. He still bore himself as count, even while adopting, when desirable, an attitude of gallantry, and making pretty—nay, even tender—speeches. He exalted the service she would render them, spoke of their gratitude; then, suddenly, using the familiar "thou":

"And you know, my dear, he could boast then of having made a conquest of a pretty girl such as he won't often find in his own country."

Boule de Suif did not answer, and joined the rest of the party.

As soon as they returned she went to her room, and was seen no more. The general anxiety was at its height. What would she do? If she still resisted, how awkward for them all!

The dinner hour struck; they waited for her in vain. At last Monsieur Follenvie entered, announcing that Mademoiselle Rousset was not well, and that they might sit down to table. They all pricked up their ears. The count drew near the innkeeper, and whispered:

"Is it all right?"

"Yes."

Out of regard for propriety he said nothing to his companions, but merely nodded slightly toward them. A great sigh of relief went up from all breasts; every face was lighted up with joy.

"By Gad!" shouted Loiseau, "I'll stand champagne all round if there's any to be found in this place." And great was Madame Loiseau's dismay when the proprietor came back with four bottles in his hands. They had all suddenly become talkative and merry; a lively joy filled all hearts. The count seemed to perceive for the first time that Madame Carre-Lamadon was charming; the manufacturer paid compliments to the countess. The conversation was animated, sprightly, witty, and, although many of the jokes were in the worst possible taste, all the company were amused by them, and none offended—indignation being dependent, like other emotions, on surroundings. And the mental atmosphere had gradually become filled with gross imaginings and unclean thoughts.

At dessert even the women indulged in discreetly worded allusions. Their glances were full of meaning; they had drunk much. The count, who even in his moments of relaxation preserved a dignified demeanor, hit on a much-appreciated comparison of the condition of things with the termination of a winter spent in the icy solitude of the North Pole and the joy of shipwrecked mariners who at last perceive a southward track opening out before their eyes.

Loiseau, fairly in his element, rose to his feet, holding aloft a glass of champagne.

"I drink to our deliverance!" he shouted.

All stood up, and greeted the toast with acclamation. Even the two good sisters yielded to the solicitations of the ladies, and consented to moisten their lips with the foaming wine, which they had never before tasted. They declared it was like effervescent lemonade, but with a pleasanter flavor.

"It is a pity," said Loiseau, "that we have no piano; we might have had a quadrille."

Cornudet had not spoken a word or made a movement; he seemed plunged in serious thought, and now and then tugged furiously at his great beard, as if trying to add still further to its length. At last, toward midnight, when they were about to separate, Loiseau, whose gait was far from steady, suddenly slapped him on the back, saying thickly:

"You're not jolly to-night; why are you so silent, old man?"

Cornudet threw back his head, cast one swift and scornful glance over the assemblage, and answered:

"I tell you all, you have done an infamous thing!"

He rose, reached the door, and repeating: "Infamous!" disappeared.

A chill fell on all. Loiseau himself looked foolish and disconcerted for a moment, but soon recovered his aplomb, and, writhing with laughter, exclaimed:

"Really, you are all too green for anything!"

Pressed for an explanation, he related the "mysteries of the corridor," whereat his listeners were hugely amused. The ladies could hardly contain their delight. The count and Monsieur Carre-Lamadon laughed till they cried. They could scarcely believe their ears.

"What! you are sure? He wanted——"

"I tell you I saw it with my own eyes."

"And she refused?"

"Because the Prussian was in the next room!"

"Surely you are mistaken?"

"I swear I'm telling you the truth."

The count was choking with laughter. The manufacturer held his sides. Loiseau continued:

"So you may well imagine he doesn't think this evening's business at all amusing."

And all three began to laugh again, choking, coughing, almost ill with merriment.

Then they separated. But Madame Loiseau, who was nothing if not spiteful, remarked to her husband as they were on the way to bed that "that stuck-up little minx of a Carre-Lamadon had laughed on the wrong side of her mouth all the evening."

"You know," she said, "when women run after uniforms it's all the same to them whether the men who wear them are French or Prussian. It's perfectly sickening!"

The next morning the snow showed dazzling white tinder a clear winter sun. The coach, ready at last, waited before the door; while a flock of white pigeons, with pink eyes spotted in the centres with black, puffed out their white feathers and walked sedately between the legs of the six horses, picking at the steaming manure.

The driver, wrapped in his sheepskin coat, was smoking a pipe on the box, and all the passengers, radiant with delight at their approaching departure, were putting up provisions for the remainder of the journey.

They were waiting only for Boule de Suif. At last she appeared.

She seemed rather shamefaced and embarrassed, and advanced with timid step toward her companions, who with one accord turned aside as if they had not seen her. The count, with much dignity, took his wife by the arm, and removed her from the unclean contact.

The girl stood still, stupefied with astonishment; then, plucking up courage, accosted the manufacturer's wife with a humble "Good-morning, madame," to which the other replied merely with a slight and insolent nod, accompanied by a look of outraged virtue. Every one suddenly appeared extremely busy, and kept as far from Boule de Suif as if her skirts had been infected with some deadly disease. Then they hurried to the coach, followed by the despised courtesan, who, arriving last of all, silently took the place she had occupied during the first part of the journey.

The rest seemed neither to see nor to know her—all save Madame Loiseau, who, glancing contemptuously in her direction, remarked, half aloud, to her husband:

"What a mercy I am not sitting beside that creature!"

The lumbering vehicle started on its way, and the journey began afresh.

At first no one spoke. Boule de Suif dared not even raise her eyes. She felt at once indignant with her neighbors, and humiliated at having yielded to the Prussian into whose arms they had so hypocritically cast her.

But the countess, turning toward Madame Carre-Lamadon, soon broke the painful silence:

"I think you know Madame d'Etrelles?"

"Yes; she is a friend of mine."

"Such a charming woman!"

"Delightful! Exceptionally talented, and an artist to the finger tips. She sings marvellously and draws to perfection."

The manufacturer was chatting with the count, and amid the clatter of the window-panes a word of their conversation was now and then distinguishable: "Shares—maturity—premium—time-limit."

Loiseau, who had abstracted from the inn the timeworn pack of cards, thick with the grease of five

years' contact with half-wiped-off tables, started a game of bezique with his wife.

The good sisters, taking up simultaneously the long rosaries hanging from their waists, made the sign of the cross, and began to mutter in unison interminable prayers, their lips moving ever more and more swiftly, as if they sought which should outdistance the other in the race of orisons; from time to time they kissed a medal, and crossed themselves anew, then resumed their rapid and unintelligible murmur.

Cornudet sat still, lost in thought.

Ah the end of three hours Loiseau gathered up the cards, and remarked that he was hungry.

His wife thereupon produced a parcel tied with string, from which she extracted a piece of cold veal. This she cut into neat, thin slices, and both began to eat.

"We may as well do the same," said the countess. The rest agreed, and she unpacked the provisions which had been prepared for herself, the count, and the Carre-Lamadons. In one of those oval dishes, the lids of which are decorated with an earthenware hare, by way of showing that a game pie lies within, was a succulent delicacy consisting of the brown flesh of the game larded with streaks of bacon and flavored with other meats chopped fine. A solid wedge of Gruyere cheese, which had been wrapped in a newspaper, bore the imprint: "Items of News," on its rich, oily surface.

The two good sisters brought to light a hunk of sausage smelling strongly of garlic; and Cornudet, plunging both hands at once into the capacious pockets of his loose overcoat, produced from one four hard-boiled eggs and from the other a crust of bread. He removed the shells, threw them into the straw beneath his feet, and began to devour the eggs, letting morsels of the bright yellow yolk fall in his mighty beard, where they looked like stars.

Boule de Suif, in the haste and confusion of her departure, had not thought of anything, and, stifling with rage, she watched all these people placidly eating. At first, ill-suppressed wrath shook her whole person, and she opened her lips to shriek the truth at them, to overwhelm them with a volley of insults; but she could not utter a word, so choked was she with indignation.

No one looked at her, no one thought of her. She felt herself swallowed up in the scorn of these virtuous creatures, who had first sacrificed, then rejected her as a thing useless and unclean. Then she remembered her big basket full of the good things they had so greedily devoured: the two chickens coated in jelly, the pies, the pears, the four bottles of claret; and her fury broke forth like a cord that is overstrained, and she was on the verge of tears. She made terrible efforts at self-control, drew herself up, swallowed the sobs which choked her; but the tears rose nevertheless, shone at the brink of her eyelids, and soon two heavy drops coursed slowly down her cheeks. Others followed more quickly, like water filtering from a rock, and fell, one after another, on her rounded bosom. She sat upright, with a fixed expression, her face pale and rigid, hoping desperately that no one saw her give way.

But the countess noticed that she was weeping, and with a sign drew her husband's attention to the fact. He shrugged his shoulders, as if to say: "Well, what of it? It's not my fault." Madame Loiseau chuckled triumphantly, and murmured:

"She's weeping for shame."

The two nuns had betaken themselves once more to their prayers, first wrapping the remainder of their

sausage in paper:

Then Cornudet, who was digesting his eggs, stretched his long legs under the opposite seat, threw himself back, folded his arms, smiled like a man who had just thought of a good joke, and began to whistle the Marseillaise.

The faces of his neighbors clouded; the popular air evidently did not find favor with them; they grew nervous and irritable, and seemed ready to howl as a dog does at the sound of a barrel-organ. Cornudet saw the discomfort he was creating, and whistled the louder; sometimes he even hummed the words:

Amour sacre de la patrie, Conduis, soutiens, nos bras vengeurs, Liberte, liberte cherie, Combats avec tes defenseurs!

The coach progressed more swiftly, the snow being harder now; and all the way to Dieppe, during the long, dreary hours of the journey, first in the gathering dusk, then in the thick darkness, raising his voice above the rumbling of the vehicle, Cornudet continued with fierce obstinacy his vengeful and monotonous whistling, forcing his weary and exasperated-hearers to follow the song from end to end, to recall every word of every line, as each was repeated over and over again with untiring persistency.

And Boule de Suif still wept, and sometimes a sob she could not restrain was heard in the darkness between two verses of the song.

This work was published before January 1, 1924, and is in the public domain worldwide because the author died at least 100 years ago.

LE PAPE EST MORT

ALPHONSE DAUDET

J'ai passé mon enfance dans une grande ville de province
coupée en deux par une rivière très-encombrée, très-remuante,
où j'ai pris de bonne heure le goût des voyages
et la passion de la vie sur l'eau. Il y a surtout un coin de
[5] quai, près d'une certaine passerelle Saint-Vincent, auquel
je ne pense jamais, même aujourd'hui, sans émotion.
Je revois l'écriteau cloué au bout d'une vergue: Cornet,
bateaux de louage, le petit escalier qui s'enfonçait dans
l'eau, tout glissant et noirci de mouillure, la flottille de
[10] petits canots fraîchement peints de couleurs vives s'alignant
au bas de l'échelle, se balançant doucement bord à
bord, comme allégés par les jolis noms qu'ils portaient à
leur arrière en lettres blanches: l'Oiseau-Mouche,
l'Hirondelle.

[15] Puis, parmi les longs avirons reluisants de céruse qui
étaient en train de sécher contre le talus, le père Cornet

s'en allant avec son seau à peinture, ses grands pinceaux, sa figure tannée, crevassée, ridée de mille petites fossettes comme la rivière un soir de vent frais... Oh! ce père
[20] Cornet. C'a été le satan de mon enfance, ma passion douloureuse, mon péché, mon remords. M'en a-t-il fait commettre des crimes avec ses canots! Je manquais l'école, je vendais mes livres. Qu'est-ce que je n'aurais pas vendu pour une après-midi de canotage!

[25] Tous mes cahiers de classe au fond du bateau, la veste à bas, le chapeau en arrière, et dans les cheveux le bon coup d'éventail de la brise d'eau, je tirais ferme sur mes rames, en fronçant les sourcils pour bien me donner la

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tournure d'un vieux loup de mer. Tant que j'étais en ville, je tenais le milieu de la rivière, à égale distance des deux rives, où le vieux loup de mer aurait pu être reconnu. Quel triomphe de me mêler à ce grand mouvement de
[5] barques, de radeaux, de trains de bois, de mouches à vapeur qui se côtoyaient, s'évitaient, séparés seulement par un mince liséré d'écume! Il y avait de lourds bateaux qui tournaient pour prendre le courant, et cela en déplaçait une foule d'autres.

[10] Tout à coup les roues d'un vapeur battaient l'eau près de moi; ou bien une ombre lourde m'arrivait dessus, c'était l'avant d'un bateau de pommes.

«Gare donc, moucheron!» me criait une voix enrouée; et je suais, je me débattais, empêtré dans le va-et-vient
[15] de cette vie du fleuve que la vie de la rue traversait incessamment par tous ces ponts, toutes ces passerelles qui mettaient des reflets d'omnibus sous la coupe des avirons. Et le courant si dur à la pointe des arches, et les remous, les tourbillons, le fameux trou de la Mort-gui-trompe!
[20] Pensez que ce n'était pas une petite affaire de se guider là-dedans avec des bras de douze ans et personne pour tenir la barre.

Quelquefois j'avais la chance de rencontrer la chaîne. Vite je m'accrochais tout au bout de ces longs trains de
[25] bateaux qu'elle remorquait, et, les rames immobiles, étendues comme des ailes qui planent, je me laissais aller à cette vitesse silencieuse qui coupait la rivière en longs rubans d'écume et faisait filer des deux côtés les arbres, les maisons du quai. Devant moi, loin, bien loin, j'entendais
[30] le battement monotone de l'hélice, un chien qui

aboyait sur un des bateaux de la remorque, où montait
d'une cheminée basse un petit filet de fumée; et tout cela

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me donnait l'illusion d'un grand voyage, de la vraie vie
de bord.

Malheureusement, ces rencontres de la chaîne étaient
rares. Le plus souvent il fallait ramer et ramer aux heures
[5] de soleil. Oh! les pleins midis tombant d'aplomb sur la
rivière, il me semble qu'ils me brillent encore. Tout
flambait, tout miroitait. Dans cette atmosphère aveuglante
et sonore qui flotte au-dessus des vagues et vibre à
tous leurs mouvements, les courts plongeurs de mes rames,
[10] les cordes des haleurs soulevées de l'eau toutes ruisselantes
faisaient passer des lumières vives d'argent poli.
Et je ramais en fermant les yeux. Par moments, à la
vigueur de mes efforts, à l'élan de l'eau sous ma barque,
je me figurais que j'allais très-vite; mais en relevant la
[15] tête, je voyais toujours le même arbre, le même mur en
face de moi sur la rive.

Enfin, à force de fatigues, tout moite et rouge de chaleur,
je parvenais à sortir de la ville. Le vacarme des bains
froids, des bateaux de blanchisseuses, des pontons
[20] d'embarquement diminuait. Les ponts s'espaçaient sur la
rive élargie. Quelques jardins de faubourg, une cheminée
d'usine, s'y reflétaient de loin en loin. A l'horizon
tremblaient des îles vertes. Alors, n'en pouvant plus, je venais
me ranger contre la rive, au milieu des roseaux tout
[25] bourdonnants; et là, abasourdi par le soleil, la fatigue,
cette chaleur lourde qui montait de l'eau étoilée de larges
fleurs jaunes, le vieux loup de mer se mettait à saigner du
nez pendant des heures. Jamais mes voyages n'avaient
un autre dénouement. Mais que voulez-vous? Je trouvais
[30] cela délicieux.

Le terrible, par exemple, c'était le retour, la rentrée.
J'avais beau revenir à toutes rames, j'arrivais toujours

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trop tard, longtemps après la sortie des classes. L'impression
du jour qui tombe, les premiers becs de gaz dans
le brouillard, la retraite, tout augmentait mes transes,
mon remords. Les gens qui passaient, rentrant chez eux
[5] bien tranquilles, me faisaient envie; et je courais la tête
lourde, pleine de soleil et d'eau, avec des ronflements de

coquillages au fond des oreilles, et déjà sur la figure le rouge du mensonge que j'allais dire.

Car il en fallait un chaque fois pour faire tête à ce [10] terrible «d'où viens-tu?» qui m'attendait en travers de la porte. C'est cet interrogatoire de l'arrivée qui m'épouvantait le plus. Je devais répondre là, sur le palier, au pied levé, avoir toujours une histoire prête, quelque chose à dire, et de si étonnant, de si renversant, que la [15] surprise coupât court à toutes les questions. Cela me donnait le temps d'entrer, de reprendre haleine; et pour en arriver là, rien ne me coûtait. J'inventais des sinistres, des révolutions, des choses terribles, tout un côté de la ville qui brûlait, le pont du chemin de fer s'écroulant dans la [20] rivière. Mais ce que je trouvai encore de plus fort, le voici:

Ce soir-là, j'arrivai très en retard. Ma mère, qui m'attendait depuis une grande heure, guettait, debout, en haut de l'escalier.

«D'où viens-tu?» me cria-t-elle.

[25] Dites-moi ce qu'il peut tenir de diableries dans une tête d'enfant. Je n'avais rien trouvé, rien préparé. J'étais venu trop vite... Tout à coup il me passa une idée folle. Je savais la chère femme très-pieuse, catholique enragée comme une Romaine, et je lui répondis dans tout [30] l'essoufflement d'une grande émotion:

«O maman... Si vous saviez!...

--Quoi donc?...Qu'est-ce qu'il y a encore?...

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--Le pape est mort.

--Le pape est mort!...» fit la pauvre mère, et elle s'appuya toute pâle contre la muraille. Je passai vite dans ma chambre, un peu effrayé de mon succès et de [5]l'énormité du mensonge; pourtant, j'eus le courage de le soutenir jusqu'au bout. Je me souviens d'une soirée funèbre et douce; le père très-grave, la mère atterrée. ..On causait bas autour de la table. Moi, je baissais les yeux; mais mon escapade s'était si bien perdue dans la désolation [10] générale que personne n'y pensait plus.

Chacun citait à l'envi quelque trait de vertu de ce pauvre Pie IX; puis, peu à peu, la conversation s'égarait à

travers l'histoire des papes. Tante Rose parla de Pie VII, qu'elle se souvenait très-bien d'avoir vu passer dans le [15] Midi, au fond d'une chaise de poste, entre des gendarmes. On rappela la fameuse scène avec l'empereur: Comediantes! ...tragediantes!... C'était bien la centième fois que je l'entendais raconter, cette terrible scène, toujours avec les mêmes intonations, les mêmes gestes, et ce stéréotypé [20] des traditions de famille qu'on se lègue et qui restent là, puériles et locales, comme des histoires de couvent.

C'est égal, jamais elle ne m'avait paru si intéressante.

Je l'écoutais avec des soupirs hypocrites, des questions, un air de faux intérêt, et tout le temps je me disais:

[25] «Demain matin, en apprenant que le pape n'est pas mort, ils seront si contents que personne n'aura le courage de me gronder.»

Tout en pensant à cela, mes yeux se fermaient malgré moi, et j'avais des visions de petits bateaux peints en [30] bleu, avec des coins de Saône alourdis par la chaleur, et de grandes pattes d'argyronètes courant dans tous les sens et rayant l'eau vitreuse, comme des pointes de diamant.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Contes Français*, by Douglas Labaree Buffum

Décembre 1842.

Vous saurez que j'ai été très-malade depuis que nous ne nous sommes vus. J'ai eu tous les chats du monde dans la gorge, tous les feux de l'enfer dans la poitrine et j'ai passé quelques jours dans mon lit à méditer sur les choses de ce monde. J'ai trouvé que j'étais sur la pente d'une montagne dont j'avais à peine, avec beaucoup de fatigue et peu d'amusement, dépassé le sommet, que cette pente était bien roide et bien ennuyeuse à dégringoler, et qu'il serait assez avantageux de rencontrer un trou avant d'arriver au bas. Le seul motif de consolation que j'aie découvert le long de cette pente, c'est un peu de soleil bien loin, quelques mois passés en Italie, en Espagne ou en Grèce à oublier le monde entier, le présent et surtout l'avenir. Tout cela n'était pas gai; mais l'on m'a apporté quatre volumes du docteur Strauss, la Vie de Jésus. On appelle cela de l'exégèse en Allemagne; c'est un mot tout grec qu'ils ont trouvé pour dire discussion sur la pointe d'une aiguille; mais c'est fort amusant. J'ai remarqué que plus une chose est dépourvue d'une conclusion utile, plus elle est amusante. Ne pensez-vous pas un peu de la sorte, señora caprichosa?...

XXXVI

Mardi soir. Décembre 1842.

Ce n'est plus du Jean-Paul, c'est du français, et du français du temps de Louis XV. Belle argumentation, toute fondée sur l'intérêt. Il y a des gens qui achètent un meuble dont la couleur leur plaisait; comme ils

ont peur de le gêner, ils y mettent des housses de toile qu'ils n'ôteront que lorsque le meuble sera usé. Dans tout ce que vous dites et tout ce que vous faites, vous substituez toujours à un sentiment réel un convenu. C'est peut-être une convenance. La question est de savoir ce que c'est pour vous auprès d'autre chose qu'il serait presque bête et ridicule de lui comparer dans ma manière de voir. Vous savez que, bien que je n'aie pas beaucoup d'admiration pour les mauvais raisonnements, je respecte les convictions, même celles qui me paraissent les plus absurdes. Il y a en vous beaucoup d'idées saugrenues, pardonnez-moi le mot, que je me reprocherais de chercher à vous ôter, puisque vous y tenez et parce que vous n'avez rien à mettre en place. Mais nous rêvons. N'y a-t-il pas l'appareil de cal y canto qui nous réveille sans cesse? Devons-nous chercher encore à fermer la crevasse par laquelle nous voyons des choses de féerie? Que craignez-vous? Il y a dans votre lettre d'aujourd'hui, au milieu d'un tas de duretés et de sombres pensées bien froides, quelque chose qui est vrai. «Je crois que je ne vous ai jamais tant aimé qu'hier.» Vous auriez pu ajouter: «Je vous aime moins aujourd'hui.» Je suis sûre que, si vous étiez aujourd'hui telle que vous étiez hier, vous auriez eu les remords que je vous prédisais et qui ne vous tourmentent guère, à ce qu'il me semble. Mes remords à moi sont d'un autre genre.

Je me repens souvent d'être trop loyal dans mon métier de statue. Vous me donniez votre âme hier, j'aurais voulu vous donner la mienne; mais vous ne voulez pas. Toujours la housse de toile! Voilà un sujet sur lequel vous me feriez vous dire toutes les injures possibles; et pourtant jamais je n'en ai eu moins d'envie avant d'avoir reçu votre lettre. Après tout, je suis comme vous: les bons souvenirs me font oublier les mauvais. À propos, voyez quelle tendresse! vous me gardez une surprise pour mon départ. Croyez-vous que je sois bien impatient? Hier, en revenant de dîner en ville, je me suis aperçu que je savais par cœur le discours de Temessa que vous aviez admiré; et, comme j'étais un peu rêveur, je l'ai traduit en vers; en vers anglais s'entend, car j'abhorre les vers français. Je vous les destinais, mais vous ne les aurez pas. D'ailleurs, je me suis aperçu qu'il y avait une horrible faute de quantité dans le mot Ajax. C'est Ajax qu'il faut, n'est-ce pas?

Quand vous verrai-je, pour vous dire ce que vous ne me dites jamais? Vous voyez que nous commandons au temps. Il se transforme pour nous. Entre deux tempêtes, nous avons toujours un jour d'alcyon. Dites-moi seulement deux jours, car je suis à l'attache maintenant.

XXXVII

Paris, 3 janvier 1813.

À la bonne heure, voilà ce qui s'appelle parler. Vous êtes si aimable quand vous le voulez! pourquoi donc vous faites-vous souvent si mauvaise? Non, bien entendu, les remerciements par écrit ne valent rien, et toute la diplomatie que j'ai mise à vous procurer les lettres de recommandation si chaleureuses pour votre frère mérite que vous me disiez quelque chose d'aimable. Je vous pardonnerai de très-grand cœur tout ce que vous me dites de moqueur au sujet des ballons et de l'Académie, à laquelle je pense bien moins que vous ne dites. Si je suis jamais académicien, je ne serai pas plus dur qu'un rocher. Peut-être serai-je alors un peu racorni et momifié, mais assez bon diable au fond. Pour la Persiani, je n'ai pas d'autre moyen d'en faire mon David que d'aller l'entendre tous les jeudis. Quant à mademoiselle Rachel, je n'ai pas la faculté de jouir des vers aussi souvent que de la musique; et elle—Rachel, non la musique—me remet en mémoire que je vous ai promis une histoire. Vous la conterai-je ici, ou vous la garderai-je pour quand je vous verrai? Je vais vous l'écrire, j'aurai sans doute autre chose à vous dire. Donc, j'ai dîné, il y a une douzaine de jours, avec elle, chez un académicien. C'était pour lui présenter Béranger. Il y avait là quantité de grands hommes. Elle vint tard, et son entrée me déplut. Les hommes lui dirent tant de bêtises et les femmes en firent tant, en la voyant, que je restai dans mon coin. D'ailleurs, il y avait un an que je ne lui avais parlé. Après le dîner, Béranger, avec sa bonne foi et son bon sens ordinaires, lui dit quelle avait tort de gaspiller son talent dans les salons, qu'il n'y avait pour elle qu'un

véritable public, celui du Théâtre-Français, etc. Mademoiselle Rachel parut approuver beaucoup la morale, et, pour montrer qu'elle en avait profité, joua le premier acte d'Esther. Il fallait quelqu'un pour lui donner la réplique et elle me fit apporter un Racine en cérémonie par un académicien qui faisait les fonctions de sigisbée. Moi, je répondis brutalement que je n'entendais rien aux vers et qu'il y avait dans le salon des gens qui, étant dans cette partie-là, les scanderaient bien mieux. Hugo s'excusa sur ses yeux, un autre sur autre chose. Le maître de la maison s'exécuta. Représentez-vous Rachel en noir, entre un piano et une table à thé, une porte derrière elle et se composant une figure théâtrale. Ce changement à vue a été fort amusant et très-beau; cela a duré environ deux minutes, puis elle commença:

Est-ce toi, chère Élise?...

La confidente, au milieu de sa réplique, laisse tomber ses lunettes et son livre; dix minutes se passent avant qu'elle ait retrouvé sa page et ses yeux. L'auditoire voit qu'Esther enrage quelque peu. Elle continue. La porte s'ouvre derrière: c'est un domestique qui entre. On lui fait signe de se retirer. Il s'enfuit et ne peut parvenir à fermer la porte. La porte susdite, ébranlée, oscillait, accompagnant Rachel d'un mélodieux cric crac très-divertissant. Comme cela ne finissait pas, mademoiselle Rachel porta la main sur son cœur et se trouva mal, mais en personne habituée à mourir sur la scène, donnant au monde le temps d'arriver à l'aide. Pendant l'intermède, Hugo et M. Thiers se prirent de bec au sujet de Racine. Hugo disait que Racine était un petit esprit et Corneille un grand. «Vous dites cela, répondit Thiers, parce que vous êtes un grand esprit; vous êtes le Corneille (Hugo prenait des airs de tête très-modestes) d'une époque dont le Racine est Casimir Delavigne.» Je vous laisse à penser si la modestie était de mise. Cependant, l'évanouissement passe et l'acte s'achève, mais fiascheggiando. Quelqu'un qui connaît bien mademoiselle Rachel dit en sortant: «Comme elle a dû jurer ce soir, en s'en allant!» Le mot m'a donné à penser. Voilà mon histoire; ne me compromettez pas auprès des académiciens, c'est tout ce que je vous demande.

Dimanche, je ne vous ai reconnue que lorsque j'étais tout près de vous. Mon premier mouvement a été d'aller vers vous; mais, en vous voyant très-accompagnée, j'ai passé mon chemin. J'ai bien fait, je pense. Il me semble que je vous ai connu les joues pâles, d'où j'ai conclu qu'elles étaient roses par la solennité de ce jour.

Bonsoir ou plutôt bonjour. Lundi ou plutôt mardi. Il est trois heures du matin.

XXXVIII

Jeudi, janvier 1843.

Profitions du beau temps dès aujourd'hui.

One homme n'eut les dieux tant à la main,
Qu'asseuré fut de vivre au lendemain.

Donc, où vous dites «à deux heures, demain jeudi», je dis «aujourd'hui», car il est une heure du matin. Les étoiles brillent, et, en revenant tout à l'heure du raout ministériel, j'ai trouvé le pavé aussi tolérable que la dernière fois. Mettez cependant vos bottes de sept lieues, c'est le plus sûr. Si, par extraordinaire, vous étiez sortie quand cette lettre vous arrivera, je vous attendrai jusqu'à deux heures et demie; puis samedi, si vous ne pouvez aujourd'hui. A une autre que vous, je dirais autre chose. Je voulais vous écrire aujourd'hui, mais je me suis arrêté en pensant à ma promesse. J'ai mal fait. Vous auriez dû me dire votre heure et votre jour; cela nous eût épargné l'inconvénient de nous manquer. J'espère qu'il n'en sera rien. Je suppose surtout que vous avez réellement envie de faire cette promenade, car votre lettre est plus froide que les précédentes. Il y a dans votre manière un équilibre admirable. Vous ne voulez

jamais que je sois parfaitement content, et vous prenez d'avance vos mesures pour me faire enrager. Cela vous sera peut-être plus difficile que vous ne pensez, car, bien que je sois malade depuis deux jours, je vois tout couleur de rose. Hier, j'ai dîné dans une maison où, entrant tard au milieu d'un cercle de femmes, j'ai cru d'abord vous reconnaître, et j'en suis devenu stupide pendant un quart d'heure. Je ne tournais pas les yeux vers cette personne qui vous ressemblait, et je réfléchissais fort mal, comme lorsqu'on est troublé, sur ce que je devais faire: vous reconnaître ou non.

Enfin, par un effort désespéré, je me suis avancé vers ladite femme, qui s'est trouvée être une Espagnole que j'ai cependant vue trois ou quatre fois. Il ne tient qu'à elle de croire che ha fatto colpo. Je vous envoie les Sketches de Dickens, qui m'ont amusé autrefois. Peut-être les avez-vous lues déjà, mais peu importe! Ainsi, à deux heures, aujourd'hui jeudi.

XXXIX

Paris, dimanche 16 janvier 1843.

Je vous remercie d'avoir pensé à me rassurer, mais je crains cette chaleur aux joues dont vous parlez si légèrement. Je regrette bien, je vous assure, d'avoir insisté tant pour vous procurer cette affreuse averse. Il m'arrive rarement de sacrifier les autres à moi-même, et, quand cela m'arrive, j'en ai tous les remords possibles. Enfin, vous n'êtes pas malade et vous n'êtes pas fâchée; c'est là le plus important. Il est bien qu'un petit malheur survienne de temps en temps pour en détourner de plus grands. Voilà la part du diable faite. Il me semble que nous étions tristes et sombres tous les deux; assez contents pourtant au fond du cœur. Il y a des gaietés intimes qu'on ne peut répandre au dehors. Je désire que vous ayez senti un peu de ce que j'ai senti moi-même. Je le croirai jusqu'à ce que vous me disiez le contraire. Vous me dites deux fois: «Au revoir!» C'est pour de bon, n'est-ce pas? Mais où et comment? J'ai été si malheureux dans ma dernière invention, que je suis tout à fait découragé. Je ne m'en lierai plus qu'à vos inspirations.

Je suis très-enrhumé ce soir, mais la pluie n'y est pour rien, je pense. J'ai passé toute la matinée à voir des talismans et des bagues chaldéennes, persanes, etc., dans une galerie sans feu, chez un antiquaire qui mourait de peur que je ne les lui volasse. Pour le tourmenter, je suis resté au froid plus longtemps que mon inclination ne m'y portait.

Bonsoir et au revoir bientôt. C'est à vous à commander maintenant. Ne fût-ce que pour m'assurer que cette pluie ne vous a pas enrhumée, découragée ni irritée, je voudrais bien vous voir.

XL

Dimanche soir, janvier 1843.

Pour moi, je n'étais pas trop fatigué, et cependant, en regardant sur la carte nos pérégrinations, je vois que nous aurions dû l'être tous les deux. C'est que le bonheur me donne des forces; à vous, il vous les ôte. Wer besser liebt? J'ai dîné en ville et je suis allé à un raout après. Je ne me suis endormi que très-tard, pensant à notre promenade.

Vous avez raison de dire que c'était un rêve. Mais n'est-ce pas un grand bonheur de pouvoir rêver quand on le veut bien? Puisque vous êtes dictatrice, c'est à vous de dire quand vous voudrez recommencer. Vous dites que nous n'avons pas eu de procédés l'un pour l'autre. Je ne comprends pas. Est-ce parce que je vous ai trop fait marcher? Mais comment pouvions-nous faire autrement? Moi, je suis très-content de vos procédés, et je les louerais davantage si je n'avais peur que les éloges ne vous rendissent moins aimable à l'avenir. Quant aux folies, n'y songez plus, c'est devenu une charte. Lorsque vous trouvez à

redire à quelque chose, demandez-vous si vous préféreriez really truly le contraire? J'aimerais que vous me répondissiez franchement à cette question. Mais la franchise n'est pas trop parmi vos qualités les plus apparentes. Vous vous êtes moquée de moi, et vous avez pris pour un mauvais compliment ce que je vous ai dit un jour de cette envie de dormir, ou plutôt de cette torpeur qu'on éprouve quelquefois lorsqu'on se sent trop heureux pour trouver des mots qui puissent exprimer ce que l'on éprouve. J'ai bien remarqué hier que vous étiez sous l'influence de ce sommeil-là, qui vaut bien toutes les veilles. J'aurais pu vous reprocher à mon tour vos reproches; mais j'étais trop content intérieurement pour troubler mon bonheur.

Adieu, chère amie; à bientôt, j'espère.

XLI

Mercredi soir, janvier 1843.

J'ai attendu toute la journée une lettre de vous. Je trouvais le pavé sec et le ciel tolérable. Mais il paraît qu'il vous faut maintenant un soleil comme celui de jeudi dernier. Je crois, en outre, que vous aviez besoin d'élaborer la lettre que j'ai reçue tout à l'heure. Elle contient des reproches et des menaces, le tout très-gracieusement arrangé comme vous savez faire. D'abord, je dois vous remercier de votre franchise, et j'y répondrai par une franchise égale. Pour commencer par les reproches, je trouve que vous faites une grosse affaire pour pas grand'chose. C'est en réfléchissant sur les faits et en les grossissant par vos réflexions que vous êtes parvenue à faire de ce que vous appelez vous-même des frivolités, a star chamber matter. Il n'y a qu'un point qui vaille la peine d'une explication. Vous me parlez de précédents, et vous avez l'air de croire que je travaille à établir des précédents avec la patience et le machiavélisme d'un vieux ministre. Ayez un peu de mémoire et vous verrez que rien n'est plus faux. S'il fallait argumenter d'après les précédents, j'aurais cité celui du salon de la rue Saint-Honoré la première fois que je vous revis; puis notre première visite au Louvre, qui faillit me coûter un œil. Tout cela vous paraissait assez simple alors; maintenant, c'est autre chose. Vous avez dû voir que je fais quelquefois ce qui me vient en tête, que j'y renonce dès que j'ai la conviction que cela vous déplaît, et que beaucoup plus souvent je me borne à penser au lieu de faire. En voilà assez sur les reproches et les précédents.

Quant aux menaces, croyez qu'elles me sont très-sensibles. Cependant, bien que je les craigne fort, je ne puis m'empêcher de vous dire encore tout ce que je pense. Rien ne me serait plus facile que de vous faire des promesses, mais je sens qu'il me serait impossible de les tenir. Contentez-vous donc de notre manière d'être passée, ou bien ne nous voyons plus. Je dois même vous dire que l'insistance et l'espèce d'acharnement que vous mettez à me contrarier pour ces frivolités me les rendent plus chères et m'y font attacher une importance nouvelle. C'est la seule preuve que vous puissiez me donner des sentiments que vous pouvez avoir pour moi. S'il faut vous voir pour résister aux tentations les plus innocentes, c'est un travail de saint qui dépasse mes forces. J'aurais sans doute beaucoup de plaisir à vous voir, mais la condition de me transformer en statue, comme ce roi des Mille et une Nuits, m'est insupportable.

Nous venons de nous expliquer très-clairement l'un et l'autre. Vous déciderez suivant votre sagesse si nous devons ajourner notre première promenade à quelques années ou au premier soleil. Vous voyez que je n'accepte pas le conseil d'hypocrisie que vous me donnez. Vous saviez d'avance que cela m'était impossible. La seule hypocrisie dont je sois capable, c'est de cacher aux gens que j'aime tout le mal qu'ils me font. Je puis soutenir cet effort quelque temps, mais toujours, non. Quand vous recevrez cette lettre, il y aura huit jours que nous ne nous serons vus. Si vous persistez dans vos menaces, écrivez-moi tout de suite. Ce sera de votre part une attention de bonté dont je vous saurai gré.

XLII

Janvier 1843.

Je ne m'étonne plus que vous ayez appris l'allemand si bien et si vite: c'est que vous possédez le génie de cette langue, car vous faites en français des phrases dignes de Jean-Paul; par exemple, lorsque vous dites: «Ma maladie est une impression de bonheur qui est presque une souffrance!» prosaïquement, j'espère que cela veut dire: «Je suis, guérie et je n'étais pas bien malade.» Vous avez raison de me gronder de n'avoir pas assez d'égards pour les malades; je me suis bien reproché de vous avoir fait marcher, de vous avoir permis de vous asseoir longtemps à l'ombre. Quant au reste, je n'ai pas de remords, ni vous non plus, j'espère. Moi, je n'ai pas de souvenirs distincts, contre mon habitude. Je suis comme un chat qui se lèche longtemps la moustache quand il a bu du lait. Convenez que le repas dont vous parlez quelquefois avec admiration, que le kêf même, qui est supérieur à ce qu'il y a de mieux en ce genre, n'est rien en comparaison du bonheur «qui est presque une souffrance». Il n'y a rien de pire que la vie d'une huître, voire même d'une huître qui n'est jamais mangée. Vous prétendez me gâter, vous avez été tellement gâtée vous-même, que vous vous entendez mal à gâter les autres. Votre triomphe, c'est de les faire enrager; mais, en fait de compliments, vous m'en devriez, je pense, pour la magnanimité dont j'ai fait preuve en me laissant rassurer par vous. Je m'admire moi-même. Ainsi, au lieu de votre sermon, dites-moi quelque chose de terrible à cette occasion, ou plutôt dites-moi toutes ces folies couleur de rose que vous dites si bien. Vous m'avez fait recommencer mon voyage en Asie mieux que je ne l'ai fait. La machine plus rapide que le chemin de fer est toute trouvée, nous la portons tous les deux dans nos têtes. J'ai pris le «hint», et, depuis que j'ai reçu votre lettre, je suis allé avec vous à Tyr et à Éphèse; nous avons grimpé ensemble dans la belle grotte d'Éphèse. Nous nous sommes assis sur de vieux sarcophages et nous nous sommes dit toute sorte de choses. Nous nous sommes querellés et raccommodés; tout a été comme dans cette prairie l'autre jour. Seulement, il n'y avait pour nous voir que de grands lézards très-inoffensifs quoique forts laids. Je ne puis pas même, in the mind's eye, vous voir aussi tendre que je voudrais; même à Éphèse, je vous vois un peu boudeuse et abusant de ma patience.

Vous me parliez l'autre jour de surprise que vous me feriez; franchement, comment voulez-vous que j'y croie? Tout ce que vous pouvez faire c'est de céder quand vous êtes à bout de mauvaises raisons. Mais comment inventerez-vous de vous-même de donner, quand vous avez le génie du refus? Je suis bien sûr, par exemple, que vous n'imaginerez jamais de me proposer un jour pour nous promener. Voulez-vous lundi ou mardi? Le ciel me donne des inquiétudes; cependant, je compte sur votre bon démon, comme disaient les Grecs. À ce propos, je veux vous apporter un passage d'une tragédie grecque que je vous traduirai littéralement, et vous m'en direz votre avis. Je crois que la comédie espagnole est restée quelque part, entre l'endroit de la Tamise où nous avons débarqué et celui où nous nous sommes embarqués. Je vous en apporterai une autre. Mais, comme je tiens à ce que vous lisiez l'histoire du comte de Villa-Mediana, je vous chercherai le petit poème du duc de Biron. Adieu; n'ayez pas de secondes pensées et donnez-moi une place dans les premières. Vous savez pour moi quelles sont les unes et les autres. Faites-moi penser à vous conter une histoire de somnambule que je voulais vous dire l'autre jour.

XLIII

Paris, 21 janvier 1843.

Vous êtes bien aimable et je vous remercie de votre première lettre, qui m'a fait encore plus de plaisir que la seconde, laquelle sent un peu les seconds mouvements. Elle a du bon cependant. Mais écrivez donc plus lisiblement l'allemand. J'ai bien besoin des commentaires que vous m'offrez, commentaires

verbaux s'entend, ce sont les meilleurs. D'abord, j'ai lu heilige Empfindung, puis je crois qu'il faut lire selige. Mais il y a deux sens. Est-ce sentiment de bonheur ou sentiment passé, mort; feu sentiment? Si je vous avais vue écrivant, j'aurais probablement deviné à votre expression ce que vous vouliez dire. Double coquetterie de votre part, coquetterie d'écriture, coquetterie d'obscurité. Hélas! vous me croyez plus savant que je ne suis en matière de toilette. J'ai cependant mes idées très-arrêtées sur ce point; je vous les soumettrai, si bon vous semble; mais je ne comprends pas la plupart des belles choses qu'il faut admirer, à moins qu'on ne me les démontre; vous m'expliquerez et je comprendrai tout de suite, je vous assure. Mais quand et comment? ces deux questions me préoccupent autant que votre pourquoi et pour qui! N'avez-vous pas regretté un peu les beaux jours passés au soleil de printemps? Aucun danger pour les merveilles de bottines! Si vous me dites que vous y avez pensé et que vous y pensez, vous me ferez prendre patience; mais il faudra plus que penser, il faudra résoudre. Je n'ai nulle envie de vous rappeler vos promesses; car j'espère que vous ajouterez à votre bonne foi à les remplir de bonne grâce, de ne pas les faire trop attendre. J'ai été tellement consterné par cette averse et ce qui s'ensuit, que je suis devenu tout confit en douceur et en abnégation de moi-même. J'ai maintenant assez de confiance en vous pour croire que vous ne vous en prévaudrez pas pour devenir tyrannique. Vous y avez, je crains, de grandes dispositions; ç'a été mon défaut autrefois: je dis la tyrannie, mais j'en suis corrigé, je m'en flatte. Adieu donc, dearest! Pensez donc un peu à moi.

XLIV

27 janvier 1843.

Voici ce qui m'est arrivé. J'étais très-souffrant ce matin, et j'ai été obligé de sortir pour affaires de mon commerce; je suis rentré vers cinq heures assez furieux, et je me suis endormi devant mon feu en fumant un cigare et en lisant le docteur Strauss. Or, il me semblait que j'étais dans le même fauteuil, mais lisant éveillé, lorsque vous êtes entrée et m'avez dit: «N'est-ce pas que c'est la manière la plus simple de nous voir?—Pas trop bonne,» disais-je, car il me semblait qu'il y avait deux ou trois personnes dans la chambre. Cependant, nous causions comme si de rien n'était; sur quoi, je me suis éveillé, et j'ai trouvé qu'on m'apportait une lettre de vous. Voyez comme il fait bon dormir! Je ne crois pas vous avoir écrit rien de méchant, et, par conséquent, je n'ai pas de pardon à vous demander. Ce serait plutôt à vous de le faire, et vous le faites avec si peu de contrition et tant d'ironie, que je vois bien que vous avez perdu cette vénération dont autrefois vous m'honoriez. Je ne puis rester cependant en colère contre vous, malgré mes résolutions, et je me résigne à être encore votre victime; mais n'abusez pas de ma magnanimité. Cela ne serait ni beau ni généreux. Vous parlez de soleil et vous m'y renvoyez, c'est presque comme aux kalendes grecques; probablement nous en aurons des nouvelles au mois de juin; mais faut-il attendre jusque-là? Il est vrai que vous êtes escarmentada du temps nébuleux. Mais, en prenant nos précautions, ne pourrions-nous pas profiter du premier temps tolérable? Je ne voudrais pas que vous vous enrhumassiez à mon occasion. Mettez vos bottes de sept lieues. Vous voir n'importe en quel costume, c'est ce qui me fera toujours assez de plaisir. Quel est ce mal de côté dont vous parlez si légèrement? Savez-vous que les fluxions de poitrine commencent ainsi? Vous serez allée au bal et vous aurez eu froid en sortant. Rassurez-moi bien vite, je vous prie. J'aimerais mieux vous savoir cross que malade. Si vous vous portez tout à fait bien, si vous êtes en belle humeur, et qu'il fasse tant soit peu beau samedi, pourquoi ne ferions-nous pas cette promenade? Nous pourrions nous faire mener quelque part, loin des hommes, et marcher ensemble en causant. Si vous ne pouvez ou ne voulez samedi, je ne me fâcherai pas; mais tâchez au moins que ce soit bientôt. Quand je vous demande quelque chose, vous ne le faites qu'après m'avoir fait enrager pendant si longtemps, que vous m'empêchez d'avoir autant de reconnaissance que je devrais peut-être; et vous, en outre, vous vous ôtez tout le mérite que vous auriez en étant promptement généreuse. Causer ensemble, et, ce qui nous est arrivé quelquefois, penser ensemble, est-ce donc un plaisir dont vous vous lassiez si vite? Il est vrai qu'on ne répond que pour soi, mais chacune de nos promenades a été pour moi plus heureuse que la précédente, par les souvenirs

qu'elle m'a laissés. J'en excepte la dernière, et celle-là, je voudrais l'effacer au plus vite, pour la remplacer par une autre où vous ne couriez pas le risque d'être malade. Ainsi la paix est faite; j'attends vos ordres pour les ratifications jeudi soir.

XLV

Paris, 3 février 1843.

Ce beau temps ne vous fait-il donc pas penser à Versailles, et, par conséquent, ne vous donne-t-il pas envie de rire? Si vous aviez un peu de logique, vous n'auriez point ri. En effet, vous n'ignorez pas que Versailles est le chef-lieu du département de Seine-et-Oise, qu'il y a des autorités chargées de protéger le faible et qu'on y parle français. En un tel pays, vous seriez aussi en sûreté qu'à Paris. De plus, le but que vous vous proposez, c'est de vous promener sans rencontrer des badauds de votre connaissance. À Versailles, un jour que le musée n'est pas ouvert, vous êtes sûre de ne trouver personne. Je ne parle ni de l'air ni de la beauté des lieux, qui ont leur mérite et qui influent toujours sur la nature des idées. Je suis persuadé, par exemple, qu'à Versailles, vous n'auriez point eu cette colère rentrée de l'autre jour; je vous en crois parfaitement guérie, car la fin de votre lettre m'a paru de votre bon génie. Le commencement sentait un peu votre diable. Je vous écris en hâte. Je suis accablé de commissions et je vais bien m'ennuyer. Pensez un peu à moi, et ne vous fâchez pas. Ne riez pas trop en y pensant.

XLVI

Paris, 7 février 1843.

Veuillez me permettre un calcul très-simple, et tout sera dit sur Versailles. C'est donc très-difficile, une promenade d'une heure dans un si beau jardin? Or, ce jour de grand brouillard, n'avons-nous pas passé deux heures au musée ensemble? J'ai dit.

Vous me faites rire avec les commissions qu'on me donne, à ce que vous supposez. Bien que celles-ci ne me manquent pas, les commissions dont je vous parlais sont des réunions où plusieurs personnes ne font pas la besogne que ferait un seul beaucoup mieux. Ne croyez pas être la seule qui fasse des commissions. J'ai couru tout Paris pour acheter des robes et des chapeaux, et, mercredi, j'ai rendez-vous pour commander un costume de bergère rococo. Tout cela pour les deux filles de madame de M ***. Conseillez-moi. Quel costume doivent-elles avoir pour un bal travesti? Une Écossaise et une Cracovienne sont en route. J'ai une bergère; il me faut encore un autre déguisement. Voici le signalement: l'ainée est brune, pâle, un peu moins grande que vous, très-jolie, expression gaie. L'autre est très-grande, très-blanche, prodigieusement belle, avec les cheveux qu'aimait le Titien. J'en voudrais faire une bergère avec de la poudre. Conseillez-moi pour l'autre.

Je me demande pourquoi vous me semblez si embellie, et je ne puis trouver de réponse satisfaisante. Est-ce parce que vous avez l'air moins effarouché? Cependant, la dernière fois, vous me faisiez penser à un oiseau qu'on vient de mettre en cage. Vous m'avez vu trois mines, je ne vous en connais que deux. L'effarouchement est une sorte de dépit radieux que je n'ai vu qu'à vous.

Vous m'accusez à tort d'être mondain; depuis quinze jours, je ne suis sorti qu'une fois le soir pour faire une visite à mon ministre. J'ai trouvé toutes les femmes en deuil, plusieurs avec des mantilles; non, des barbes noires qui les font ressembler à des Espagnoles; cela m'a paru fort joli. Je suis d'une tristesse et d'une maussaderie étranges. Je voudrais bien vous chercher querelle, mais je ne sais sur quoi. Vous devriez m'écrire des choses très-aimables et très-senties, je tâcherais de me figurer votre mine en les écrivant, et cela me consolerait.

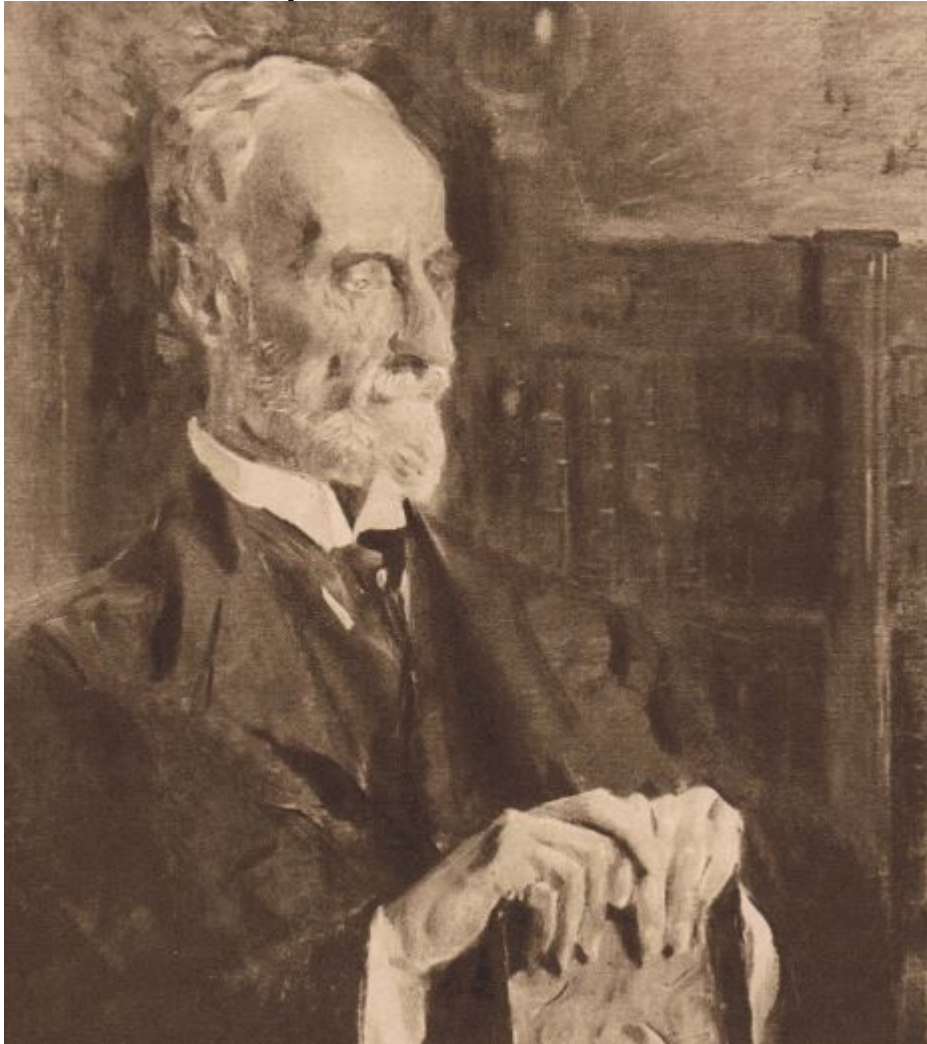
Mon roman vous amuse-t-il? Lisez la fin du deuxième volume: M. Yellowplush.—C'est une assez bonne charge, à ce qu'il me semble. Adieu, écrivez-moi bientôt.

Je rouvre ma lettre pour vous prier de remarquer que le temps a l'air de se rasséréner.

Project Gutenberg's Lettres à une inconnue, Tome Premier, by Prosper Mérimée

LORD HALIFAX

Men I Have Painted by John McLure Hamilton



AT the time of the debate in the House of Lords on the third reading of the Divorce Bill, I was very much interested in the argument of Lord Halifax against the passage of the Bill, and of his final earnest and pathetic appeal to their lordships' House to refuse to give sanction to a measure that was intended to increase the facilities for the commission of what is held to be a sacrilege on any ground but one. "This is probably the last time," said the octogenarian peer, "that I shall ever address your lordships," and, like Chatham when protesting against the separation of the colonies from the Crown, Lord Halifax succumbed to age and weakness, and was carried from the House in an exhausted state.

I did not then think that a few months afterwards my ever-thoughtful friend, Mrs. Drew, would suggest to Lord Halifax that, during his convalescence from an operation for cataract, he might have his portrait painted by me.

When Mrs. Drew told me that I should be expected with my brushes and paints on a certain day, I expressed my pleasure at having the opportunity of meeting such a champion of the sanctity of marriage. My sympathy had always gone out to Josephine because Napoleon had divorced her on such shallow grounds. Had he adopted an heir, as the Roman emperors were not seldom accustomed to do, he very possibly might have saved the Empress from the most humiliating suffering a woman can undergo. When Napoleon took Marie-Louise of Austria to wife, one cannot escape from the thought that he, like Cæsar, allowed social distinction to flower in the field of his amours.

Lord Halifax is a many-sided man of great charm. He was chosen at Oxford, with Mr. W. H. Gladstone, to accompany the Prince of Wales on his first tour of the Continent, in 1857.

Religion is his overmastering passion. As President of the English Church Union, his lifelong passionate desire is the union of the three branches of the Catholic Church—Roman, Anglican, and Greek. It is a significant fact in this age that a host of earnest men of various schools of thought, and from widely different points of view—from that of Lord Halifax and each other—are possessed with this passionate desire for the union of Christendom.

To while away the time as I painted, Mrs. Drew read to us from a character sketch she had written on a statesman of her own day. At Hawarden in 1870, a great friendship had sprung up between members of the Gladstone, Lyttelton, and Balfour families, then meeting for the first time. I gathered that this intimate and exclusive little group of friends was really the nucleus, from 1870 to 1880, of the much larger group of the 'eighties and 'nineties, eventually known as the "souls."

These séances were in every way delightful. The readings freed both the painter and the sitter from the obligation of talking to each other. The light was diffused evenly in a spacious and lofty room from an unusually wide and high window; each one was entertained without the cost of an effort.

There is no weak sentimentalism about the religion of Lord Halifax. He faces the facts of life boldly and fearlessly, and he separates, with an unerring instinct, right from wrong and good from bad.

TISH DOES HER BIT

More Tish by Mary Roberts Rinehart

America has just got involved in World War I. Letitia Carberry (Tish) has her hands full. While exhorting her fellow citizens to conscript, along with herself—even if the government thinks she is too old—she must also prevent, by hook or crook, her beloved nephew Charlie Sands from doing so. Not to mention preventing another shirker who clearly does not want to do his duty.

FROM the very beginning of the war Tish was determined to go to France. But she is a truthful woman, and her age kept her from being accepted. She refused, however, to believe that this was the reason, and blamed her rejection on Aggie and myself.

"Age fiddlesticks!" she said, knitting violently. "The plain truth is—and you might as well acknowledge it, Lizzie—that they would take me by myself quick enough, just to get the ambulance I've offered, if for no other reason. But they don't want three middle-aged women, and I don't know that I blame them."

That was during September, I think, and Tish had just received her third rejection. They were willing enough to take the ambulance, but they would not let Tish drive it. I am quite sure it was September, for I remember that Aggie was having hay fever at the time, and she fell to sneezing violently.

Tish put down her knitting and stared at Aggie fixedly until the paroxysm was over.

"Exactly," she observed, coldly. "Imagine me creeping out onto a battlefield to gather up the wounded, and Aggie crawling behind, going off like an alarm clock every time she met a clump of golden rod, or whatever they have in France to produce hay fever."

"I could stay in the ambulance, Tish," Aggie protested.

"I understand," Tish went on, in an inflexible tone, "that those German snipers have got so that they shoot by ear. One sneeze would probably be fatal. Not only that," she went on, turning to me, "but you know perfectly well, Lizzie, that a woman of your weight would be always stepping on brush and sounding like a night attack."

"Not at all," I replied, slightly ruffled. "And for a very good reason. I should not be there. As to my weight, Tish, my mother was always considered merely a fine figure of a woman, and I am just her size. It is only since this rage for skinny women——"

But Tish was not listening. She drew a deep sigh, and picked up her knitting again.

"We'd better not discuss it," she said. But in these days of efficiency it seems a mistake that a woman who can drive an ambulance and can't turn the heel of a stocking properly to save her life, should be knitting socks that any soldier with sense would use to clean his gun with, or to tie around a sore throat, but never to wear."

It was, I think, along in November that Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, came to see me. He had telephoned, and asked me to have Aggie there. So I called her up, and told her to buy some cigarettes on the way. I remember that she was very irritated when she arrived, although the very soul of gentleness usually.

She came in and slammed a small package onto my table.

"There!" she said. "And don't ever ask me to do such a thing again. The man in the shop winked at me when I said they were not for myself."

However, Aggie is never angry for any length of time, and a moment later she was remarking that Mr. Wiggins had always been a smoker, and that one of his workmen had blamed his fatal accident on the roof to smoke from his pipe getting into his eyes.

Shortly after that I was surprised to find her in tears.

"I was just thinking, Lizzie," she said. "What if Mr. Wiggins had lived, and we had had a son, and he had decided to go and fight!"

She then broke down and sobbed violently, and it was some time before I could calm her. Even then it was not the fact that she had no son which calmed her.

"Of course I'm silly, Lizzie," she said. "I'll stop now. Because of course they don't all get killed, or even wounded. He'd probably come out all right, and every one says the training is fine for them."

Charlie Sands came in shortly after, and having kissed us both and tried on a night shirt I was making for the Red Cross, and having found the cookie jar in the pantry and brought it into my sitting room, sat down and came to business.

"Now," he said. "What's she up to?"

He always referred to Tish as "she," to Aggie and myself.

"She has given up going to France," I replied.

"Perhaps! What does Hannah report?"

I am sorry to say that, fearing Tish's impulsive nature, we had felt obliged to have Hannah watch her carefully. Tish has a way of breaking out in unexpected places, like a boil, as Charlie Sands once observed, and by knowing her plans in advance we have sometimes prevented her acting in a rash manner. Sometimes, not always.

"Hannah says everything is quiet," Aggie said. "Dear Tish has apparently given up all thought of going abroad. At least, Hannah says she no longer practises first aid on her. Not since the time Tish gave her an alcohol bath and she caught cold. Hannah says she made her lie uncovered, with the window open, so the alcohol would evaporate. But she gave notice the next day, which was ungrateful of her, for Tish sat up all night feeding her things out of her First Aid case, and if she did give her a bit of iodine by mistake——"

"She is no longer interested in First Aid," I broke in. Aggie has a way of going on and on, and it was not necessary to mention the matter of the iodine. "I know that, because I blistered my hand over there the other day, and she merely told me to stick it in the baking soda jar."

"That's curious," said Charlie Sands. "Because—— Great Scott, what's wrong with these cigarettes?"

"They are violet-scented," Aggie explained. "The smell sticks so, and Lizzie is fond of violet."

However, he did not seem to care for them, and appeared positively ashamed. He opened a window, although it was cold outside, and shook himself in front of it like a dog. But all he said was:

"I am a meek person, Aunt Lizzie, and I like to humor whims when I can. But the next time you have a male visitor and offer him a cigarette, for the love of Mike don't tell him those brazen gilt-tipped incense things are mine."

He then ate nine cookies, and explained why he had come.

"I don't like the look of things, beloved and respected spinsters," he said. "I fear my revered aunt is again up to mischief. You haven't heard her say anything more about aeroplanes, have you?"

"No," I replied, for us both.

"Or submarines?"

"She's been taking swimming lessons again," I said, thoughtfully.

"Lizzie!" Aggie cried. "Oh, my poor Tish!"

"I think, however," said Charlie Sands, "that it is not a submarine. There are no submarine flivvers, as I understand it, and a full-size one would run into money. No, I hardly think so. The fact remains, however, that my respected and revered aunt has made away with about seven thousand dollars' worth of bonds that were, until a short time ago, giving semi-annual birth to plump little coupons. The question is, what is she up to?"

But we were unable to help him, and at last he went away. His parting words were:

"Well, there is something in the air, and the only thing to do, I suppose, is to wait until it drops. But when my beloved female relative takes to selling bonds without consulting me, and goes out, as I met her yesterday, with her hat on front side behind, there is something in the wind. I know the symptoms."

Aggie and I kept a close watch on Tish after that, but without result, unless the following incident may be called a result. Although it was rather a cause, after all, for it brought Mr. Culver into our lives.

I think it important to relate it in detail, as in a way it vindicates Tish in her treatment of Mr. Culver, although I do not mean by this statement that there was anything of personal malice in the incident of June fifth of this year. Those of us who know Tish best realize that she needs no defence. Her motives are always of the highest, although perhaps the matter of the police officer was ill-advised. But now that the story is out, and Mr. Ostermaier very uneasy about the wrong name being on the marriage license, I think an explanation will do dear Tish no harm.

I should explain, then, that Tish has retained the old homestead in the country, renting it to a reliable family. And that it has been our annual custom to go there for chestnuts each autumn. On the Sunday following Charlie Sands' visit, therefore, while Aggie and I were having dinner with Tish, I suggested that we make our annual pilgrimage the following day.

"What pilgrimage?" Tish demanded. She was at that time interested in seeing if a table could be set for thirty-five cents a day per person, and the meal was largely beans.

"For chestnuts," I explained.

"I don't think I'll go this year," Tish observed, not looking at either of us. "I'm not a young woman, and climbing a chestnut tree requires youth."

"You could get the farmer's boy," Aggie suggested, hopefully. Aggie is a creature of habit, and clings

hard to the past.

"The farmer is not there any more."

We stared at her in amazement, but she was helping herself to boiled dandelion at the time, and made no further explanation.

"Why, Tish!" Aggie exclaimed.

"Aggie," she observed, severely, "if you would only remember that the world is hungry, you would eat your crusts."

"I ate crusts for twenty years," said Aggie, "because I'd been raised to believe they would make my hair curl. But I've come to a time of life when my digestion means more to me than my looks. And since I've had the trouble with my teeth——"

"Teeth or no teeth," said Tish, firmly, "eating crusts is a patriotic duty, Aggie."

She was clearly disinclined to explain about the farm, but on being pressed said she had sent the tenants away because they kept pigs, which was absurd and she knew it.

"Isn't keeping pigs a patriotic duty?" Aggie demanded, glancing at me across the table. But Tish ignored the question.

"What about the church?" I asked.

Tish has always given the farm money to missions, and is therefore Honorary President of the Missionary Society. She did not reply immediately as she was pouring milk over her cornstarch at the time, but Hannah, her maid, spoke up rather bitterly.

"If we give the heathen what we save on the table, Miss Lizzie," she said, "I guess they'll do pretty well. I'm that fed up with beans that my digestion is all upset. I have to take baking soda after my meals, regular."

Tish looked up at her sharply.

"Entire armies fight on beans," she said.

"Yes'm," said Hannah. "I'd fight on 'em too. That's the way they make me feel. And if a German bayonet is any worse than the colic I get——"

"Leave the room," said Tish, in a furious voice, and finished her cornstarch in silence.

But she is a just woman, and although firm in her manner, she is naturally kind. After dinner, seeing that Aggie was genuinely disappointed about the excursion to the farm, she relented and observed that we would go to the farm as usual.

"After all," she said, "chestnuts are nourishing, and might take the place of potatoes in a pinch."

Here we heard a hollow groan from the pantry, but on Tish demanding its reason Hannah said, meekly enough, that she had knocked her crazy bone, and Tish, with her usual magnanimity, did not pursue the subject.

There was a heavy frost that night, and two days later Tish called me up and fixed the following day for the visit to the farm. On looking back, I am inclined to think that her usual enthusiasm was absent, but we suspected nothing. She said that Hannah would put up the luncheon, and that she had looked up the food value of chestnuts and that it was enormous. She particularly requested that Aggie should not bake a cake for the picnic, as has been her custom.

"Cakes," she said, "are a reckless extravagance. In butter, eggs and flour a single late layer cake could support three men at the front for two days, Lizzie," she said.

I repeated this to Aggie, and she was rather resentful. Aggie, I regret to say, has rather a weakness for good food.

"Humph!" she said, bitterly. "Very well, Lizzie. But if she expects me to go out like Balaam's ass and eat dandelions, I'd rather starve."

Neither Aggie nor I is inclined to be suspicious, and although we noticed Tish's rather abstracted expression that morning, we laid it to the fact that Charlie Sands had been talking about going to the American Ambulance in France, which Tish opposed violently, although she was more than anxious to go herself.

Aggie put in her knitting bag the bottle of blackberry cordial without which we rarely travel, as we find it excellent in case of chilling, or indigestion, and even to rub on hornet stings. I was placing the suitcase, in which it is our custom to carry the chestnuts, in the back of the car, when I spied a very small parcel. Aggie saw it too.

"If that's the lunch, Tish," she said, "I don't know that I care to go."

"You can eat chestnuts," said Tish, shortly. "But don't go on my account. It looks like rain anyhow, and the last time I went to the farm in the mud I skidded down a hill backwards and was only stopped by running into a cow that thought I was going the other way."

"Nonsense, Tish," I said. "It hasn't an idea of raining. And if the lunch isn't sufficient, there are generally some hens from the Knowles place that lay in your barn, aren't there?"

"Certainly not," she said stiffly, although it wasn't three months since she had threatened to charge the Knowleses rent for their chickens.

Well, I was puzzled. It is not like Tish to be irritable without reason, although she has undoubtedly a temper. She was most unpleasant on the way out, remarking that if the Ostermaiers's maid continued to pare away half the potatoes, as any fool could see around their garbage can, she thought the church should reduce his salary. She also stated flatly that she considered that the nation would be better off if some one would uncork a gas bomb in the Capitol at Washington, in spite of the fact that my second cousin, once removed, the Honorable J. C. Willoughby, represents his country in its legislative halls.

It is always a bad sign when Tish talks politics, especially since the income tax.

Although it had no significance for us at the time, she did not put her car in the barn as she usually does, but left it in the road. The house was closed, and there was no cool and refreshing buttermilk with which to wash down our frugal repast, which we ate on the porch, as Tish did not offer to unlock the house. Frugal repast it was indeed, consisting of lettuce sandwiches made without butter, as Tish considered that both butter and lettuce was an 'extravagance. There were, of course, also beans.

Now as it happens, Aggie is not strong and requires palatable as well as substantial food to enable her to get about, especially to climb trees. We missed her during the meal, and I saw that she was going toward the barn. Tish saw it also, and called to her sharply.

"I am going to get an egg," Aggie replied, with gentle obstinacy. "I am starving, Tish, and I am certain I heard a hen cackle. Probably one of the Knowles's chickens——"

"If it is a Knowles's chicken," Tish said, virtuously, "its egg is a Knowles's egg, and we have no right to it"

I am sorry to relate that here Aggie said: "Oh, rats!" but as she apologized immediately, and let the egg drop, figuratively, of course, peace again hovered over our little party. Only momentarily, however, for, a short time after, a hen undoubtedly cackled, and Aggie got up with an air of determination.

"Tish," she said, "that may be a Knowles's hen or it may be one belonging to this farm, I don't know, and I don't give a— I don't care. I'm going to get it."

"The barn's locked," said Tish.

"I could get in through a window."

I shall never forget Tish's look of scorn as she rose with dignity, and stalked toward the barn.

"I shall go myself, Aggie," she said, as she passed her. "You would probably fall in the rain barrel under the window. You're no climber. And you might as well eat those crusts you've hidden under the porch, if you're as hungry as you make out you are."

"Lizzie," Aggie hissed, when Tish was out of hearing, "what is in that barn?"

"It may be anything from a German spy to an aeroplane," I said. "But it's not your business or mine."

"You needn't be so dratted virtuous," Aggie observed, scooping a hole in the petunia bed and burying the crusts in it. "Whatever's on her mind is in that barn."

"Naturally," I observed. "While Tish is in it!"

Tish returned in a short time with one egg, which she placed on the porch floor without a word. But as she made no effort to give Aggie the house key, and as Aggie has never learned to swallow a raw egg, although I have heard that they taste rather like oysters, and slip down in much the same way, Aggie was obliged to continue hungry.

It is only just to record that Tish grew more companionable after luncheon, and got into a large chestnut

tree near the house by climbing on top of the hen house. We had always before had the farmer's boy to do the climbing into the upper branches, and I confess to a certain nervousness, especially as Tish, when far above the ground, decided to take off her dress skirt, which was her second best tailor-made, and climb around in her petticoats.

She had to have both hands free to unhook the band, and she very nearly overbalanced while stepping out of it

"Drat a woman's clothes, anyhow," she said. "If we had any sense we'd wear trousers."

"I understand," I said, "that even trousers are not easy to get out of, Tish."

"Don't be a fool, Lizzie," she said tartly. "If I had trousers on I wouldn't have to take them off. Catch it!"

However, the skirt did not fall clear, but caught on a branch far out, and hung there. Tish broke off a small limb and poked at it from above, and I found a paling from a fence and threw it up to dislodge it. But it stuck tight, and the paling came down and struck Aggie on the head. Had we only known it, this fortunate accident probably saved Aggie's life, for she sat down suddenly on the ground, and said faintly that her skull was fractured.

I was bending over Aggie when I heard a sharp crack from above. I looked up, and Tish was lying full length on a limb, her arm out to reach for the skirt and a most terrible expression on her face. There was another crack, and our poor Tish came hurtling through the air, landing half in Aggie's lap and half in the suitcase.

I was quite unable to speak, and owing, as I learned later, to Tish's head catching her near the waist line, Aggie had no breath even to scream.

There was a dreadful silence. Then Tish said, without moving:

"All my property is to go to Charlie Sands."

"Tish!" I cried, in an agony, and Aggie, who still could not speak, burst into tears.

However, a moment later, Tish drew up first one limb and then the other, and observed that her back was broken. She then mentioned that Aggie was to have her cameo set and the dining room sideboard, and that I was to have the automobile, but the next instant she felt a worm on her neck and sat up, looking rather dishevelled, but far from death.

"Where are you hurt, Tish?" I asked, trembling.

"Everywhere," she replied. "Everywhere, Lizzie. Every bone in my body is broken."

But after a time the aching localized itself in her right arm, which began to swell. We led her down to the creek and got her to hold it in the cold water and Aggie, being still nervous and unsteady, slipped on a mossy stone and sat down in about a foot of water. It was then that our dear Tish became like herself again, for Aggie was shocked into saying, "Oh, damn!" and Tish gave her a severe lecture on profanity.

Tish was quite sure her arm was broken, as well as all the ribs on one side. But she is a brave woman and made little fuss, although she kept poking a finger into her flesh here and there.

"Because," she said, "the First Aid book says that if a lung is punctured the air gets into the tissues, and they crackle on pressure."

It was soon after this that I saw Aggie, who had made no complaint about Tish falling on her, furtively testing her own tissues to see if they crackled.

Leaving my injured there by the creek, I went back to the tree and secured my paling again. By covering it with straw from the barn I was quite sure I could make a comfortable splint for Tish's arm. However, I had but just reached the barn and was preparing to crawl through a window by standing on a rain barrel when I saw Tish limping after me.

"Well?" she said. "What idiotic idea is in your head, Lizzie? Because if it is more eggs——"

"I am going to get some straw and make a splint."

"Nonsense. What for?"

"What do you suppose I intend it for?" I demanded, tartly. "To trim a hat?"

"I won't have a splint."

"Very well," I retorted. "Then I shall get some straw and start a fire to dry Aggie out."

"You'll stick in that window," Tish said, in what, in a smaller woman, would have been a vicious tone.

"Look here, Tish," I said, balancing on the edge of the rain barrel, "is there something in this barn you do not wish me to see?"

She looked at me steadily.

"Yes," she said. "There is, Lizzie. And I'll ask you to promise on your honor not to mention it."

That promise I am glad to say I have kept until now, when the need of secrecy is past, Tish herself having divulged the truth. But at the time I was greatly agitated, and indeed almost fell into the rain barrel.

"Or try to find out what it is," Tish went on, sternly.

I promised, of course, and Tish relaxed somewhat, although I caught her eye on me once or twice, as though she was daring me to so much as guess at the secret.

"Of course, Lizzie," she said, as we approached Aggie, "it is nothing I am ashamed of."

"Of course not," I replied hastily. I took my courage in my hands and faced her. "Tish, have you an aeroplane hidden in that barn?"

"No," she replied promptly. She might have enlarged on her denial, but Aggie took a violent sneezing spell just then, pressing herself between paroxysms to see if she crackled, and we decided to go home at once.

Here a new difficulty presented itself. Tish could not drive the car! I shall never forget my anguish when she turned to me and said:

"You will have to drive us home, Lizzie."

"Never!" I cried.

"It's perfectly easy," she went on. "If children can run them, and the idiots they have in garages and on taxicabs——"

"Never," I said firmly. "It may be easy, but it took you six months, Tish Carberry, and three broken springs and any number of dead chickens and animals, besides the time you went through a bridge, and the night you drove off the end of a dock. It may be easy, but if it is, I'd rather do something hard."

"I shall sit beside you, Lizzie," she said, in a patient voice. "I daresay you know which is your right foot and which is your left. If not, I can tell you. I shall say 'left' when I want you to push out the clutch, and 'right' for the brake. As for gears, I can change them for you with my left hand."

"I could do it sitting in a chair," I said, in a despairing voice. "But Tish," I said, in a last effort, "do you remember when you tried to teach me to ride a bicycle? And that the moment I saw something to avoid I made a mad dash for it?"

"This is different," Tish said. "It is a car——"

"And that I rode about a quarter of a mile into Lake Penzance, and would likely have ridden straight across if I hadn't run into a canoe and upset it?"

"You can always stop a car," said Tish. "Don't be a coward, Lizzie. All you have to do is to shove hard with your right foot."

Yet, when I did exactly that, she denied she had ever said it. Fond as I am of Tish, I must admit that she has a way of forgetting things she does not wish to remember.

In the end I consented. It was against my better judgment, and I warned Tish. I have no talent for machinery, but indeed a great fear of it, since the time when as a child I was visiting my grand-aunt's farm and almost lost a finger in a feed-cutter. In addition to that, Tish's accident and her secret had both unnerved me. I knew that calamity faced us as I took my place at the wheel.

Tish was still in her petticoat, as we were obliged to leave her dress skirt in the tree, and Aggie was wrapped in the rug to prevent her taking cold.

"When we meet a buggy," Tish said, "we'd better go past it rather fast. I don't ache to be seen in a seersucker petticoat."

"Fast." I said, bitterly. "You'd better pray that we go past it at all."

However, by going very slowly, I got the thing as far as the gate going into the road. Here there was a hill, and we began to move too rapidly.

"Slower," said Tish. "You've got to make a turn here."

"How?" I cried, frantically.

"Brake!" she yelled.

"Which foot?"

"Right foot. Right foot!"

However, it seems that my right foot was on the gas throttle at the time, which she had forgotten. I jammed my foot down hard, and the car seemed to lift out of the air. We went across the ditch, through a stake and rider fence, through a creek and up the other side of the bank, and brought up against a haystack with a terrific jolt.

Tish sat back and straightened her hat with a jerk.

"We'd better go back and do it again, Lizzie," she said, "because you missed one or two things."

"I did what you told me," I replied, sullenly.

"Did you?" said Tish. "I don't remember telling you to leap the creek. Of course, cross country motoring has its advantages. Only one really should have solid tires, because barbed wire fences might be awkward."

She then sat back and rested.

"Well?" I said.

"Well?" said Tish.

"What am I to do now?"

"Oh!" she said. "I thought you preferred doing it your own way. I don't object, if you don't. You are quite right. Roads do become monotonous. Only I doubt, Lizzie, if you can get over this stack. You'd better go around it."

"Very well," I said. "My own way is to walk home, Tish Carberry. And if you think I am going to steer a runaway automobile you can think again."

Aggie had said nothing, but I now turned and saw her, pale and shaken, taking a sip of the blackberry cordial we always carry with us for emergencies. I suggested that she drive the thing home, but she only shook her head and muttered something about almost falling out of the back end of the car when we leaped up out of the creek. She had, she asserted, been clear up on the folded-back top, and had stayed there until the jolt against the haystack had thrown her forward into the seat again.

I daresay we would still be there had not a young man with a gun run suddenly around the haystack. He had a frightened look, but when he saw us all alive he relaxed. Unfortunately, however, Aggie still had the bottle of blackberry cordial in the air. His expression altered when he saw her, and he said, in a disgusted voice:

"Well, I be damned!"

Tish had not seen Aggie, and merely observed that she felt like that and even more. She then remarked that I had broken her other arm, and her nose, which had struck the wind shield. But the young man merely gave her a scornful glance, and leaning his gun against the haystack, came over to the car and inspected us all with a most scornful expression.

"I thought so!" he said. "When I saw you leaping that fence and jumping the creek, I knew what was wrong. Only I thought it was a party of men. In my wildest dreams—give me that bottle," he ordered Aggie, holding out his hand.

Now it is Aggie's misfortune to have lost her own teeth some years ago, owing to a country dentist who did not know his business. And when excited she has a way of losing her hold, as one may say, on her upper set. She then speaks in a thick tone, with a lisp.

"Thertainly not!" said Aggie.

To my horror, the young man then stepped on the running board of the car and snatched the bottle out of her hand.

"I must say," he said, glaring at us each in turn, "that it is the most disgraceful thing I have ever seen." His eyes stopped at Tish, and traveled over her. "Where is your clothing?" he demanded, fiercely.

It was then that Tish rose and fixed him with a glittering eye.

"Young man," she said, "where my dress skirt is does not concern you. Nor why we are here as we are. Give Miss Pilkington that bottle of blackberry cordial."

"Blackberry cordial!" jeered the young man.

"As for what you evidently surmise, you are a young idiot. I am the President of the local branch of the W. C. T. U."

"Of course you are," said the young man. "I'm Carrie Nation myself. Now watch."

He then selected a large stone and smashed the bottle on it.

"Now," he observed, "come over with the rest of it, and be quick." But here he seemed to realize that Tish's face was rather awful, for he stopped bullying and began to coax. "Now see here," he said. "I'm going to help you out of this if I can, because I rather think it is an accident. You've all had something on an empty stomach. Go down to the creek and get some cold water, and then walk about a bit. I'll see what I can do with the car."

Aggie was weeping in the rear seat by that time, and I shall never forget Tish's face. Suddenly she got out of the car and before he realized what was happening, she had his gun in her good hand.

"Now," she said, waving it about recklessly, "I'll teach you to insult sober and God-fearing women whose only fault is that one of them hasn't all the wit she should have and let a car run away with her. Lizzie, get out of that seat."

It was the young man's turn to look strange.

"Be careful!" he cried. "Be careful! It's loaded, and the safety catch——"

"Get out, Aggie."

Aggie crawled out, still holding the rug around where she had sat down in the creek.

"Now," Tish said, addressing the stranger, "you back that car out and get it to the road. And close your mouth. Something is likely to fly into it."

"I beg of you!" said the young man. "Of course I'll do what I can, but—please don't wave that gun around."

"Just a moment," said Tish. "That blackberry cordial was worth about a dollar. Just give a dollar to the lady near you. Aggie, take that dollar. Lizzie, come here and let me rest this gun on your shoulder."

She did, keeping it pointed at the young man, and I could hear her behind me, breathing in short gasps of fury. Nothing could so have enraged Tish as the thing which had happened, and for a time I feared that she would actually do the young man some serious harm.

He sat there looking at us, and he saw, of course, that he had been mistaken. He grew very red, and said:

"I've been an idiot, of course. If you will allow me to apologize——"

"Don't talk," Tish snapped. "You have all you can do without any conversation. Did you ever drive a car before?"

"Not through a haystack," he said in a sulky voice.

But Tish fixed him with a glittering eye, and he started the engine.

Well, he got the car backed and turned around, and we followed him through the stubble as the car bumped and rocked along. But at the edge of the creek he stopped and turned around.

"Look here," he said. "This is suicide. This car will never do it."

"It has just done it," Tish replied, inexorably. "Go on."

"I might get down, but I'll never get up the other side."

"Go on."

"Tish!" Aggie cried, anguished. "He may be killed, and you'll be responsible."

Aggie is a sentimental creature, and the young man was very good-looking. Indeed, arriving at the brink, I myself had qualms. But Tish has a will of iron, and was, besides, still rankling with insult. She merely glued her eye again to the sight of the gun on my shoulder, and said:

"Go on!"

Well, he got the car down somehow or other, but nothing would make it climb the other side. It would go up a few feet and then slide back. And at last Tish herself saw that it was hopeless, and told him to turn and go down the creek bed.

It was a very rough creek bed, and one of the springs broke almost at once. We followed along the bank, and I think Tish found a sort of grim humor in seeing the young man bouncing up into the air and coming down on the wheel, for I turned once and found her smiling faintly. However, she merely called to him to be careful of the other springs or she would have to ask him to pay for them.

He stopped then, in a pool about two feet deep, and glared up at her.

"Oh, certainly," he said. "I suppose the fact that I have permanently bent in my floating ribs on this infernal wheel doesn't matter."

At last he came to a shelving bank, and got the car out. I think he contemplated making a run for it then and getting away, but Tish observed that she would shoot into the rear tires if he did so. So he went back to the road, slowly, and there stopped the car.

However, Tish was not through with him. She made him climb the chestnut tree and bring down her dress skirt, and then turn his back while she put it on. By that time, the young man was in a chastened mood, and he apologized handsomely.

"But I think I have made amends, ladies," he said. "I feel that I shall never be the same again. When I started out today I was a blithe young thing, feeling life in every limb, as the poet says. Now what I feel in every limb does not belong in verse. May I have the shotgun, please?"

But Tish had no confidence in him, and we took the gun with us, arranging to leave it at the first signpost, about a mile away. We left him there, and Aggie reported that he stood in the road staring after us as long as we were in sight.

Tish drove the car home after all, steering with one hand and taking the wheel off a buggy on the way. I sat beside her and changed the gears, and she blamed the buggy wheel on me, owing to my going into reverse when I meant to go ahead slowly. The result was that we began to back unexpectedly, and the man only saved his horse by jumping him over a watering trough.

I have gone into this incident with some care, because the present narrative concerns itself with the young man we met, and with the secret in Tish's barn. At the time, of course, it seemed merely one of the unpleasant things one wishes to forget quickly. Tish's arm was only sprained, and although Aggie wore adhesive plaster around her ribs almost all winter, because she was afraid to have it pulled off,

there were no permanent ill effects.

The winter passed quietly enough. Aggie and I made Red Cross dressings for Europe, and Tish, tiring of knitting, made pajamas. She had turned against the government, and almost left the church when she learned that Mr. Ostermaier had voted the Democratic ticket. Then in January, without telling any one, she went away for four days, and Sarah Willoughby wrote me later that the Honorable J. C, her husband, said that a woman resembling Tish had demanded from the gallery of the Senate that we declare war against Germany and had been put out by the Sergeant-at-arms.

I do not know that this was Tish. She returned as unannounced as she had gone, and went back to her pajamas, but she was more quiet than usual, and sometimes, when she was sewing, her lips moved as though she was rehearsing a speech. She observed once or twice that she wanted to do her bit, but that she considered digging trenches considerably easier than driving a sewing machine twelve miles a day.

I remember, in this connection, a conversation I had with Mrs. Ostermaier some time in January. She asked me to wait after the Red Cross meeting, and I saw trouble in her eye.

"Miss Lizzie," she said, "do you think Miss Tish really enjoys sewing?"

"Not particularly," I admitted. "But it is better than knitting, she says, because it is faster. She likes to get results."

"Exactly," Mrs. Ostermaier observed. "I'll just ask you to look at this pajama coat she has turned in."

Well, there was no getting away from it. It was wrong. Dear Tish had sewed one of the sleeves in the neck opening, and had opened the sleeve hole and faced back the opening and put buttons and buttonholes on it.

"Not only that," said Mrs. Ostermaier, "but she has made the trousers of several suits wrong side before and opened them up the back, and men are such creatures of habit. They like things the way they are used to them."

Well, I had to tell Tish, and she flew into a temper and said Mrs. Ostermaier never could cut things out properly, and she would leave the society. Which she did. But she was very unhappy over it, for Tish is patriotic to her finger tips.

All the spring, until war was declared, she was restless and discontented, and she took to long trips in the car, by herself, returning moodier than ever. But with the announcement of war she found work to do. She made enlisting speeches everywhere, and was very successful, because Tish has a magnetic and compelling eye, and she would fix on one man in the crowd and talk at him and to him, until all the men around were watching him. Generally, with every one looking he was ashamed not to come forward, and Tish would take him by the arm and lead him in to the recruiting station.

It was on one of these occasions that we saw the young man of the blackberry cordial again.

Tish saw him first, from the tail of the wagon she was standing in. She fixed him with her eye at once, and a man standing near him said:

"Go on in, boy. You're as good as in the trenches already. She landed me yesterday, but I've got six toes

on one foot. Blessed if she didn't try to take me to a hospital to have one cut off."

"Now," said Tish, "does any one wish to ask any questions?"

I saw the blackberry cordial person take a step forward.

"I would like to ask you one," he said. "How do you reconcile blackberry cordial with the W. C T.U.?"

Tish went white with anger, and would no doubt have flayed him with words, as our black berry cordial is made from her own grandmother's recipe, and a higher principled woman never lived. But unluckily the driver of the furniture wagon we were standing in had returned without our noticing it, and drove off at that moment, taking us with him.

It was about this time that Charlie Sands came to see me one day, looking worried.

"Look here," he said, "what's this about my having appendicitis?"

"Well, you ought to know," I replied rather tartly. "Don't ask me if you have a pain."

"But I haven't," he said, looking aggrieved. "I'm all right. I never felt better."

He then said that once, when a small boy, he had been taken with a severe attack of pain, following a picnic when he had taken considerable lemonade and pickles, followed by ice cream.

"I had forgotten it entirely," he went on. "But the other day Aunt Tish recalled the incident, and suggested that I get my appendix out. It wouldn't matter if she had let it go at that. But she's set on it. I may waken up any morning and find it gone."

I could only stare at him, for he is her favorite nephew, and I could not believe that she would forcibly immolate him on a bed of suffering.

"I used to think she was fond of me," he continued. "But she's—well, she's positively grewsome about the thing. She's talked so much about it that I begin to think I have got a pain there. I'm not sure I haven't got it now."

Well, I couldn't understand it. I knew what she thought of him. Had she not, when she fell out of the tree, immediately left him all her property? I told him about that, and indeed about the entire incident, except the secret in the barn. He grew very excited toward the end, however, where we met the blackberry-cordial person, and interrupted me.

"I know it from there on," he said. "Only I thought Culver had made it up, especially about the gun being levelled at him, and the machine in the creek bed. He's on my paper; nice boy, too. Do you mean to say—but I might have known, of course."

He then laughed for a considerable time, although I do not consider the incident funny. But when I told him about Mr. Culver's impertinent question at the recruiting station, he sobered.

"You tell her to keep her hands off him," he said. "I need him in my business. And it won't take much to send him off to war, because he's had a disappointment in love and I'm told that he walks out in front of

automobiles daily, hoping to be struck down and make the girl sorry."

"I consider her a very sensible young woman," I observed. But he was already back to his appendix.

"You see," he said, "my Aunt Letitia has a positively uncanny influence over me, and if I have it out I can't enlist. No scars taken."

I put down my knitting.

"Perhaps that is the reason she wants it done," I suggested.

"By George!" he exclaimed.

Well, that was the reason. I may as well admit it now. Tish is a fine and spirited woman, and as brave as a lion. But it was soon evident to all of us that she was going to keep Charlie Sands safe if she could. She was continually referring to his having been a sickly baby, and I am quite sure she convinced herself that he had been. She spoke, too, of a small cough he had as indicating weak lungs, and was almost indecently irritated when the chest specialist said that it was from smoking, and that if he had any more lung space the rest of his organs would have had to move out.

One way and another, she kept him from enlisting for quite a time, maintaining that to run a newspaper and keep people properly informed was as patriotic as carrying a gun.

I remember that on one occasion, when he had at last decided to join the navy and was going to Washington, Tish took a very bad attack of indigestion, and nothing quieted her until after train time but to have Charlie Sands beside her, feeding her peppermint and hot water.

Then, at last, the draft bill was passed, and she persuaded him to wait and take his chance.

We were at a Red Cross class, being taught how to take foreign bodies out of the ear, when the news came. Tish was not paying much attention, because she considered that if a soldier got a bullet or shrapnel in his ear, a syringe would not help him much. She had gone out of the room, therefore, and Aggie had just had a bean put in her auditory canal, and was sure it would swell before they got it again, when Tish returned. She said the bill had passed, and that the age limit was thirty-one.

Mrs. Ostermaier, who was using the syringe, let it slip and shot a stream of water into Aggie's right eye.

"Thirty-one!" she said. "Well, I suppose that includes your nephew, Miss Tish."

"Not at all," said Tish. "He will have his thirty-second birthday on the fifth of June, and he probably won't have to register at all. It's likely to be July before they're ready."

"Oh, the fifth of June!" said Mrs. Ostermaier, and gave Aggie another squirt.

Now Tish and I have talked this over since, and it may only be a coincidence. But Mrs. Ostermaier's cousin is married to a Congressman from the west, and she sends the Ostermaiers all his speeches. Mr. Ostermaier sends on his sermon, too, in exchange, and every now and then Mrs. Ostermaier comes running in to Tish with something delivered in our national legislature which she claims was conceived in our pulpit.

Anyhow, when the draft day was set, it was the fifth of June!

Aggie and I went to Tish at once, and found her sitting very quietly with the blinds down, and Hannah snivelling in the kitchen.

"It's that woman," Tish said. "When I think of the things I've done for them, and the way I've headed lists and served church suppers and made potato salad and packed barrels, it makes me sick."

Aggie sat down beside her and put a hand on her knee.

"I know, Tish," she said. "Mr. Wiggins was set on going to the Spanish war. He said that he could not shoot, but that he would be valuable as an observer, from church towers and things, because he was used to being in the air. He would have gone, too, but——"

"If he goes," Tish said, "he will never come back. I know it. I've known it ever since I ran over that black cat the other day."

Well, we had to leave her, as Aggie was buying wool for the Army and Navy League. We went out, very low in our minds. What was our surprise, therefore, on returning late that afternoon, to find Tish cheerfully hoeing in the garden she had planted in the vacant lot next door, while Hannah followed her and gathered up in a basket the pieces of brick, broken bottles and buried bones that Tish unearthed.

"You poor dear!" Aggie said, going toward her. "I know just how you feel. I——"

"Get out!" Tish yelled, in a furious tone. "Look what you're doing! Great heavens, don't you see what you've done? That was a potato plant."

We tried to get out, although I could see nothing but a few weeds, but she yelled at us every moment and at last I gave it up.

"I'd rather stay here, Tish," I said, "if you don't mind. I can keep the dogs away, and along in the autumn, when it's safe to move, you can take me home, or put me in a can, along with the other garden stuff."

Here Tish fired a brick at Hannah's basket, but struck her in the knee cap instead, and down she went on what Tish said was six egg plants. In the resulting conversation I escaped, and went up to Tish's sitting room.

Tish followed us soon after, and jerked the window shades to the top.

"There's nothing like getting close to nature," she said. "I feel like a different woman, after an hour or so of the soil."

She then took Hannah's basket and placed it on the window-sill overlooking the vacant lot, explaining that she used its contents to fling at dogs, cats and birds below.

"It makes a little extra work for Hannah," she commented. "But it's making a new woman of her. It would be good for you, too, Lizzie. There's nothing like bending over to reduce the abdomen."

But Aggie, having come to mourn, proceeded to do it.

"To think," she said, "that if they had only made it a day later, dear Charlie would have been exempt. It's too tragic, Tish."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Tish in a cold tone. "He does not have to register. He was born at seven in the morning, June fifth."

"In the evening, Tish," said Aggie gently. "I was there, you know, and I remember——"

Tish gave her a terrible look.

"Of course you would know," she observed, icily. "But as I was in the room, and recall distinctly going out and telling old Amanda, the cook, about breakfast——"

"Supper," said Aggie firmly. "You were excited, naturally. But I was in the hall when you came out, and I was expecting my first gentleman caller, which no girl ever forgets, Tish. I remember that Amanda was hooking my dress, which was very tight, because we had waist lines in those days and I wanted ——"

"Aggie," Tish thundered, "he was born early in the morning of June fifth. He will be thirty-two years of age early in the morning of Registration day. And if he tries to register I shall be on hand with the facts."

Well, whether she was right or not, she was convinced that she was, and it is useless to argue with her under those circumstances. Luckily she heard a dog in the lot just then, and threw down a broken bottle and some bricks at him, and the woman in the apartment below raised a window and threatened to report her to the Humane Society. But, as usual, Tish was more than her equal.

"Come right up, then," she said. "Because I am a member of the Humane Society and have been for twenty years. I consider throwing bricks at that dog as patriotic a duty as killing a German, any day."

Here, by accident, the basket slid off the window-sill, and Tish closed the window violently.

"It hit her on the head," she said, in what I fear was an exultant tone. "I wouldn't have done it on purpose, but I guess it's no sin to be thankful."

Because the incident I am about to relate concerns not only Registration Day, but also Mr. Culver and the secret in the barn, I have been some time in getting to it. And if, in so doing, I have reflected at any time either on Tish's patriotism or her strict veracity, I am sorry. No one who knows Tish can doubt either.

In spite of Aggie, in spite of Charlie Sands, who protested violently that he distinctly remembered being born in the evening, because he had yelled all the ensuing night and no one had had a wink of sleep—in spite of all this, Tish remained firm in her conviction that 7 A. M. on Registration Day, when the precincts opened, would find him too old to register.

On the surface the days that followed passed uneventfully. Tish sewed and knitted, and once each day

stood Aggie and myself on the outskirts of her garden and pointed out things which she said would be green corn, and tomatoes and peppers and so on. But there was a set look about her face, to those of us who knew and loved her. She had moments of abstraction, too, and during one of them weeded out an entire row of spring onions, according to Hannah.

On the third of June I went into the jeweller's to have my watch regulated, and found Tish at the counter. She muttered something about a main spring and went out, leaving me staring after her. I am no idiot, however, although not Tish's mental equal by any means, and I saw that she had been looking at gentlemen's gold watches.

I had a terrible thought that she intended trying to purchase Charlie Sands by a gift. But I might have known her high integrity. She would not stoop to a bribe. And, as a matter of fact, happening to stop at the Ostermaiers' that evening to show Mrs. Ostermaier how to purl, I found that dear Tish, remembering the anniversary of his first sermon to us, had presented Mr. Ostermaier with a handsome watch.

It was on the fourth of June that I had another visit from Charlie Sands. He is usually a most amiable young man, but on that occasion he came in glowering savagely, and on sitting down on Aggie's knitting, which was on steel needles, he flung it across the room, and had to spend quite a little time apologizing.

"The truth is," he said, "I'm so blooming upset that I'm not myself. Let me put these needles back, won't you? Or do they belong in some particular place?"

"They do," Aggie retorted grimly. "And for a young man who will be thirty-two tomorrow morning _____"

"Evening," he corrected her, with a sort of groan. "I see she's got you too. Look here," he went on, "I'm in trouble, and I'm blessed if I see my way out. I want to register tomorrow. I may not be drawn, because I'm an unlucky devil and always was. But—I want to do my bit."

"Well," I observed, tartly. "I guess no one can prevent you. Go and do it, and say nothing."

"Not at all," he replied, getting up and striding up and down the room. "Not a bit of it. I grant you it looks simple. Wouldn't any one in his senses think that a young and able-bodied man could go and put his name down as being willing to serve his country? Why, she herself—she's crazy to go. I'd like to bet a hat she'll get there before long, too, and into the front trenches."

"Oh, no!" Aggie wailed suddenly.

"But not I," went on Charlie Sands fiercely. "Not I. How she ever got around that old fool Ostermaier I don't know. But she has. He's appointed her an assistant registrar in his precinct, which is mine. And she'll swear until she's black in the face that I'm over age."

"Can't you have the place opened before seven in the morning?" I suggested.

"I've been to him, but he says the law is seven o'clock. Besides," he added bitterly, "she knows me, and as like as not she'll sleep there, to be on hand to forestall me."

As I look back, I am convinced that a desire to do his bit, as he termed it, was only a part of his anger that evening. The rest was the feeling that Tish's superior acumen had foiled him. He had a truly masculine hatred of being thwarted by a woman, even by a beloved aunt.

"Well," he said at last, picking up his hat. "I'll be off." He went to the door, but turned back and glowered at us both, although I am sure we had done nothing whatever. "But mark my words, and remind her of them the day after to morrow. This thing's not over yet. She's pretty devilish clever"—(I regret to record this word, but he was greatly excited)—"but she hasn't all the brains in the family."

For a day that was to contain so much, however, the fifth of June started quietly enough. We telephoned Hannah, and she reported that Tish had left the house at five-thirty, although obliged to go only one block to the engine house which was her destination.

So far as I can learn, for Tish is very uncommunicative about the entire matter, the morning passed quietly enough. She had taken the precaution of having her folding card table and two pillows sent to the engine house, and when Aggie and I arrived at midday she was seated comfortably, with her hat hung on a lamp of the fire truck. When we arrived she was asking the sexton of the Methodist Church, whom she has known for thirty years, if he had lost a leg or an arm.

Aggie had brought a basket with some luncheon for her, and she placed it on the truck. But there was an alarm of fire soon after, and the thing went out in a rush with the lunch and also with Tish's hat.

Tish was furiously angry. Indeed, I have since thought that much of what followed was due to the loss of the luncheon, which the firemen declared they had not seen, although Aggie was positive she saw one of them eating one of the doughnuts that afternoon behind a newspaper.

But, worst of all, Tish's hat was missing. It reappeared later, however, but was brought in by the engine house dog, after having been run over by the Chief's machine, two engines and a ladder truck.

As I say, that was part of her irritation, but what really upset her was the number of married men. More than once, as she grew excited, I heard her say:

"Married? How many wives?"

When of course she meant how many children.

She had registered twenty-four married men and two single ones by one o'clock, and she was looking very discouraged. But at one o'clock the clerk from the shoe store at the corner came in, and said he had dependent on him a wife, four children, a mother-in-law, a sister-in-law and his sister-in-law's husband.

"Of course," Tish said bitterly, "you claim exemption."

"Me?" he said. "Me, Miss Carberry? My God, no."

Well, about two o'clock Charlie Sands came in. Tish saw him the moment he entered the door, and stopped work to watch him. But he made no attempt to register. He said he was doing a column of slackers for the next morning's paper.

"There's aren't many," he said, "but of course there are some. The license court is the place to nail them."

"Do you mean to tell me," Tish demanded, "that there are traitors in this country who are getting married today?"

"There are," said Charlie Sands, sitting down on the fire truck. "Even so, beloved aunt. They are getting married so they can claim exemption because of a dependent wife. And I'll bet the orphan asylums are full of fellows trying to get ready-made families."

Tish is a composed and self-restrained woman, but she spoke so distinctly of how she felt about such conduct that Charlie Murray, our grocer's assistant, who has four children, did not so much as mention them when she made out his card.

"Of course," Charlie Sands observed, "I don't want to dictate to you, because you're doing all that can be expected of you now. But if some one would go to the license court and tell those fellows a bit of wholesome truth, it might be valuable."

"You do it, Lizzie," Tish said.

"I? I never made a speech in my life, Tish Carberry, and you know it."

"And I never before tried to get the truth from an idiot who says he is twenty-eight and has a daughter of eighteen! See here," Tish said to a man in front of her, waving her pen and throwing a circle of ink about. "I'll have you know that I represent the government today, and if you think you are being funny, you are not."

Well, it turned out that he had married a widow with a child, but had a cork leg anyhow, so it made no difference. But Tish's mind was not on her work. However, she was undecided until Charlie Sands said:

"By the way, I saw your friend Culver among the Cupid-chasers today. And this is his district. You'd better round him up."

"Culver!" Tish said. "Do you mean that—Lizzie, where's my hat?"

Well, we had to recover it again from the engine house dog, whom we found burying it in the back yard. Tish's mind, however, was far away, and she merely brushed it absently with her hand and stuck it on her head. Then she turned to Charlie Sands.

"I'm going to the license court," she said, between clenched teeth. "And I am going to show that young fool that he is not going to hide behind any petticoats today."

"It's his privilege to get married if he wants to."

"When I finish with him," said Tish, grimly, "he won't want to."

All the way to the court house Tish's lips were moving, and I knew she was rehearsing what she meant to say. I think that even then her shrewd and active mind had some foreboding of what was to come, for she called back unexpectedly to Aggie:

"Look in the right-hand pocket and see if there is a box of tacks there."

"Tacks?" said Aggie. "Why, what in the world——"

"I had tacks to nail up flags this morning. Well?"

"They are here, Tish, but no hammer."

"I shan't need a hammer," Tish replied, cryptically

I am afraid I had expected Tish to lead the way into the license court and break out into patriotic fury. But how little, after all, I knew her! Already in that wonderful brain of hers was seething the plot which was so to alter certain lives, and was to leave an officer of the law— but that comes later on.

Mr. Culver was at the desk. Just as we arrived, a clerk handed him a paper, and he walked across the room to an ice-water cooler and took a drink.

"The slacker!" said Tish, from clenched teeth. "The coward! The poltroon! The——"

At that moment Mr. Culver, with a paper cup in his hand, saw us and stared at us fixedly. The next moment he had whipped off his hat, and was coming toward us.

"Well!" he said, as he came up to us, "so it really did happen!"

Tish took a deep breath, to begin on him, but he went on blithely:

"You see, when I got back home that day, I felt it hadn't really been true. I had not gone rabbit-shooting, and found three ladies half-buried in a haystack. And of course I had not driven an automobile along a creek bed and through the old swimming hole, with my own gun levelled at my back."

Tish took another breath and opened her mouth.

"Then, the other day," he went on, smiling cheerfully, "I thought I had had a return of the hallucination, because I fancied I saw you all on a wagon. But the next moment the wagon was driving on, and you were nowhere in sight."

"That was because," said Aggie, "when the wagon started we all sat down unexpectedly, and——"

"Aggie!" Tish said, in a savage tone. "Now, young man, I want to say something to you, and I'd thank you——"

"Oh, I say!" he broke in, looking suddenly depressed, "I can see you are still down on me. But don't scold me. Please don't. Because I am a sensitive person, and you will ruin what was going to be a perfect day. I know I was wrong. I apologize. I eat my words. And now I'll leave you, because if you should vanish into thin air again I should have to go and lock myself up."

Well, with all his gaiety he did not look particularly gay, and he was rather hollow in the cheeks. I came to the conclusion that he was going to marry another young woman, partly to keep out of going to war,

but partly to spite the first. I must say I felt rather sorry for him, especially when I saw the way he looked at her. Oh, yes, I picked her out at once, because she never took her eyes off him.

I didn't think she was fooled much, either, because she looked as if she needed to go off into a corner and have a good cry. Well, she got her wish later, if that was what she wanted.

But Tish is a woman of one idea. While he chattered with one eye on the girl, Tish was eyeing him coldly. At last she caught him by the arm.

"I have something to say to you, young man," she commenced. "I want to ask you what you think of any one who——"

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, and freed his arm. "Awfully sorry. I think a young lady over there wishes to speak to me."

He left us briskly enough, but he slowed up before he got across the room. He stopped once and half turned, too, with the unhappiest face I've ever seen on a human being. Aggie was feeling in her knitting bag for the glasses.

"Is she pretty?" she asked.

"Too pretty to be a second choice," I replied, shortly. "She's a nice little thing, and deserves something better than a warmed-over heart."

Tish had been angry enough before, but when I told her that he had been disappointed in love, and was merely making the girl a tool, her eyes were savage.

"She is pretty," Aggie observed. "Perhaps, after all, he does love her. Or if not he may learn to. And he cannot be very unhappy about marrying her. He said, you know, it was a perfect day."

"Go down and get into the car," Tish said, in a choking voice. "I'll fix his perfect day for him. Go down and start the engine."

I took a last glance as Aggie and I left the License Court, and if we had had any doubts they vanished then, because he was speaking to the girl with angry gestures, and she was certainly crying.

"Brute," Tish said, with her eyes on him. "A bully as well as a slacker. Never mind. She won't have to put up with him long. If I have any influence in this community that youth will be drafted and sent to a mud hole in France. Mark my words," she went on, settling her hat with a jerk, "that boy will be registered as a single man before this day's over. Go and start the engine, Lizzie. I daresay you remember that much."

Seeing that she had a plan, and "ours not to reason why, ours but to do and die," as Aggie frequently quotes, we went down to the street again. I was even then vaguely apprehensive, an apprehension not without reason, as it turned out. For, reaching over to start the engine, as Tish had taught me by turning a lever on the dashboard and moving up a throttle on the wheel, what was my horror to see the car moving slowly off, with Aggie in the rear seat and as white as chalk.

Tish, in her patriotic fervor, had stopped the thing in gear.

I ran beside it, but was unable to get onto the running board. I then saw Aggie, generally so timid, crawling over the back of the seat, and called to her to put on the brake. She did so, but not until the car had mounted the sidewalk and struck a policeman in the back.

This would not be worth recording, as there were no immediate results, had it not been for the policeman. It brought us to his attention, and came near to ruining Tish's plan. But of this later on.

I do not, even now, know just what arguments Tish used with Myrtle. Yes, that was her name. We had a great deal of time later on to learn her name, and all about her. The matter is a delicate one, and we have not since discussed the events of that day. But Aggie said later on, when we were sitting in the dark and wondering what to do next, that Tish had probably waited until Mr. Culver went out to look up a minister.

Whatever Tish said or did, the result was that only a short time after Aggie had jammed on the brake, they came out together, and Tish was carrying a suitcase. Myrtle was hanging back, but Tish had her by the arm.

At first she did not see us. When she did, however, she worked her way through the crowd and opened the rear door.

"Get in," she said, in an uncompromising tone.

"But I really think," said Myrtle, "that I should——"

"Get in," Tish said again, firmly. "We can talk it over later."

"But are you sure he sent for me?" she demanded, looking ready to cry again. "I think it must be a mistake. He said to wait, and he would come back as soon as——"

It was the crowd that really settled the matter, for some one yelled that the girl had been eloping and that her mother had caught her in the License Court. Most of them were men, but they called to Myrtle not to let the old lady bully her. Also one young man said that if her young man didn't come back she could have him and welcome. It frightened Myrtle, and she got into the car and asked Tish to drive away quickly.

"I know it will be in the papers," she said forlornly. "And my people think I am at a house party."

But the next moment I caught her looking at Tish's hat, and her lip quivered.

"I guess I'm nervous," she said, in a choking voice. "I had no idea it was so much trouble to get married."

Tish heard her, although she had her hands full getting the car back to the street. She said nothing until we were in the street again, and moving away slowly.

"Then you might as well settle down and be quiet," she said. "Because you are not going to be married today."

Myrtle may have suspected something before that, perhaps when she first saw Tish's hat, for she looked dazed for a moment, and then stood up in the car and yelled that she was being kidnapped. Tish threw on the gas just then, and she had to sit down, but I looked back just in time to see Mr. Culver and the policeman standing in the center of the street, gesticulating madly.

"Little fool!" Tish muttered, and bent low over the wheel.

Well, they followed us. At the top of the first hill the girl was crying hard, and there were eleven automobiles, Aggie counted, not far behind us. At the end of the next rise there were still ten. It was then that Tish, with her customary presence of mind, told us to scatter the tacks over the road behind us.

The result was that only four were to be seen when we got to the top of Graham's Hill, and they had lost time and were far away. Tish was in a terrible way. Her plan had been merely to take the girl away, because Culver belonged in her precinct and it was her business, as ordered by the government, to gather in all the slackers, matrimonial or otherwise. Then, after Culver had registered as a single man, he could, as Tish tersely observed later, either marry or go and drown himself. It was immaterial to her.

But now we were likely to be arrested for abduction, and the whole thing would get in the papers.

"Tish," Aggie begged, "do stop and put her out in the road. That Culver and the policeman are in the first car. I can see them plainly—and they can pick her up and take her back."

But Tish ignored her, and kept on. She merely asked, once, if we had any scissors with us, and on Aggie finding a pair in her knitting bag, said to get them out and have them ready.

I pause here for a moment to reflect on Tish's resourcefulness. How many times, in the years of our association, has her active brain come to our rescue in trying times? And, once the danger is over, how quickly she becomes again one of us, busy with her charities, her Sunday school class, and her knitting for the poor! Indomitable spirit and Christian soul, her only fault, if any, perhaps a slight lack of humor, that is Letitia Carberry.

"Watch for a barbed wire fence, Lizzie," she said, as we flew along. "And see how near they are."

Well, they were very close, but owing to Tish leaving the macadam at this point, they lost time at a cross-roads. At the top of the next hill Aggie said she could not see anything of them. It was then that Myrtle tried to jump out, and would have succeeded had not Tish speeded up the car.

I could hear Aggie trying to soothe her, and telling her that Tish was not insane, but was merely saving her from a terrible fate.

"I have never been married, my dear, owing to an unfortunate circumstance," she said, in her gentle voice. "But to marry without love——"

The girl sat up, startled.

"But how do you know I don't love him?" she demanded.

"I am speaking of the young man," said Aggie. "My dear child, all over this great land of ours today, here and there are wretches who would use a confiding young woman in order——"

"Barbed wire!" said Tish exultantly, and stopped the car with a jerk. In an instant she was out in the road, cutting lengths of barbed wire from a fence with the scissors and placing them across the road behind us. Her expression was set and tense. When she had placed some six pieces of wire in position, she returned to the car.

"We can thank the war for that," she observed, coolly. "As long as the barbed wire fences hold out they'll never get us."

The first car was in sight by that time, and we could see that Mr. Culver and the policeman were in it. They shouted with joy when they saw us, but Tish merely smiled, and let in the clutch. Soon after we heard a series of small explosions, and Tish observed that the enemy attack was checked against our barbed wire, and that she reckoned we could hold the position indefinitely.

Aggie looked back and reported that they were both out of the car, and that the policeman was standing on one foot and hopping up and down.

It had been Tish's intention, as I learned later, merely to take the young woman for a country ride, and there to strive to instill into her the weakness and folly of being married by Mr. Culver as an exemption plea. But as we had been making forty-five miles an hour by the speedometer, there had been little opportunity.

However, as the last car was now standing on four rims in the barbed wire entanglement behind us, and as Tish's farm was not far ahead, she improved the occasion with a short but highly patriotic speech, flung over her shoulder.

"I don't believe it," said Myrtle, sullenly. "He loves me. We only ran away today instead of some other day later because my father is leading the parade in my town, and mother is presenting a flag at the schoolhouse."

"Very well," said Tish. "If he loves you, well and good. When your young man has registered, I'll see that you get married, if I have to kidnap a preacher to do it. But I'll tell you right now, I don't think you'll be getting anything worth having."

Well, Myrtle grew quieter then, and I heard Aggie saying Miss Tish never made a promise she could not fulfill. She then told about Mr. Wiggins, and had just reached the place where he had slipped on the eve of his wedding and fallen off a roof, when the car stopped dead.

Tish pushed a few things on the dashboard, but it only hiccupped twice and then stopped breathing.

"No gasoline!" she exclaimed, in a rage. "We'll have to run for it."

The farmhouse was in sight now, about a half mile ahead. Aggie groaned, but got out and turned to Myrtle. But Myrtle was sitting back in the car with a gleam of triumph in her eyes.

"Certainly not" she said calmly.

"Very well," Tish replied. "I don't know but you are just as well where you are. That last car is done for, if I know anything about barbed wire, and they're not likely to chase a machine on foot. They're

probably on their way back to town now, and I hope the policeman has to hop all the way. It's only forty miles or so."

She then started up the road, but turned:

"Bring her suitcase, Lizzie," she said. "There's no use leaving it there for tramps to come along and steal it."

She then stalked majestically up the road, and we followed. I am not a complaining woman, but if that girl had left any clothes at home they couldn't have amounted to much. Aggie refused to help with the suitcase, as she had her knitting bag, and as any exertion in summer brings on her hay fever.

It was perhaps five minutes later that I heard a faint call behind me, and turned to see Myrtle coming along behind. She was not crying now, and her mouth was shut tight.

"I suppose," she said angrily, "that it does not matter if tramps get me."

"Miss Tish invited you to the farm," I replied.

"Invited!" she snapped. "If this is what she calls an invitation, I'd hate to have her make it a request."

However, she seemed to be really a very nice girl, although misguided, for she took one end of the suitcase. But I learned then how difficult it is for the average mind to grasp the high moral purpose and lofty conception of a woman like Tish.

"I might as well tell you now," she said, "that I don't believe they'll pay any large sum. They're not going to be very keen about me at home, since this elopement business."

"Who'll pay what sum?"

"The ransom," she said, impatiently. "You don't suppose I fell for all that patriotic stuff, do you?"

I could only stare at her in dumb rage.

"At first, of course," she said, "I thought you were white slavers. But I've got it now. The other game is different. Oh, I may come from a small town, but I'm not unsophisticated. You people didn't send my father those black hand letters he's been getting lately, I suppose?"

"Tish!" I called sharply.

But Tish had stopped and was listening intently. Suddenly she said:

"Run!"

There was a sort of pounding noise somewhere behind, and Aggie screeched that it was the Knowleses' bull loose on the road. I thought it quite likely, and as we had once had a very unpleasant time with it, spending the entire night in the Knowleses' pig pen, with the animal putting his horns through the chinks every now and then, I dropped the suitcase and ran. Myrtle ran too, and we reached the farmhouse in safety.

It was then that we realized that the sound was the pursuing car, bumping along slowly on four flat tires. Tish shut and bolted the door, and as the windows were closed with wooden frames, nailed on, we were then in darkness. We could hear the runabout, however, thudding slowly up the drive, and the voices of Mr. Culver and the policeman as they tried the door and the window shutters.

Tish stood just inside the door, and Myrtle was just beside me. Aggie had collapsed on a hall chair. I have, I think, neglected to say that the farmhouse was furnished. Tish's mother used to go out there every summer, and she was a great woman for being comfortable.

At last Mr. Culver came to the front door and spoke through it.

"Hello, inside there!" he called, in a furious voice. As no one replied, he then banged at the door, and from the sound I fancy the policeman was hammering also, with his mace.

"Open, in the name of the law!" bellowed the policeman.

"Stop that racket," Tish replied sternly. "Or I shall fire."

Of course she had no weapon, but they did not know this. We could hear Mr. Culver telling the policeman to keep back, as he knew us, and we had any other set of desperadoes he had ever heard of beaten for recklessness with a gun.

There was a moment's silence, during which I heard Aggie's knitting needles going furiously. She learned to knit by touch once when she had iritis and was obliged to finish a slumber robe in time for Tish's birthday. So the darkness did not trouble her, and I knew she was knitting to compose herself.

Tish then stood inside the door, and delivered through it one of the most inspiring patriotic speeches I have ever heard. She spoke of our long tolerance, while the world waited. Then of the decision, and the call to arms. She said that the sons of the Nation were rising that day in their might.

"But," she finished, "there are some among us who would shirk, would avoid the high and lofty duty. There are some who would profane the name of love, and hide behind it to save their own cowardly skins. To these ignoble ones there is but one course left-open. Go. Put your name on the roster of your country as a free man, unmarried and without impediments of any sort. Then return and these doors will fly open before the magic of a blue card."

It was at that time, we learned later, that the policeman, who was but a rough and untutored type, decided that Tish was insane—how often, alas, is genius thus mistaken!—and started off for the Knowles farm to bring help. Mr. Culver made no reply to Tish's speech, and we learned later had gone away in the midst of it. Later on he was reported by Aggie, who looked out from an upper window, to be sitting under the chestnut tree where he had once rescued Tish's black alpaca skirt, sulking and watching.

Tish then went up and spoke to him from the window.

"See here," she said angrily, "do you think that I did not mean what I said through that door?"

He had the audacity to yawn.

"I didn't hear all of it," he said. "But judging from what I know of you, I daresay you meant it. Would you mind tossing me a tin cup or some thing to drink out of?"

"You are not going back to town to register, then?"

"It's early," he replied, coolly. "If you mean do I intend to walk back, I do not. I shall wait for the Sheriff and the posse."

It was then that Tish saw the policeman crossing a field toward the Knowles farm and she tried to reason with the young man. But he dropped his pretence of indifference, and would not even listen to her.

"I've only one thing to say," he said, fiercely. "You be careful of that young lady. As to whether I register or not, that's my business and has nothing to do with the case. When you open that door and send her out, with four good tires to take the place of the ones you ruined, I'll talk to you, and not before."

He then got up and walked away, and Tish came downstairs and lighted a candle with hands that shook with rage. We had heard the entire conversation, and in the candlelight I could see that Aggie was as white as wax.

Well, the situation was really desperate, but Tish's face forbade questions. Aggie ventured to observe that perhaps it would be better to unlock the door and release the girl, but Tish only gave her a ferocious glance.

"I am doing my duty," she said, firmly. "I have done nothing for which the law can punish me. If a young lady comes willingly into my car for a ride, as you did"—she turned sharply to Myrtle—"and if a young fool chooses to sit in my front yard instead of registering to serve his country, it is not my fault. As a matter of fact, I can probably have him arrested for trespass."

As I have said, the farmhouse is still furnished with Tish's mother's things. She was a Biggs, and all the things the Biggses had not wanted for sixty years were in the house. So at least we had chairs to sit on, and if we had only had water, for we were all thirsty from excitement and dust, we could have been fairly comfortable, although Myrtle complained bitterly of thirst.

"And I want to wash," she said fretfully. "If I could wash I'd change my blouse and look like something."

"For whom?" Tish demanded. "For that slacker outside?"

Suddenly Myrtle laughed. She had been in tears for so long that it surprised us. We all stared at her, but she seemed to get worse and worse.

"She's hysterical, poor child," Aggie said, feeling for her smelling salts. "I don't know that I blame her, Tish. No one knows better than I do what it is to expect to be married, and then find the divine hand of Providence intervening."

But Myrtle suddenly walked over to Aggie and, stooping, kissed her on the top of her right ear.

"You dear thing!" she said. "I still don't get all the idea, but I don't much care if I don't. I haven't had so much excitement since I ran away from boarding school."

She then straightened and looked at Tish. It was clear that her feeling for dear Tish was still vague, but was rather more of respect than of love.

"As for the—the young man outside," she said, "I seem to gather that he hasn't registered, and that I am not to marry him until he has. Very well. I hadn't thought about it before, but that speech of yours—suppose you tell him that I won't marry him until he has a—a magic blue card. I should like to see his face."

But Tish is a woman of delicacy, and she suggested that Myrtle do it herself, from an upper window. I went up with her, and we found Mr. Culver again under the tree. The conversation ran like this:

Myrtle, (looking very pretty indeed but very firm): Look here, I—I've decided not to marry you.

Mr. Culver (rousing suddenly and staring up at her): I beg your pardon!

Myrtle: I know now that I was making a terrible mistake. No matter how much I care for you, I cannot marry a slacker.

Mr. C. (furiously angry and glaring at her): You know better than that!

Myrtle: Not at all. Can you deny that you haven't registered yet?

Mr. C.: What's that got to do with it? I daresay I'm losing my mind. It wouldn't be much wonder if I have. When I think of the way I've suffered lately—look at me!

Myrtle (in a somewhat softened voice): Have you really suffered?

Mr. C.: I? Good Lord, Myrtle—why, I haven't slept for weeks. I——

But here he stopped, with his eyes fixed on the roof overhead.

"Watch out!" he yelled. "Get back. Myrtle, she'll fall on you."

"Not at all," said Tish's calm voice from over head. There was a rasping sound, and then a long wire fell past the window. "Now," she called triumphantly, "let your policeman telephone for the Sheriff and a posse! That was a party wire, and that farmhouse over there is on it. There isn't another telephone for ten miles."

Well, I looked around for Myrtle, and she was on the guest room bed, face down.

"Oh," she groaned, "I wouldn't have missed it for a trip to Europe. And his face! Miss Lizzie, did you see his face?" She then got up suddenly and put her arms around me. "I'm simply madly happy, Miss Lizzie," she said. "I have to kiss somebody, and since he—may I kiss you?"

Well, of course I allowed her to, but I was surprised. It was not natural, somehow.

Myrtle came down soon after and said that Mr. Culver was bringing some water from the well, and would he be allowed to come in with it? But Tish was firm on this point. She gave her consent, however, to his leaving the pail on the porch and then retiring to the chestnut tree. He did so, whistling to signify that he was at a safe distance, and I then carried it in.

"I say," he called to me when he saw me, "this situation is getting on my nerves. I carried off that policeman, for one thing. He was on duty."

"You needn't stay here."

"I daresay not," he replied rather bitterly. "But what I want to ask is this: Won't it be deucedly unpleasant for you three, when I report that you deliberately put my car out of commission so I could not get back by nine o'clock to register? Of course," he went on, "a box of tacks may have spilled itself on the road, but I never heard of a barbed wire fence trying to crawl across a road and getting run over, like a snake."

I reported this to Tish, and I saw that she was uneasy, although she merely remarked that he still had two legs, and that she had not asked him to follow us. All she had set out to do was to see that he didn't get married before he registered, and she was doing that to the best of her ability. The rest was his affair.

It was six o'clock by that time, and Tish had had nothing to eat since five in the morning, and none of us had had any luncheon. Although a woman who thinks little or nothing of food, I found her, shortly afterwards, in the pantry, looking into jars. There was nothing, however, except some salt, a little baking powder and a pack age of dried sage. But Aggie, going to an attic window to look for the policeman, discovered about a quart of flour in a barrel up there, and scraping it out, brought it down.

"I might bake some biscuits, Tish," she suggested. "I feel that I'll have to have some nourishment. I'm so weak that my knees shake."

"Myrtle," Tish said abruptly, with that quick decision so characteristic of her, "you might tell that worthless young man of yours to look in the granary. Sometimes the Knowleses' hens come over here, and I daresay they've eaten enough off the place to pay for the eggs."

But Myrtle, after a conference from the window, reported that Mr. Culver had said he would get the eggs, if there were any, on condition that he get his pro rata share of them.

"If there are ten eggs," she said, "he wants two. And if there is an odd number he claims the odd one."

This irritated Tish, but at last she grudgingly consented. In a short time, therefore, Mr. Culver knocked at the kitchen door.

"I am leaving," he said, "eleven eggs, eight of undoubted respectability, two questionable, and one that I should advise opening into a saucer first. Also some corn meal from the granary. And if you will set out a pail and come after me if I am wounded, I shall go after a cow that I see in yon sylvan vale."

His voice was strangely cheerful, but, indeed, the prospect of food had cheered us all, although I could see that Tish was growing more and more anxious, as time went on and no policeman appeared in the

Knowleses' machine. However, we worked busily. Myrtle, building a fire and setting the table with the Biggses' dishes., and Aggie making biscuits, without shortening, while Tish stirred the corn meal mush.

"Many a soldier in the trenches," she said, "would be grateful for such a frugal meal. When one reflects that the total cost of mush and milk is but a trifle——"

Here, however, we were interrupted by Mr. Culver outside. He spoke in gasps and we heard the pail clatter to the porch floor.

"I regretfully report——" he said, through the keyhole. "No milk. Wrong sex. Sorry."

Ten of the eggs proving good, we placed two of them on a plate with three biscuits and a bowl of mush, and Tish carried it out, placing it on the floor of the porch, much as she would have set it out for the dog.

"Here," she called. "And when you have finished you might go after that accomplice of yours. He's probably asleep somewhere."

"Dear lady," said Mr. Culver, "I would, but I dare not. A fiery creature, breathing fury from its nostrils, is abroad and——"

But Tish came in and slammed the door.

It was after supper that we missed Tish. She was nowhere in the house, and the kitchen door, which had been bolted, was unlocked. Aggie wrung her hands, but Myrtle was quite calm.

"I shouldn't worry about her," she said. "She's about as well able to take care of herself as any woman I ever saw."

It was now quite dark, and our fears increased. But soon afterwards Tish came in. She went to the stove and pouring out a cup of hot water, drank it in silence. Then she said:

"I've been to the Knowleses'. The datted idiots are all away, probably to the schoolhouse, registering. The car's gone, and the house is closed."

"And the policeman?" I asked.

"I didn't see him," said Tish. But she did not look at me. She fell to pacing up and down the kitchen, deep in thought.

"What time is it, Lizzie?" she asked.

"Almost eight."

Here Tish gave what in another woman would have been a groan.

"It's raining," she observed, and fell to pacing again. At last she told me to follow her outside, and I went, feeling that she had at last made a decision. Her attitude throughout her period of cogitation had been not unlike that of Napoleon before Waterloo. There were the same bent head and clasped hands,

the same melancholy mixed with determination.

Mr. Culver was sitting under his tree, with his coat collar turned up around his neck. Tish stopped and surveyed him with gentle dignity.

"You may enter the house," she said. "The country will gain nothing by your having pneumonia, although personally I am indifferent. And, after thinking over your case, I have come to this decision." She paused, as for oratorical effect. "I shall deliver you to your registration precinct by nine o'clock," she said impressively, "and immediately after that, I shall see that you two are married. I am not young," she went on, "and perhaps I do not think enough of sentiment. But it shall never be said of me that I parted two loving hearts, one of which may, before the snow flies, be still and pulseless in a foreign grave."

She then, still with that new air of melancholy majesty, led me to the barn, leaving him staring.

It was there, by means of a key hanging round her neck, that Letitia Carberry, great hearted woman and patriot that she is, bared her inner heart to me. In the barn was a large and handsome ambulance, with large red crosses on side and top, which she had offered to the government if she might drive it herself. But the government which she was even then so heroically serving had refused her permission, and Tish had buried her disappointment in the bucolic solitude of her farm.

Such, in brief, was Tish's tragic secret.

"I shall take it in to the city tonight, Lizzie," she said heavily. "And tomorrow I shall present it to the Red Cross. Some other hand than mine will steer it through shot and shell, and ultimately into Berlin. It has everything. There's a soup compartment and—well," she finished, "it is doing its work even tonight. Get in."

We found Aggie on the porch, having with her usual delicacy of feeling left the lovers alone inside. When she saw the Ambulance, however, she fell to sneezing violently, crying out between paroxysms that if Tish was going to the war, she was also. But Tish hushed her sternly.

There was a good engine in the Ambulance. Tish said she had ordered a fast one, because it was often necessary to run between shells, as it were. She then shoved on the gas as far as it would go, and we were off. After a time, finding it impossible to sit on the folding seats inside, we all sat on the floor, and I believe Mr. Culver held Myrtle's hand all of the way.

He said little, beyond observing once that he felt a trifle queer about leaving the policeman, who had been on duty when he picked him up at the Court House, and who was now lost some forty-five miles from home, in a strange land.

I am glad, in this public manner, to correct the report that on the evening of June fifth a German Zeppelin made a raid over our country, and that the wounded were hurried to the city in a Red Cross Ambulance, traveling at break-neck speed.

At nine o'clock Mr. Culver was registered at Engine House number eleven, fourteenth ward, third precinct.

At nine-fifteen Mr. Culver and Myrtle were married at the same address by Mr. Ostermaier, standing in

front of the fire truck.

But this should be related in detail. So bitter was Charlie Sands, so uneasy about the license, and so on, that I feel in fairness to Tish that I should relate exactly what happened.

At ten o'clock that night everything was over, and we had gathered in Tish's apartment while Hannah broiled a steak, for Tish felt that the occasion permitted a certain extravagance, when Charlie Sands came in. Behind him was a dishevelled young man, with wild eyes and a suitcase. Charlie Sands stood and glared at us.

"Well!" he said. And then: "Where's the young lady?"

"What young lady?" asked Tish, coldly.

The young man stepped forward, with his fists clenched.

"Mine!" he bellowed. "Mine! Don't deny it. I recognize you. I saw you—the lot of you. I saw you drag her into a car and kidnap her. I saw that ass Culver and a policeman chasing you in another car. Oh, I know you, all right. Didn't I pay twenty-two dollars for a taxicab that got three punctures all at once thirty miles from the city? Now where is she?"

"Just a moment," said Tish's nephew, holding him back by an arm across his chest. "Just remember that whatever my aunt has done was done with the best intentions."

"D—— her intentions! I want Myrtle."

The dreadful truth must have come to Tish at that moment, as it did to the rest of us. I know that she turned pale. But she rose and pointed magnificently to the door.

"Leave my apartment," she said majestically. And to Charlie Sands: "Take that madman away and lock him up. Then, if you have anything to say to me, come back alone."

"Not a step," said the young man. "Where's my marriage license? Where's——"

But Charlie Sands pushed him out into the hallway and closed the door on him. Then, with folded arms he surveyed us.

"That's right!" he said. "Knot! I believe most pirates knit on off days. Now, Aunt Letitia, I want the whole story."

"Story?"

"About the license. He says the girl had the license."

"What license?"

"Don't evade!" he said sternly. "Where were you this afternoon?"

"If you want the truth," said Tish, "although it's none of your business, Charlie Sands, and you can

unfold your arms, because the pose has no effect on me,—I was out rounding up a young man who had not registered. I got him and brought him in to my precinct at five minutes to nine."

"And that's the truth?"

"Go and ask Mr. Ostermaier," said Tish, in a bored tone.

"But this boy outside——"

"Look here," Tish said suddenly, "go and ask that noisy young idiot for his blue card. It's my belief he hasn't registered and more than likely he's been making all this fuss so he'll have an excuse if he's found out. How do we know," she went on, gaining force with each word, "that there is a Myrtle?"

"By George!" said Charlie Sands, and disappeared.

It was then, for the first time in her valiant life, that I saw our Tish weaken.

"Lizzie!" she groaned, leaning back in her chair. "That Culver was married with another man's name on the license. What's more, I married him to that flibbertygibbet who had just jilted him. What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

"They both seemed happy, Tish," I tried to soothe her. But she refused all consolation, and merely called Hannah and asked for some blackberry cordial. She drank fully half a tumbler full and she recovered her poise by the time Charlie Sands stuck his head through the door again.

"You're right, most shrewd of aunts," he said. "He's been playing me for a sucker all right. Not a blue card on him! And he belongs out of town, so it's too late."

"It's a jail matter," said Tish, knitting calmly, although we afterwards discovered that she had put a heel on the wristlet she was making. "You'd better get his name, and I'll notify the sheriff of his county in the morning."

Charlie Sands came over to her and stood looking down at her.

"Aunt Tish," he said. "I believe you. I believe you firmly. I shall not even ask about a young man named Culver, who went to get our marriage license list at the Court House this afternoon and has not been seen since. But I want to bring a small matter to your attention. That policeman had not registered."

He then turned and went toward the door.

"But I did, dear Aunt Letitia," he said and was gone.

Tish came to see me the next afternoon, bringing the paper, which contained a glowing account of her gift to the local Red Cross of a fine ambulance. An editorial comment spoke of her public spirit, which for so many years had made her a conspicuous figure in all civic work.

"The city," it finished, "can do with many like our Miss 'Tish' Carberry."

But Tish showed no exultation. She sat in a rocking chair and rocked slowly.

"Read the next editorial, Lizzie," she said, in a low voice.

I have it before me now, cut out rather raggedly, for I confess I was far from calm when I did it.

"A SHAMEFUL INCIDENT.

"Perhaps nothing has so exposed this city to criticism as the conduct of Officer Flinn, as shown in a news item in our columns exclusively. Officer Flinn has been five years on the police force of this city. He has until now borne an excellent record. But he did not register yesterday, and on limping into the Central Station this morning told a story manifestly intended to indicate temporary insanity and thus still further disqualify him for the service of his country. His statement of seeing three elderly women kidnap a young girl from in front of the Court House, his further statement of following the kidnappers far into the country, with a young man he cannot now produce, is sufficiently outrageous.

"But, not satisfied with this, the inventive ex-officer went further and added a night in a pig-pen, constantly threatened by a savage bull, and a journey of forty-five miles on foot when, early this morning, the animal retired for a belated sleep!

"Representatives of this paper, investigating this curious situation, found the farmhouse which Officer Flinn described as being the den of the kidnappers and which he stated he had left in a state of siege, the bandits and their victim within and the young man who had accompanied the officer, without. Needless to say, nothing bore out his story. A young married couple, named Culver, who are spending their honeymoon there, knew nothing of the circumstances, although stating that they believed that a neighboring family possessed a belligerent bull.

"It is a regrettable fact that the only scandal which marred a fine and patriotic outburst of national feeling yesterday should have involved the city organization. Is it not time that loyal citizens demand an investigation into——"

"Never mind the rest, Lizzie," Tish said wearily. "I suppose I'll have to get him something to do, but I don't know what, unless I employ him to follow me around and arrest me when I act like a dratted fool."

She sighed, and rocked slowly.

"Another thing, Lizzie," she said. "I don't know but what Aggie was right about Charlie Sands. I've been thinking it over, and I guess it was evening, for I remember seeing a new moon just before he came, and wishing he would be a girl. But I guess I was too late. If I'd known about this war, I'd have wished it sooner. I'm a broken woman, Lizzie," she finished.

She put on her hat wrong side before, but I had not the heart to tell her, and went away.

However, late that evening she called me up, and her voice was not the voice of a broken creature.

"I thought you might like to come over, Lizzie," she said. "That woman below has told the janitor she is

going to pour ammonia water down on my tomato plants tonight, and I am making a few small preparations."

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